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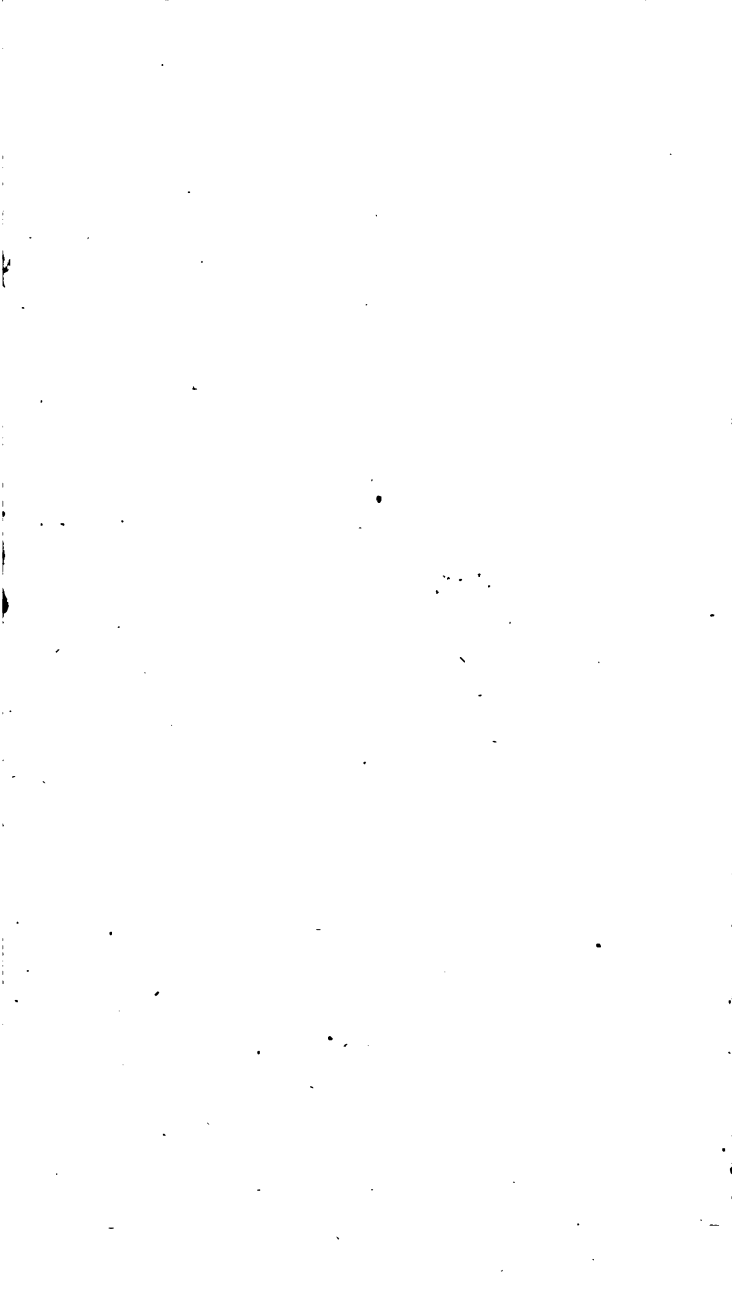
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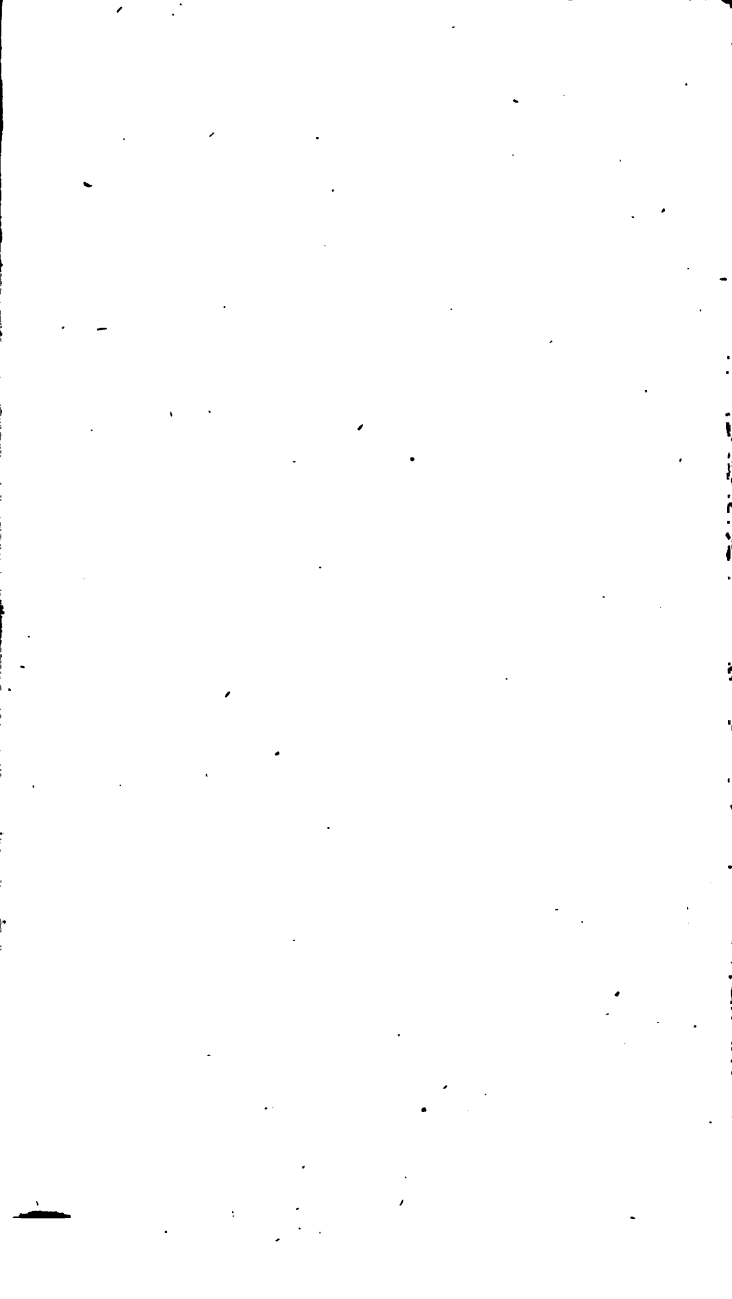
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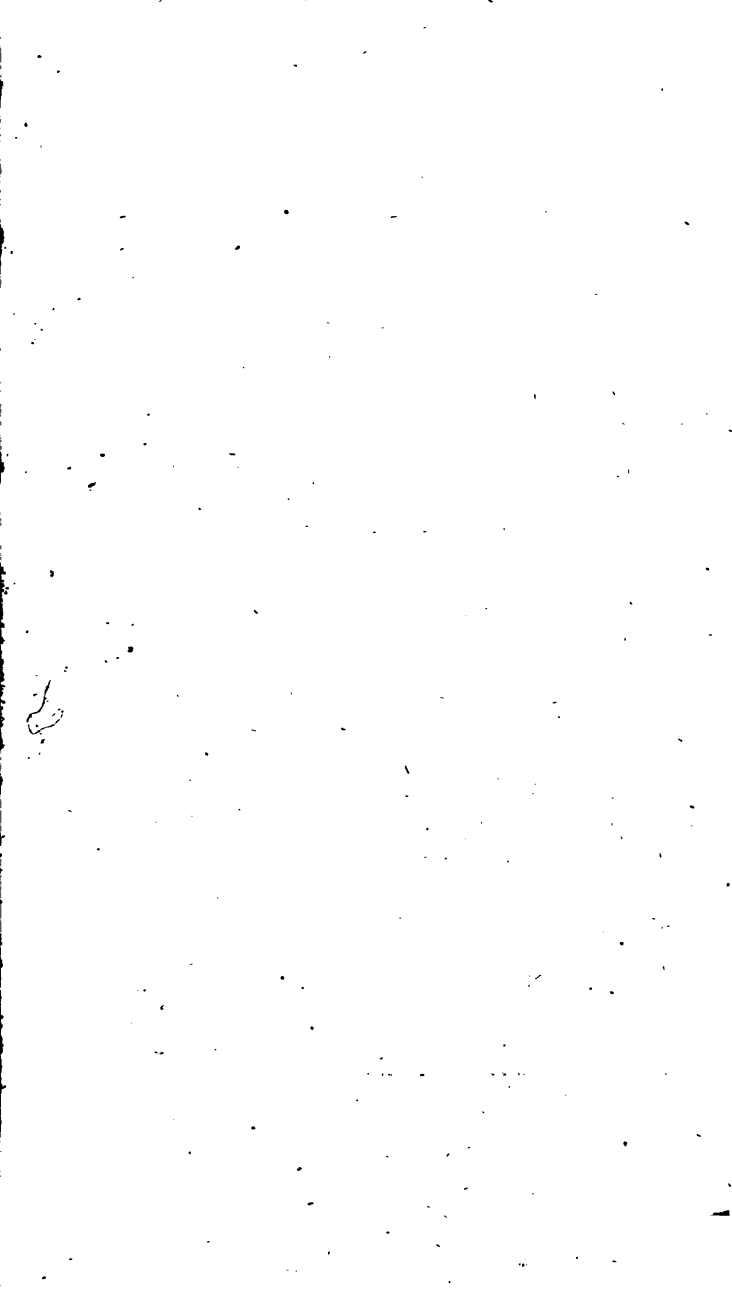


B E L L ' s

BRITISH THEATRE.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH.





Bell's
BRITISH THEATRE ;
TRAGEDIES .



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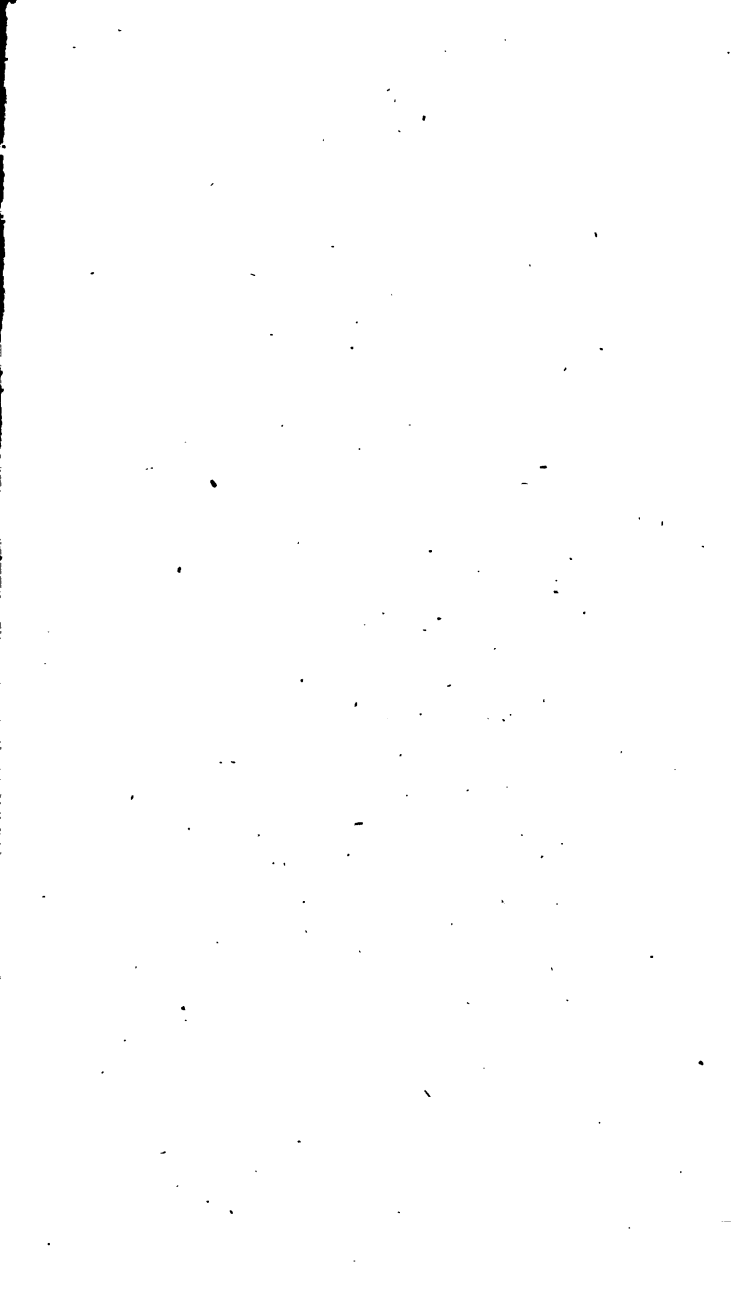
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Boston





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M. BRERETON in the Character of **TROILUS**.

*Tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as far highscoring o'er thy praises
as thou unworthy to be called her servant.*

T R O I L U S

AND

C R E S S I D A,

A TRAGEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

NOTES CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED, BY THE

AUTHOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand;
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXXVI.



TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE great end of every drama is, or should be, instruction relished by amusement; so far as any production fails of this, it fails in value. Judging similarly of Troilus and Cressida, it is a very censurable effusion of dramatic fancy; for except some very fine sentiments scattered up and down, it is void of the essential requisites; besides, characters are so oddly blended, the scenes are so multiplied, and the plot so very strangely wound up, that we think it stands but a poor chance of giving either public or private satisfaction.



P R O L O G U E *.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy: within whose strong immures,
 The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris ſleeps; and that's the quarrel:
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
 The freſh, and yet unbruised, Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions. Priam's fix-gated city,
 (Dardan and Thymbria, Ilia, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenoridas) with maſſy ſtaples,
 And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperrs up the ſons of Troy.—
 Now expectation, tickling ſkittish ſpirits
 On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come,
 A prologue arm'd;—but not in confidence
 Of author's pens or actor's voice; but ſuited
 In like condition as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils:
 'Ginning i' the middle, ſtarting thence away,
 To what may be digeſted in a play.
 Like, or find fault—do, as your pleaſures are,
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

A 3

D R A-

* This Prologue, chiefly historical, makes a neceſſary, tho' not powerful apology for taking up ſo diſjointed a ſubject, as that of the following drama; there is a conſiderable ſhare of poetical merit in this preamble.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGAMEMNON.**MENELAUS.****ACHILLES.****PATROCLUS.****THERSITES.****ULYSSES.****NESTOR.****AJAX.****DIOMEDES.****CALCHAS.***Servant to Diomedes.***PRIAM.****HECTOR.****PARIS.****TROILUS.****HELENUS.****DEIPHOBUS.****MARGARELON.****ÆNEAS.****PANDARUS,** *Uncle to Cressida.**Serv. to Cressida ; Serv. to Troilus ; Serv. to Paris.***HELEN.****ANDROMACHE.****CASSANDRA.****CRESSIDA.***Soldiers and divers Attendants, Greek and Trojan.**Scene, Troy ; and Plains adjoining.*

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA*

A C T. I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Troilus arm'd; Pandarus following.

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again :
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within ?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;

A 4

Less

* From so grand an assemblage of eminent characters, as we perceive in the drama of this play, some transactions, situations, and sentiments, particularly interesting, may reasonably be expected ; investigation will gratify, or defeat our hopes.

9 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy *.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this. For my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

" *Tro.* Have I not tarried ?

" *Pan.* Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the
" boulding.

" *Tro.* Have I not tarried ?

" *Pan.* Ay, the boulding ; but you must tarry the
" leavening.

" *Tro.* Still have I tarried.

" *Pan.* Ay, to leavening : but here's yet in the word
" hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the
" heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must
" stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your
" lips.

" *Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
" Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

" At *Priam's* royal table do I sit ;

" And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,

" So, traitor !—when she comes ! When is she thence ?

" *Pan.* Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever
" I saw her look, or any woman else.

" *Tro.* I was about to tell thee, when my heart,

" As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

" Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me,

" I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

" Buried this sigh in wrinkle or a smile :

" But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

" Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness †.

" *Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than

" *Helen's*—Well, go to, there were no more comparison

" between the women.—But, for my part, she is my

" kinswoman ; I would not, as they term it, praise her,

" but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday,

" as

* *Troilus* here finely describes himself, in a far gone state of amorous imbecillity.

† There is infinite beauty and strength of expression in this passage.

“ as I did. I will not dispraise your sifter *Cassandra's*
 “ wit ; but——

Tro. O *Pandarus* ! I tell thee, *Pandarus*,
 When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd ;
 Reply not how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In *Cressid's* love. Thou answer'st, she is fair ;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair ; her cheek, her gait ; her voice
 Handlest in thy discourse :——O that her hand !
 In whose comparison all whites are ink
 Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure
 * The cignet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman ! This thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say, I love her ;
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
 is : if she be fair, 'tis the better for her ; an she be not,
 she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good *Pandarus* ! how now, *Pandarus* ?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel ; ill thought
 on of her, and ill thought on of you : gone between
 and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus* ? what, with
 me ?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so
 fair as *Helen* : an she were not kin to me, she would be
 as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care
 I ? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor ; 'tis all one
 to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair ?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool
 to stay behind her father. Let her to the *Greeks* ; and

A 5 fo

* Such far-fancied allusions as this are peculiar to *Shakespeare* ;
 as he introduces and expresses them, though strongly tinged
 with hyperbole, they must highly delight every intelligent
 reader.

10 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus——

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet *Pandarus*——

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me. I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end.

[*Exit Pandarus. Alarums heard.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides!—*Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But *Pandarus*——O gods! how do you plague me!

I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandar*;

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn chaste against all suit.

Tell me, *Apollo*, by thy *Daphne's* love,

What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:

Her bed is *India*; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood;

Ourselves the merchant; and this sailing *Pandar*,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark *.

Other alarums. Enter Æneas †.

Æne. How now, prince *Troilus*? wherefore not a field?

Tro. Because not there. This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Tro.

* Lovers are allowed strange flights, therefore this speech, however fanciful and extravagant, is far from being unnatural in the mouth of *Troilus*.

† It is rather a pity our author should bring on such a character as *Æneas*, and give him so slight a share in the drama.

Tro. Let *Paris* bleed : 'tis but a scar to scorn ;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus*' horn. [Alarums.]

Ane. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day !

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
 But to the sport abroad ;—Are you bound thither ?

Ane. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A Street* *.

Enter Cressida and Servant,

Cre. Who were those went by ?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they ?

Ser. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the fight. *Hector*, whose patience

Is as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd :

He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armourer ;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he ; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In *Hector*'s wrath †.

Cre. What was his cause of anger ?

Ser. The noise goes thus : there is among the *Greeks*
 A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector* ;

They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good ; and what of him ?

Serv. They say he is a very man *per se*, and stands
 alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or
 have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their
 particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish
 as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man into whom nature

A 6

ture

* If the play began here it would be as well, or, as we think,
 better than with the preceeding scene ; but that we should, in
 that case, be less acquainted with the disposition of *Troilus*.

† A most beautiful idea this, to make even the vegetable
 world weep for, and sympathize in the carnage and devastation
 of war.

ture hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpse of ; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair : he hath the joints of every thing ; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no use ; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight *.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry ?

Ser. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin *Cressid* : what do you talk of ? Good morrow, *Alexander*.—How do you cousin ? when were you at *Ilium* ?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came ? Was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium* ? *Helen* was not up ? was she ?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so ; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so ; I know the cause too. He'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that ; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him : let them take heed of *Troilus* : I can tell them that too.

Cre.

* This speech is replete with description admirably picturesque ; exceedingly characteristic, and as pointed as any thing we have ever met ; the allusions are very extensive, but applied in a masterly and justifiable manner.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*, *Troilus* is the better man o' the two.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter*! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, *Troilus* is *Troilus* †.

" *Cre.* Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not *Hector*.

" *Pan.* No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

" *Cre.* 'Tis just to each of them. He is himself.

" *Pan.* Himself? alas, poor *Troilus*! I would he were——

" *Cre.* So he is.

" *Pan.* —'Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

" *Cre.* He is not *Hector*.

" *Pan.* Himself? no, he's not himself.—Would he were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, *Troilus*, well, I would my heart were in her body!—No, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

" *Cre.* Excuse me.

" *Pan.* He is elder.

" *Cre.* Pardon me, pardon me.

" *Pan.* The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

" *Cre.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

" *Pan.* Nor his qualities.

" *Cre.* No matter.

" *Pan.* Nor his beauty.

" *Cre.* 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

" *Pan.* You have no judgment, niece. *Helen* herself swore the other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess)—Not brown neither—

" *Cre.* No, but brown.

" *Pan.*

† All from this line we have presumed to mark, as fitter to be omitted than retained.

" *Pan.* 'Faith to say truth, brown and not brown.

" *Cre.* To say the truth, true and not true.

" *Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

" *Cre.* Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

" *Pan.* So he has.

" *Cre.* Then *Troilus* should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

" *Pan.* I swear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

" *Cre.* Then she's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

" *Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass-window, and you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

" *Cre.* Indeed a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total,

" *Pan.* Why, he is very young: and yet will be within three pound lift as his brother *Hector*.

" *Cre.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

" *Pan.* But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

" *Cre.* *Juno* have mercy! How came it cloven?

" *Pan.* Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all *Phrygia*.

" *Cre.* Oh, he smiles valiantly.

" *Pan.* Does he not?

" *Cre.* O yes: an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

" *Pan.* Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*—

" *Cre.* *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you will prove it so.

" *Pan.* *Troilus*? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

" *Cre.* If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan.

" *Pan.* I cannot chuse but to laugh to think how she
 " tickled his chin ; indeed, she has a marvellous white
 " hand, I must needs confess.

" *Cre.* Without the rack.

" *Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on
 his chin.

" *Cre.* Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

" *Pan.* But there was such laughing. Queen *Hecuba*
 " laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

" *Cre.* with mill-stones.

" *Pan.* And *Cassandra* laugh'd.

" *Cre.* But there was more temperate fire under the
 " pot of her eyes : did her eyes run o'er too ?

" *Pan.* And *Hector* laugh'd.

" *Cre.* At what was all this laughing ?

" *Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* spied on
 " *Troilus*' chin.

" *Cre.* An't had been a green hair, I should have
 " laugh'd too.

" *Pan.* They laugh'd not so much at the hair as at his
 " pretty answer.

" *Cre.* What was his answer ?

" *Pan.* Quoth she, here's but one-and-fifty hairs on
 " your chin, and one of them is white.

" *Cre.* This is her question.

" *Pan.* That's true ; make no question of that. One-
 " and-fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white ; that white
 " hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter* !
 " quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris*, my husband ?
 " the fork'd one quoth he ; pluck it out and give it him.
 " But there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blush'd,
 " and *Paris* so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that
 " it past.

" *Cre.* So let it now ; for it has been a great while
 " going by.

" *Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday.
 " Think on't

" *Cre.* So I do.

" *Pan.* I'll be sworn 'tis true ; he will weep you, an
 " 'twere a man born in *April*.

" *Cre.*

"*Cre.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a net-
tle against *May*. [Retreat heard.]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field : shall we stand up here and see them, as they pass towards *Ilium* ? Good niece, do : sweet niece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place ; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them, all by their names as they pass by ; but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Flourish. Enter certain Troops, and pass over ;
Aeneas with them.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Aeneas* ; is not that a brave man ? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you ; but mark *Troilus* ; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that ?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. That's *Antenor* ; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you ; and he's a man good enough : he's one o' the soundest judgment in *Troy*, whosoever ; and a proper man of person. When comes *Troilus* ? I'll shew you *Troilus* anon : if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod ?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that. There's a fellow ! Go thy way, *Hector* ! there's a brave man, niece. O brave *Hector* ! look, how he looks ! there's a countenance ! is't not a brave man ?

Cre. O a brave man !

Pan. Is he not ? it does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet ; look you yonder, do you see ? look you there ! there's no jesting ; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say : there be hacks !

Cre. Be those with swords ?

Pan. Swords ? any thing he cares not. An the devil come to him, it's all one. By godslid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris* :
look

Paris passes over.

look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do *Helen's* heart good now, ha? 'Would I could see *Troilus* now! you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where *Troilus* is. That's *Helenus*:—I think he went not forth to-day—That's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*! no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel where *Troilus* is! hark; do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*; there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave *Troilus*! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him: O brave *Troilus*! look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector's*; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way: had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*?—*Paris* is dirt to him; and, I warrant, *Helen* to change * would give an eye to boot.

“ Other Troops pass over.

“ Cre. Here come more.

“ Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the

* There is no doubt but *Shakespeare* meant *Pandarus* as a character of humour, but it is in a very peculiar stile, and requires very extraordinary talents to personate him exact to the author's intention.

“ eagles

18. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

" eagles are gone ; crows and daws, crows and daws.
 " I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

" *Cre.* There is among the *Greeks*, *Achilles* ; a better man than *Troilus*.

" *Pan.* *Achilles* ? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

" *Cre.* Well, well.

" *Pan.* Well, well :—why, have you any discretion ?
 " have you any eyes ? Do you know what a man is ?
 " Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, man-
 " hood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality,
 " and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man ?

" *Cre.* Ay, a minc'd man ; and then to be bak'd
 " with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is
 " out.

" *Pan.* You are such a woman, one knows not at
 " what ward you lie.

" *Cre.* Upon my back to defend my belly ; upon
 " my wit to defend my wiles ; upon my secrecy to de-
 " fend mine honesty ; my mask to defend my beauty ;
 " and you to defend all these. At all these wards I
 " lie, and at a thousand watches.

" *Pan.* Say one of your watches,

" *Cre.* Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one
 " of the chiefest of them too : if I cannot ward what I
 " would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how
 " I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then
 " it is past watching.

" *Pan.* You are such another.

" *Enter Troilus's Boy.*

" *Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

" *Pan.* Where ?

" *Boy.* At your own house ; there he unarms him.

" *Pan.* Good boy tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I
 " doubt he be hurt."—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle—

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

[*Exit.*

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd.—

Words,

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize :

But more in *Troilus* a thousand-fold I see

Than in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be :

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing ;

Things won are done ; joy's soul lies in the doing :

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this—

Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach ;—

Achievement is, command ; ungain'd, beseech.

Then—though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

* SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before a Tent.*

Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks † ?

The ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,

Fails in the promis'd largeness. Checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;

As knots by the conflux of meeting sap

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,

That, after seven years siege, yet *Troy* walls stand ;

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought

* It is again matter of doubt whether the piece would not begin better here, than with the first or second scene ; but for one reason already cited.

† The idea of particular concern of jaundicing the cheeks is excellently conceived ; and all the sentiments in *Agamemnon's* mouth are pleasingly and strongly expressed.

That

20 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works?
 And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike feat,
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way.
 With those of nobler bulk?
 But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
 The gentle *Tbetis*, and anon, behold,
 The strong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like *Perseus'* horse. Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
 Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
 Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies flee under shade; why then the thing of
 courage,
 As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. *Agamemnon*,
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart

Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up, hear what *Ulysses* speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation
 The which—most mighty for thy place and sway—
[To Agamemnon.]
 And thou, most reverend, for thy stretcht-out life—
[To Nestor.]

I give to both your speeches : which are such,
 As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
 Should hold up high in brass ; and such again,
 As venerable *Nestor*, hatch'd in silver *,
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
 On which heaven rides) knit all the *Greekish* ears
 To his experienc'd tongue : yet let it please both
 Thou great, and wise, to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of less expect
 That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,
 When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. *Troy*, yet upon her basis, had been down,
 And the great *Hector's* sword had lack'd a master,
 But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected ;
 And, look, how many *Grecian* tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
 When that the general is not like the hive,
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

“ The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,
 “ Observe degree, priority, and place,
 “ Infisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 “ Office, and custom, in all line of order † :
 “ And therefore is the glorious planet, *Sol*,
 “ In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
 “ Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye

* Though *Nestor* is confessedly *silvered* with age, yet we know
 not how he can be said to be *batched* in silver, unless we form
 the predictive idea of having been born to a state of longevity.

† The subject of subordination is admirably delineated in
 this speech.

28 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

" Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 " And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 " Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
 " In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 " What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
 " What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 " Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 " Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 " The unity and married calm of states
 " Quite from their fixure?" Oh, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogeniture, and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 " 'Take but degree away, untune that string,
 " And hark what discord follows! each thing meets
 " In meer oppugnancy: the bounded waters
 " Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 " * And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 " Strength should be lord of imbecillity,
 " And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 " Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
 " (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 " Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 " Then every thing includes itself in power,
 " Power into will, will into appetite;
 " And appetite, an universal wolf,
 " So doubly seconded with will and power,
 " Must make perforce an universal prey,
 " And last eat up itself." Great *Agamemnon*!
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking:
 And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose

* In *Nestor's* speech (page 20, line 29) there is the singularly odd idea of the globe's, that is the terrene parts of it, being made a *toast* for *Neptune*; here it is described as a *sop*.

It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.

And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own finews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.*

Nes. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
What is the remedy?

Uly. The great *Achilles*—whom opinion crowns
The finew and the fore-hand of our host—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player—whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
From his deep-chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*excellent!*—'tis *Agamemnon* just.—
Now play me *Nestor*;—*hem*, and stroke thy beard,

* However shrewdly characteristic this speech may be, we think it much too long, and too redundant for stage-delivery; therefore we have marked those lines which, in our view, may be best spared, if this piece should ever encounter the stage.

24 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

As he, being 'drest to some oration.

That's done;—as near as the extreme ends
Of parallels; as like, as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god *Achilles* still cries, *excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And, then forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;—*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And, in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes*.

Nes. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets *Thersites*,
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Uly. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
† But that of hand: the still and mental parts—

* This speech has strong painting in it, letting us well and pleasingly into the characters of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*.

† There is a very commendable idea broached here against those who prefer immediate action to present calculation! but with deference to our author, we think he makes *Ulysses* deliver himself in terms too complicate and cramp.

That

That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness call them on ; and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight ;—
Why this hath not a finger's dignity ;
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine :
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nes. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
Makes many *Tbetis'* sons. [Trumpet sounds.

Aga. What trumpet ! look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From Troy.

Enter *Aeneas.*

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent ?

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you ?

Aga. Even this.

Aene. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?

“ *Aga.* With surety stronger than *Achilles'* arm,
“ 'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice
“ Call *Agamemnon* head and general.

“ *Aene.* Fair leave, and large security. How may
“ A stranger to those most imperial looks
“ Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

“ *Aga.* How ?

“ *Aene.* I ask, that I might waken reverence,
“ And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
“ Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
“ The youthful *Phœbus* :

“ Which is that god in office, guiding men ?

“ Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon* ?

“ *Aga.* This *Trojan* scorns us ; or the men of *Troy*
“ Are ceremonious courtiers.

“ *Aene.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
“ As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :

“ But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
“ Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and, *Jove's*
“ accord,

B

“ Nothing

" Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas* ;
 " Peace, *Trojan* ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
 " The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 " If he, that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth :
 " But what the repining enemy commends,
 " That breath fame blows ; that praise sole pure tran-
 " scends.

" *Aga.* Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourself *Æneas* ?

" *Æne.* Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

" *Aga.* What's your affair, I pray you ?

" *Æne.* Sir, pardon ; 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

" *Aga.* He hears nought privately that comes from
 " *Troy*.

" *Æne.* Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him :

" I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;

" To set his sense on the attentive bent,

" And then to speak.

" *Aga.* Speak frankly as the wind ;

" It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour :

" That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,

" He tells thee so himself."

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brafs voice thro' all these lazy tents ;—

And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know

What *Troy* means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*

A prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his father ;

Who in this dull and long continu'd truce

Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak : kings, princes, lords !

If there be one among'st he fair'st of *Greece*,

That holds his honour higher than his ease ;

That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;

That loves his mistress more than in confession,

(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)

And dare avow her beauty and her worth

In other arms than hers ;—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it ;

He

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouse a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in *Troy*, when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.*

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Aeneas*.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, I am he.

Nes. Tell him of *Nestor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector*'s grandfire suckt: he is old now,
But, if there be not in our *Grecian* host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grand-dam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Uly. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.

Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of *Greece*, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Uly. *Nestor*—

Nes. What says *Ulysses*?

* This challenge, though a whimsical one in its nature, has something very manly and spirited in it.

Uly. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nes. What is't.

Uly. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : the seeded pride,
That hath to its maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nes. Well, and how ?

Uly. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nes. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
“ Whose grossness little characters sum up :
“ And, in the publication, make no strain,
“ But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
“ As banks of *Libya*—tho', *Apollo* knows,
“ 'Tis dry enough—will with great speed of judgment,
“ Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
“ Pointing on him.

“ *Uly.* And wake him to the answer, think you ?

“ *Nes.* Yes,” 'tis most meet ; whom may you else oppose,
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles* ? “ Though't be a sportful combat,
“ Yet in this trial much opinion dwells ;
“ For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
“ With their fin'st palate : and trust to me, *Ulysses*,
“ Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
“ In this wild action :—for the success,
“ Although particular, shall give a scantling
“ Of good or bad unto the general ;
“ And in such indexes, although small pricks
“ To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
“ The baby figure of the giant mass
“ Of things to come, at large.” It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues ; who miscarrying,

What

What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves !
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments;
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Uly. Give pardon to my speech ;
Therefore 'tis meet *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not then consent
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nes. I see them not with my old eyes ; what are they ?

Uly. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in *Afric* fun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape *Hector* fair. If he were foiled,
Why then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector* : among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physic the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices : if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down *Achilles*' plumes.*

Nes. *Ulysses*,
Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*. Go we to him straight ;

B 3

Two

* *Ulysses* shows much of the sly, slow politician, respecting *Achilles*, but no great degree of honesty.

30 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA:

Two curs shall tame each other ; pride alone
 † Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Another Part of it.*

Enter Therfites, Ajax following.

" A J A X.

" **THERSITES**—

" *The. Agamemnon*—how if he had boils—full, all
 " over generally? [*Talking to himself.*]

" *Aja. Therfites*——

" *The.* And those boils did run?—say so,—did not
 " the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

" *Aja. Dog!*

" *The.* Then there would come some matter from
 " him; I see none now.

" *Aja.* Thou bitch-wolf's son; canst thou not hear?
 " feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

" *The.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou murrain,
 " beef-witted lord!

" *Aja.* Speak, then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I
 " will beat thee into handsomeness.

" *The.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness:
 " but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than
 " thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike,
 " canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

" *Aja.* Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

" *The.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest
 " me thus?

" *Aja.* The proclamation——

" *The.* Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

" *Aja.* Do not, porcupine, do not:—My fingers itch.

" *The.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot,
 " and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee
 " the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art
 " forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

" *Aja.* I say, the proclamation——

" *The.* Thou

† A most low idea concludes this Act; which is through the whole uninteresting, and by no means advantageously calculated for representation.

" *The.* Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on
 " *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness,
 " as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty; ay, that thou
 " barkest at him.

" *Aja.* Mistress *Thersites*! ———

" *The.* Thou should strike him.

" *Aja.* Cobloaf!

" *The.* He would pun thee into shivers with his fist,
 " as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

" *Aja.* You whorson cur! ——— [beating him.

" *The.* Do, do.

" *Aja.* Thou stool for a witch! ———

" *The.* Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted lord! thou
 " hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an
 " *assinego* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass!
 " thou art here put to thrash *Trojans*; and thou art
 " bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Bar-*
 " *barian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin
 " at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou
 " thing of no bowels, thou!

" *Aja.* You-dog!

" *The.* You scurvy lord!

" *Aja.* You cur! [beating him.

" *The.* *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel;
 " do, do.

" *Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

" *Ach.* Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?
 " How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

" *The.* You see him there, do you?

" *Ach.* Ay; what's the matter?

" *The.* Nay, look upon him.

" *Ach.* So I do; what's the matter?

" *The.* Nay, but regard him well.

" *Ach.* Well, why, I do so.

" *The.* But yet you look not well upon him: for
 " whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

" *Ach.* I know that, fool.

" *The.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

" *Aja.* Therefore I beat thee.

" *The.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he ut-
 " ters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd

“ his brain more than he has beat my bones. I will buy
 “ nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not
 “ worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, *Achilles*,
 “ *Ajax*, who wears his wits in his belly, and his guts
 “ in his head—I tell you what I say of him.

“ *Ach.* What? [*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

“ *The.* I say, this *Ajax*—

“ *Ach.* Nay, good *Ajax*.

“ *The.* Has not so much wit—

“ *Ach.* Nay, I must hold you.

“ *The.* As will stop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for
 “ whom he comes to fight.

“ *Ach.* Peace, fool!

“ *The.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool
 “ will not: he there: that he; look you there.

“ *Aja.* O thou damn'd cur! I shall—

“ *Ach.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

“ *The.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

“ *Pat.* Good words, *Thersites*.

“ *Ach.* What's the quarrel?

“ *Aja.* I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of
 “ the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

“ *The.* I serve thee not.

“ *Aja.* Well, go to, go to.

“ *The.* I serve here voluntary.

“ *Ach.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not vo-
 “ luntary; no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was here
 “ the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

“ *The.* Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in
 “ your sinews, or else there be liars. *Hector* shall have
 “ a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains;
 “ he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

“ *Ach.* What, with me too, *Thersites*?

“ *The.* There's *Ulysses* and old *Nestor* (whose wit was
 “ mouldy 'ere your grandfathers had nails on their toes)
 “ yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough
 “ up the war.

“ *Ach.* What! what!

“ *The.* Yes, good sooth; to, *Achilles*! to, *Ajax*! to—

“ *Aja.* I shall cut out your tongue.

“ *The.* 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou
 “ afterwards.

" *Pat.* No more words, *Thersites*; peace.

" *The.* I will hold my peace when *Achilles'* brach bids me, shall I?

" *Ach.* There's for you, *Patroclus*.

" *The.* I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, 'ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

" *Pat.* A good riddance.

" *Ach.* Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

" That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the sun,

" Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*,

" To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,

" That hath a stomach; such a one, that dare

" Maintain, I know not what. 'Tis trash; farewell.

" *Aja.* Farewell! who shall answer him?

" *Ach.* I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

" *Aja.* O, meaning you—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.**

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks*;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else,
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off. Hector, what say you to't?

Hec. Though no man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet, dread *Priam*,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *Who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The wound of peace is surety,

B 5

Surety

* It is presumed, that the second Act would begin here to advantage; the preceding scene is surely too immaterial to be retained.

Surety securé; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes
 Hath been as dear as *Helen*; I mean, of ours.
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The past-proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
 You fur your gloves with reason. "Here are your
 " reasons.

" You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 " You know, a sword employ'd is perilous;
 " And reason flies the object of all harm.
 " Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
 " A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
 " The very wings of reason to his heels;
 " And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 " Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 " Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
 " Should have hare hearts, would they but sat their
 " thoughts

" With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
 " Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

" *Hec.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 " The holding:

" *Tro.*

"Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

"Hec. But value dwells not in particular will;

"It holds his estimate and dignity

"As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,

"As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,

"To make the service greater than the god;

"And the will doats that is inclinable

"To what infection itself affects,

"Without some image of the affected merit.

"Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election

"Is led on in the conduct of my will;

"My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

"Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

"Of will and judgment; how may I avoid,

"Although my will distaste what it elected,

"The wife I chose? there can be no evasion

"To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.

"We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

"When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands

"We do not throw in unrespective sieve,

"Because we now are full." It was thought meet,

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:

Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;

The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,

And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd,

And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,

Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,

(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—go, go)

If you confess he brought home noble prize,

(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands

And cry'd—*inestimable!*) why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;

And do a deed that fortune never did,

Beggar that estimation which you priz'd

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;

That we have stolen what we do fear to keep !
 But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen ;
 Who in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [*within*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry !

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this ?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within*] Cry, *Trojans* !

Hec. It is *Cassandra*.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry ! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry, *Trojans*, cry ! practise your eyes with tears ;
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilium* stand ;
 Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.
 Cry, *Trojans*, cry ! a *Helen* and a woe :
 Cry, cry ! *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [*Exit. †*]

Hec. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse ? Or is your blood
 So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same ?

Tro. Why, brother *Hector*,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event doth form it ;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because *Cassandra's* mad ; her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,

Which

† Though we doubt whether this frenzied prophesies would have a serious effect in representation, yet we think she is not unaptly introduced here ; had there been more fancy, more enthusiasm of idea thrown in, it must have enlivened the scene much.

Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* sons ;
And *Jove* forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things, as would offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
But I attest the Gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. *Paris*, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So, to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ranfack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion ? can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended ; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel,

Hec.

Hec. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well ;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd, but superficially ; not much
 Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 The reasons you alledge do more conduce
 To the hot passion of disemper'd blood
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong ; for pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be rendered to their owners ; now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband ? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
 There is a law in each well-ordered nation
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* king——
 As it is known she is——these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd :—thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong*,
 But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion
 Is this in way of truth ; yet ne'ertheless
 My sprightly brethren, I prebend to you
 In resolution to keep *Helen* still ;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens
 I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood,

Spent

* The soft moral sensations, which appear in this speech, deserve great approbation and strict attention, as sensibly appealing to one of the tenderest feelings of life, though seldom properly attended to ; we mean, matrimonial chastity.

Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
 She is a theme of honour and renown;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us.
 For, I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great *Priamus*.
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
 I was advertis'd their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept;
 'This, I presume, will wake him *.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Greek Camp. Before Achilles's Tent.*

Enter Therites.

The. How now, *Therites*? what, lost in the labyrinth
 of thy fury? Shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he
 beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy satisfaction!
 'would it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst
 he rail'd at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and
 raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful ex-
 ecutions. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If
Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls
 will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thun-
 der-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the king
 of gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of
 thy *Caduceus*; if thou take not that little, little, less-
 than-little wit from them that they have! which short-
 arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it
 will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider,
 without drawing the massy iron and cutting the web.

After

* All the chiefs, both *Trojan* and *Grecian*, require dignified
 externals, and graceful oratory, for stage representation.

After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! "or rather, the bone-ach! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket." I have said my prayers, and devil, Envy, say amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles*!

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? *Thersites*? Good *Thersites*, come in and rail,

The. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou couldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven blest thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! "Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she, that lays thee out, says, —thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't; she never shrowded any but Lazars. Amen." Where's *Achilles* *?

Pat. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

The. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Ach. Who's there?

Pat. *Thersites*, my lord.

Ach. Where, where? art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals! come; what's *Agamemnon*!

The. Thy commander, *Achilles*.—Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Pat. Thy lord, *Thersites*.—Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

The. Thy knower, *Patroclus*.—Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Pat. Thou must tell that know'st.

Ach. O tell, tell——

The. I'll decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*; *Achilles* is my lord; I am *Patroclus*' knower; and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Pat.

* *Thersites* aims much at the ludicrous, but is a little too licentious in some of his ideas, and therefore should be occasionally retrenched.

Pat. You rascal! —

The. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Ach. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, *Thersites*.

The. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; *Thersites* is a fool; and (as aforesaid) *Patroclus* is a fool.

Ach. Derive this; come.

The. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; *Thersites* is a fool to serve such a fool; and *Patroclus* is a fool positive †.

Pat. Why am I a fool?

The. Make that demand of thy Creator.—It suffices me, thou art.

Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes,
and Ajax.

Ach. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no body.—Come in with me, *Thersites*. [Exit.

The. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold, and a whore: a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Pat. Within his tent; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He sent our messengers; and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him.

[Exit.

Uly. We saw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not sick.

Aja. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my

† This conversation gives a most whimsical idea of these reputed great men; though by no means inconsistent with the character, page 23, which *Ulysses* gives of Achilles and *Patroclus*, "breaking scurril jest," &c.

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my head, 'tis pride. But why, why?—Let him shew us the cause. A word, my lord.

[Drawing Agamemnon apart.

Nes. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Uly. *Achilles* hath invigled his fool from him.

Nes. Who? *Thersites*?

Uly. He.

Nes. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument:

Uly. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument;—*Achilles*.

Nes. All the better; their faction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong compofure, a fool could difunite.

Uly. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes *Patroclus*.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nes. No *Achilles* with him.

Uly. The elephant hath joints; but none for courtesy; His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

Pat. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But for your health and your digestion-sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you *Patroclus*!—

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues— Not virtuously on his own part beheld—

Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak to him: and you shall not sin If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater

Than

Than in the note of judgment : and worthier than himself,

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-write in an observing kind
His humourous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish luns ; his ebbs, his flows ; as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this ; and add,
That if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him : but let him like an engine
Not portable lie under this report——

Bring action hither, this can't go to war :

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

*Before a sleeping giant ;—tell him so *.*

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit Patroclus.*]

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him——*Ulysses*, enter you.

Exit Ulysses.

Aja. What is he more than another ?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Aja. Is he so much ? Do you think, he thinks himself

A better man than I am ?

Aga. No question.

Aja. Will you subscribe his thought and say, *he is* ?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax* ; you are as strong, as valiant,
As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Aja. Why should a man be proud ?
How doth pride grow ? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the clear, *Ajax*, and your virtues
The fairer. He that's proud eats up himself :
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle ; and whate'er praises itself,
But in the dead, devours the deed i' the praise †.

Aja.

* There is a most commendable degree of dignity and spirit in this speech of *Agamemnon's*

† This is an excellent stroke at self-sufficiency, which must ever impair merit.

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Aja. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nes. [*Aside*] And yet he loves himself: is it not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Uly. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Uly. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

"*Aga.* Why will he not, upon our fair request.

"Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

"*Uly.* Things small as nothing, for request sake only,

"He makes important: possess he is with greatness,

"And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

"That quarrels at self-breath.—Imagin'd worth

"Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

"That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

"Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,

"And batters down himself. What should I say?

"He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it

"Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.——

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:

'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led

At your request a little from himself.

Uly. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes

When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,

And never suffers matters of the world

Enter his thoughts (save such as do revolve

And ruminate himself) shall he be worshipp'd

Of that, we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,

By going to *Achilles*:

That

That were to inlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles*, go to him! *

Nes. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*

Aja. If I go to him—with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Aja. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me not go to him.

" *Uly.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

" *Aja.* A paltry insolent fellow——

" *Nes.* How he describes himself!

" *Aja.* —Can he not be sociable?

" *Uly.* The raven chides blackness.

" *Aja.* I'll let his humours blood.

" *Aga.* He will be the physician that should be the
" patient.

" *Aja.* An all men were o' my mind——

" *Uly.* Wit would be out of fashion.

" *Aja.* —He should not bear it so, he should eat
" swords first:

" Shall pride carry it?

" *Nes.* An 'twould, you'd carry half.

" *Uly.* He would have ten shares.

" *Aja.* I will knead him; I will make him supple——

" *Nes.* He's not yet thorough warm: force him with
" praises:

" Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

" *Uly.* My lord, you feed too much on this dislike."

Nes. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Uly. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.

Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be silent.

* *Ajax*, like most other proud men, declares he knows not what pride is. *Ulysses* here, according to the character of his policy, and knowledge of men, smooths over the master of the seven-fold-shield very shrewdly.

Nes. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Uly. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aja. A whorson dog! that shall thus palter with us—
‘Would he were a *Trojan*!

Nes. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Uly. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Uly. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Uly. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck;

Fam’d be thy tutor; and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam’d, beyond, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin’d thy arms to fight,

Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yields

To sinewy *Ajax*. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts:—Here’s *Nestor*,

Instructed by the antiquary times;

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—

But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days

As green as *Ajax*, and your brain so temper’d,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as *Ajax*.

Aja. Shall I call you father?

Nes. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul’d by him, lord *Ajax*.

Uly. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to *Troy*: to-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here’s a lord—Come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, *Ajax* shall cope the best.*

* The principle of flattery is well maintained through this scene; and the act in general has much more merit and importance than the former.

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Ag. Go we to council, let *Achilles* sleep :
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter a Servant and Pandarus.

" PANDARUS.

" FRIEND! you! pray you, a word. Do not
" you follow the young lord *Paris*?

" *Serv.* Ay, fir, when he goes before me.

" *Pan.* You do depend upon him, I mean?

" *Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

" *Pan.* You do depend upon a noble gentleman: I
must needs praise him.

" *Serv.* The Lord be praised!

" *Pan.* You know me, do you not?

" *Serv.* Faith, fir, superficially.

" *Pan.* Friend, know me better; I am the lord *Pan-*
" *darus.*

" *Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour better.

" *Pan.* I do desire it.

" *Serv.* You are in the state of grace?

" *Pan.* Grace! not so, friend: honour and lordship
are my titles. [*Musick within*] What musick is this?

" *Serv.* I do but partly know, fir; it is musick in
" parts.

" *Pan.* You know the musicians?

" *Serv.* Wholly, fir.

" *Pan.* Who play they to?

" *Serv.* To the hearers, fir.

" *Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?

" *Serv.* At mine, fir, and theirs that love musick.

" *Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

" *Serv.* Who shall I command, fir?

" *Pan.*

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" *Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another; I
 " am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose
 " request do these men play?

" *Serv.* That's to't indeed, fir. Marry, fir, at the
 " request of *Paris* my lord, who is there in person;
 " with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty,
 " love's invifible foul.——

" *Pan.* Who, my coufin *Cressida*?

" *Serv.* No, fir, *Helen*; could you not find out that
 " by her attributes?

" *Pan.* It fhould feem, fellow, that thou haft not
 " feen the lady *Cressida*. I come to fpeak with *Paris*
 " from the prince *Troilus*: I will make a complimentary
 " affault upon him, for my bufinefs feeths.

" *Serv.* Sudden bufinefs! there's a ftew'd phrafe in-
 " deed!

* *Enter Paris and Helen, attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair
 company! fair defires in all fair measure fairly guide
 them! efpecially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be
 your fair pillow!

Hel. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You fpeak your fair pleasure, fweet queen.——
 Fair prince, here is good broken mufick.

Par. You have broken it, coufin; and, by my life,
 you fhall make it whole again: you fhall piece it out
 with a piece of your performance.—*Nell*, he is full of
 harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Hel. O, fir——

Pan. Rude, in footh; in good footh, very rude.

Par. Well faid, my lord! well you fay fo in fits.

Pan. I have bufinefs to my lord, dear queen. My
 lord, will you vouchfafe me a word?

Hel. Nay, this fhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you
 fing, certainly.

* The act would certainly begin better here, than with the
 preceding buffoonery.

Pan.

Pan. Well, sweet queen; you are pleasant with me; but (marry) thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother *Troilus*——

Hel. My lord *Pandarus*; honey-sweet lord——

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:——

Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob us out of our melody;

“ If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

“ Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that’s a sweet queen, i’faith——

Hel. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a four offence.

“ Pan. Nay; that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My lord *Pandarus*——

“ Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very, very sweet queen.

Par. What exploit’s in hand? Where sups he to-night?

Hel. Nay, but my lord——

Pan. What says my sweet queen? my cousin will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I’ll lay my life, with my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I’ll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say, *Cressida*? No, your poor disposer’s sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Hel. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Hel. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris*?

Pan. He? no, she’ll none of him; they two are twain.

Hel. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Hel. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all.
Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love!——ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

S O N G.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For ob, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

II.

These lovers cry, ob! ob! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn ob! ob! to ha! ha! be!
So dying love lives still:
Ob! ob! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
- Ob! ob! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
*Hey ho! **

Hel. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?——Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day,

* What music might make of this song we will not pretend to determine, but in its present appearance there is more jingle than meaning. We must however recollect the whimsical character of the singer.

but

but my *Nell* would not have it so. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lip at something. You know all, lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse.

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Hel. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. Sound a retreat.*]

Par. They are come from field: let us to *Priam's* hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet *Helen*, I must woo you To help unarm our *Hector*: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of *Greekish* finews; you shall do more Than all the island kings; disarm great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, *Paris*: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, over-shines ourselves.

Par. Sweet. Above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* *Pandarus's Garden.*

Enter a Servant and Pandarus, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin *Cressida's*?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes. How now? how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off.

Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the *Stygian* banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*, And give me swift transpor'tance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle *Pandarus*,

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From *Cupid's* shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Cressid*!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard; I will bring her
straight. [Exit Pandarus.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginaty relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys; *
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were afraid with a sprite.
I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain. She fetches
her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus, with Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a
baby. Here she is now. Swear the oaths now to her,
that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again?
you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you?
Come your ways, come your ways; if you draw back-
ward, we'll put you i' the files.—Why do you not speak
to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your

* The ideas in this speech are of a very glowing and poetical
nature; they speak powerfully to susceptible minds.

picture.

picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an'twere dark, you'd close sooner.—So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again! Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. *[Exit Pandarus.]*

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O *Cressida*, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord!—the gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dregs espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our loves?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fear makes devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, find safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all *Cupid's* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us
 “as we are tasted; allow us as we prove: our head shall
 “go bare, ’till merit crown it: no perfection in rever-
 “sion shall have a praise in present: we will not name
 “desert before his birth; and, being born, his addi-
 “tion shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: *Troi-*
 “*lus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say
 “worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth
 “can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talk-
 ing yet?

Cre. Well uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to
 you.

Pan. I thank you for that; “if my lord get a boy of
 “you, you’ll give him me.” Be true to my lord; if
 he finch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle’s
 word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I’ll give you my word for her too: our
 kindred, tho’ they be long ’ere they are woo’d, they
 are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you;
 they’ll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
 heart:—

Prince *Troilus*, I have lov’d you night and day,
 For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
 With the first glance that ever—Pardon me—
 If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
 I love you now, but not, ’till now, so much
 But I might master it:—in faith, I lye;—
 My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
 Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
 Why have I blabb’d? who shall be true to us,
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
 But though I lov’d you well, I woo’d you not:
 And yet, good faith, I wish’d myself a man;

Or

Or that we women had men's privilege,
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed:—O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow
morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you. [To *Pan.*

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company. ● .

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:——
Where is my wit? I speak, I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,
Or else you love not; to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

How were I then up-listed! but alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

"*Cre.* In that I'll war with you.

"*Tro.* O virtuous fight,

" When right with right wars who shall be most right!

" True swains in love shall in the world to come

" Approve their truths by *Troilus*: when their rhymes,

" Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

" Want similes: truth, tir'd with iteration,—

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon;

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the center——

Yet after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited,

As true as *Troilus*, shall crown up the verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself,

When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,

And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,

And mighty states characterless are grated

To dusty nothing; yet let memory

From false to false, among false maids in love,

Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,

As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,

Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,

As false as *Cressid**.——

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's; if ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all *Pandars*; let all inconstant men be *Troilus*'s,
all

* This scene is rich with very fanciful feeling ideas, worthy of our author, but *Pandarus* is a very great disgrace to them, and the conclusion is rather stale; some lines are therefore marked for omission.

all false women *Cressids*, and all brokers-between *Pandars*! say, Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

“ *Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak
“ of your pretty encounters, press it to death. Away,
[*Exeunt Tro. and Cre.*]

“ And *Cupid* grant all tonge-ty'd maidens here,

“ Bed, chamber, *Pandar* to provide this geer! [*Ex.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomed, Ajax, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to *you*
I have abandoned *Troy*, left my possession,
Incur'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and posset conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of task,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What would'st thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yesterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: But this *Antenor*,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost

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Give us a prince of blood, a son of *Priam*,
In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Cressid* hither ; *Calchas* shall have
What he requests of us.—Good *Diomed*,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange ;
Withal, bring word, if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge :—*Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This I shall undertake ; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Ex. Dio. and Cal.*]

Enter, before their Tent, Achilles and Patroclus.

Uly. *Achilles* stands i' the entrance of his tent,
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard-upon him :—
I will come last , 'tis like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him :
If so, I have derision med'cinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

[*They pass forward.*]

Acb. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst *Troy*.

Aga. What says *Achilles* ? would he 'aught with us ?

Nes. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Acb. No.

Nes. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

[*Exeunt Aga. and Nes.*]

Acb. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ?

[*Exit Men.*]

Ach. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Aja. How now, *Patroclus*?

Ach. Good-morrow, *Ajax*.

Aja. Ha?

Ach. Good-morrow.

Aja. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit *Ajax*.

Ach. What mean these fellows? Know they not
Achilles?

Pat. They pass by strangely. They were us'd to bend,
To send their siniles before them to *Achilles*;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Ach. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer:
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall (as being slippery standers)
The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
*Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often given. Here is *Ulysses*:
I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, *Ulysses*?

Uly. Now, great *Thetis*'s son?

Ach. What are you reading?

Uly. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,

* Whoever has read cardinal *Wolsey*'s admirable soliloquy upon the decline of fortune, would imagine our author had exhausted his ideas on the subject; but the preceding lines, with many other similar passages in his works, show he was inexhaustible.

How much in having, or without, or in,—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Ach. This is not strange, *Ulysses*.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
 The beater knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
 † (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself
 Not going from itself, but eye to eye oppos'd,
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and has marry'd there
 Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Uly. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar, but the author's drift:
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting)
 'Till he communicate his parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 Where they are extended; which, like an arch rever-

berates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown *Ajax*.

"Heavens! what a man is there! a very horse,

"That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
 "there are,

"Most abject in regard, and dear in use!

"What things again most dear in the esteem,

"And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow

"An act, that very chance doth throw upon him,

"*Ajax*:

† That most pure spirit of sense, is a very refined allusion to the optic powers.

“ *Ajax* renown’d ! Oh heavens, what some men do,
 “ While some men leave to do !
 “ How some men creep in skittish Fortune’s hall,
 “ While others play the idiots in her eyes !
 “ How one man eats into another’s pride,
 “ While pride is feasting in his wantonness !
 “ To see these *Grecian* lords ! why even already
 “ They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder ;
 “ As if his foot were on brave *Hector’s* breast,
 “ And great *Troy* shrinking.

“ *Ach.* I do believe it :

“ For they pass’d by me, as misers do by beggars,
 “ Neither gave to me good word, nor good look.”
 What ! are my deeds forgot ?

Uly. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great ~~fix’d~~ monster of ingratitude.
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour’d
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright ; to have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
 For honour travels in a straight so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue ; if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost :
 Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O’er run and trampled on ; then what they do in present,

The’ less than yours in past, must o’er-top yours.
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 But with his arms out-stretch’d, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer. “ Welcome ever smiles,
 “ And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 “ Remuneration for the thing it was, for beauty, wit,
 “ High

" High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 " Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 " To envious and calumniating time.
 " One touch of nature makes the whole world kin——
 " That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 " Tho' they are made and moulded of things past ;
 " And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
 " More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 " The present eye praises the present object :
 " Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 " That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax* ;
 " Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 " Than what not stirs." The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great *Mars* to faction *.

Ach. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Uly. 'Gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical.
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
 With one of *Priam's* daughters.

Ach. Ha ! known !

Uly. Is that a wonder ?
 " The providence, that's in a watchful state,
 " Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* gold ;
 " Finds bottom in the incomprehensible deeps ;
 " Keeps place with thought ; and almost, like the gods,
 " Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 " There is a mystery (with which relation
 " Durst never meddle) in the soul of state ;
 " Which hath an operation more divine,
 " Than breath, or pen can give expressure to

ALL

* This speech contains much matter, conveyed in a masterly manner, but is rather too prolix to bear speaking to the general ear ; argumentative harangues, on the stage, should be concise. The lines marked have full as much merit as the others, but may be best spared.

All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
 To throw down *Hector* than *Polyxena*.
 But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
 And all the *Greekish* girls shall tripping sing,
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord. I, as your lover, speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit Ulysses.]

Pat. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you:
 A woman, impudent and mannish grown,
 Is not more loth'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action—I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air*.

Ach. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?

Pat. Ay, and, perhaps receive much honour by him.

Ach. I see my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O then beware;
 Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
 Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then, when we sit idly in the sun.

Ach. Go call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus*;
 I'll send the fool to *Ajax*, and desire him
 To invite the *Trojan* lords after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great *Hector* in the weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

Even

* An idea more beautifully expressive was never suggested, than this contrast between effeminacy and heroism.

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Even to my full view.———A labour far'd !

Enter Therites.

The. A wonder !

Ach. What ?

The. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Ach. How so ?

The. He must fight singly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing..

Ach. How can that be ?

The. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand : ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning : bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, an 'twould out ; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone forever : for if *Hector* break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me : I said, Good morrow, *Ajax* ; and he replies, *Thanks* Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general ? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion ! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin *.

Ach. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Therites*.

The. Who, I ?—why, he'll answer no body ; he professes not answering ; speaking is for beggars. He wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence ; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

Ach. To him, *Patroclus*. Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax* to invite the most valourous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent ; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honour'd captain general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do This.

Pat.

* *Therites* is exceedingly pleasant and fanciful in this account of *Ajax's* vain elevation.

Pat. Jove blefs great *Ajax* !

The. Hum !———

Pat. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

The. Ha !

Pat. Who moft humbly defires you to invite *Hector* to his tent.

The. Hum !———

Pat. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*

The. *Agamemnon* !———

Pat. Ay, my lord.

The. Ha !

Pat. What fay you to't ?

The. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

The. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other ; howfoever, he fhall pay for me ere he has me.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

The. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Ach. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he ?

The. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What mufick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not : but, I am fure, none ; unlefs the fiddle *Appollo* get his finews to make catlings on.

Ach. Come, thou fhalt bear a letter to him ftraight.

The. Let me bear another to his horfe ; for that's the more capable creature.

Ach. My mind is troubled like a fountain furr'd ;
And I myfelf fee not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Ach. and Pat.*]

The. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an afs at it ! I had rather be a tick in a fheep, than fuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exit* *.]

ACT

* The fcene we have noted between *Troilus* and *Cressida*, the conduct of the *Græcian* leaders towards *Achilles*, and his fenfibility and reflections thereon, give this Act much more importance than either the firft or fecond.

A C T. IV.

SCENE. I. Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, from one Side, Æneas; Servant with a Torch, preceeding: from the other, Paris, Deiphobus, and others, with Diomedes, attended; Torches too with them.

P A R I S.

SEE ho, who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the prince there in person? [to his Ser.
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince *Paris*, nought but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*; take his hand.
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told, how *Diomed* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, Sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and the other, *Diomed* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to *Troy*! Now, by *Anchises'* life,
Welcome indeed! By *Venus'* hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But

But, in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.——
What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know
not.

Par. His purpose meets you ; 'twas to bring this
Greek

To *Calchas*' house ; and there to render him
For the enfreed *Antenor*, the fair *Cressid*.
Let's have your company ; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
(Or rather call my thoughts a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night :
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore :—I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you :

Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Cressid* borne from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help ;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomed*, tell me true *,

“ Even in the soul of good sound fellowship,

“ Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most ;

“ Myself or *Menelaus* ?

“ *Dio.* Both alike.

“ He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,

“ (Not making any scruple of her foilure)

“ With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;

“ And you as well to keep her, that defend her,

“ Not

* The subsequent part of this scene should unquestionably be expunged. It relates not to the story, and *Diomed*'s expressions trespass strongly on decorum.

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- " (Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
 " With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
 " He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 " The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
 " You, like a letcher, out of whorish loins
 " Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.
 " Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
 " But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
 " *Par.* You are too bitter to your country woman.
 " *Dis.* She's bitter to her country. Here me, *Paris*—
 " For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 " A *Grecian's* life hath sunk; for every scruple
 " Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 " A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
 " She hath not given so many good words breath,
 " As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.
 " *Par.* " Fair *Diomed*, you do as chapmen do,
 " Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
 " But we in silence hold this virtue well:——
 " We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
 " Here lies our way. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Court of Pandarus's House.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He shall unbolst the gates.

" *Tro.* Trouble him not:

To bed, to bed. Sleep kill these pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Tro. I prythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you weary of me?

Tro. O *Cressida*! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Tro.

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Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she
says,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry—you men will never tarry.
O foolish *Cressida*! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

"*Pan.* [within.] What's all the doors open here?

"*Tro.* It is your uncle.

"*Cre.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking.

"I shall have such a life——

Enter Pandarus.

"*Pan.* How now, how now? How go maiden-
heads?

"Hear you! maid! where's my cousin *Cressida*?

"*Cre.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle!

"You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

"*Pan.* To do what? to do what? let her say what.

"What have I brought you to do?

"*Cre.* Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll
never be good, nor suffer others.

"*Pan.* Ha! ha! alas, poor wench! a poor *capocchia*!
hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty
man let it sleep? a bug-bear take him!

"*Cre.* Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd
o' the head! [Knocking heard.]

"Who's that at door?—Good uncle, go and see.

"My lord, come you again into my chamber.

"You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

"*Tro.* Ha, ha!——

"*Cre.* Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
thing.—— [Knocking again.]

"How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in;

"I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

"*Pan.*

" *Pan.* [*going to the door*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? [*opening it.*]
 " how now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

" *Æne.* Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

" *Pan.* Who's there? my lord *Æneas*? by my troth
 " I knew you not; what news with you so early?

" *Æne.* Is not prince *Troilus* here?

" *Pan.* Here! what should he do here?

" *Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him.

" It doth import him much to speak with me.

" *Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,

" I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late.—

" What should he do here?

" *Æne.* Who! ———— nay, then ————

" Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are aware:

" You'll be so true to him, to be false to him.

" Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;

" Go. [*As Pandarus is going out,*

" *Enter Troilus.*

" *Tro.* How now? what's the matter? *

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
 My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
 The *Grecian Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
 Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand
 The lady *Cressida*.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general state of *Troy*.
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
 I will go meet them: and my lord *Æneas*,
 We met by chance; you did not find me here.

* To abridge indecency, trifling, and superfluity, we have marked what precedes for omission.

Æne

Æne. Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of neighbour
Pandar

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is't possible ? no sooner got, but lost ? The devil
take *Antenor* ! the young prince will go mad. A plague
upon *Antenor* ! I would they had broke's neck !

Enter Cressida.

Cre. How now ? what is the matter ? Who was here ?

Pan. Ah, ah !

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly ? where's my lord ?
gone ? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter ?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I
am above !

Cre. O the gods ! what's the matter ?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in ; 'would thou had'st ne'er
been born ! I knew thou would'st be his death. O
poor gentleman ! a plague upon *Antenor* !

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees
'Beseech you, what's the matter ?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench ; thou must be gone ;
thou art chang'd for *Antenor* : thou must go to thy father,
and be gone from *Troilus*. 'Twill be his death ; 'twill
be his bane ; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods ! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinity ;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near to me,
As the sweet *Troilus* ! O you gods divine !
Make *Cressid*'s name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leaves *Troilus* ! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can ;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in and weep.—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks ;

Crack

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Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy*. *

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Troilus, Diomed, and others.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes fast upon: good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in her house:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit Tro.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!
—Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the same.*

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes!—ah! sweet ducks!

Cre. O *Troilus*! *Troilus*! [*throwing herself upon him.*]

* *Cressida* should have elegant delicacy, and considerable powers of expression.

“ *Pan.*

" *Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here ! let me embrace too : O heart ! (as the goodly saying is)

" O heart ! O heavy heart !

" *Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?*

" where he answers again ;

" *Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,*

" *By friendship, nor by speaking.*

" There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away

" nothing, for we may live to have need of such a

" verse. We see it, we see it. How now, lambs ?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,

That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,

More bright in zeal than the devotion which

Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy ?

Pan. Ay, ay ; ay, ay, it is too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true that I must go from *Troy* ?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too ?

Tro. From *Troy* and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it possible ?

Tro. And suddenly ; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows,
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how.
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.*

* This speech is truly *Shakespearean*, and very favourable to the actor.

" *Ahe.* [*within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

" *Tro.* Mark! you are call'd. Some say the genius so

" Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—

" Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

" *Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay this winn,

" Or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians*?

Tro. No remedy.

" *Cre.* A woeful *Cressid* 'mongst the merry *Greeks*!—

" When shall we see again?

" *Tro.* Hear me, my love—Be thou but true of
" heart—

" *Cre.* I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

" *Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

" For it is parting from us:—

" I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

" For I will throw my glove to death himself,

" That there's no maculation in thy heart;

" But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

" My sequent protestation: be thou true,

" And I will see thee.

" *Cre.* O, you shall be expos'd, my lord to dangers

" As infinite, as imminent! but, I'll be true.

" *Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
" this sleeve.

" *Cre.* And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens!—be true again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love.

The *Grecian* youths are full of quality,

They are loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature

Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;

How novelties may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,

(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)

Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heavens, you love me not!

Tro.

Tro. Die I a villain then !

In this, I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtile games ; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discourive devil,
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think I will ?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [within.] Nay, good my lord !——

Tro. Come, kiss, and let us part.

Par. [within.] Brother *Troilus* !——

Tro. Good brother, come you hither ;
And bring *Æneas*, and the *Grecian*, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true ?

“ *Tro.* Who I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault ;
“ While others fish, with craft, for great opinion,
“ I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity.
“ While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
“ With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
“ Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit
“ Is, *plain and true*, there’s all the reach of it.

Enter Paris, Diomed, and Æneas.

Welcome, Sir *Diomed* ! here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you :——

At the port, lord, I’ll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair ; and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e’er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilium*.

Dio. Fair lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage ; and to *Diomed*

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You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

"*Tro. Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,
 " To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
 " In praising her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
 " She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
 " As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
 " I charge thee use her well, even for my charge :
 " For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
 " Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard,
 " I'll cut thy throat.

" *Dio.* Oh, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.
 " Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
 " To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
 " I'll answer to my list ; and know, my lord,
 " I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth
 " She shall be priz'd ; but that you say, be't so ;
 " I'll speak it in my spirit and honour—no.

Tro. Come—to the port.—I'll tell thee, *Diomed*,
 " This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
 Lady, give me your hand ;—and as we walk,
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exit Troi and Cre. Trumpet heard.*]

Par. Hark ! *Hector's* trumpet !

Æn. How have we spent this morning !
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus'* fault : come, come to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready strait.

Æn. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity

Let us address to tend on *Hector's* heels :

The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lie

On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Grecian camp: Lifts set out :*

Attendants, and People waiting. Flourish.

Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, and others ; with Ajax, arm'd.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
 Anticipating time with starting courage.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,

Thou dreadful *Ajax* ; that the appalled air

May pierce the head of the great combatant,

And hale him hither.

Aja. Thou trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd *Aquilon*:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:
Thou blow'st for *Hector*. [*Parle sounded.*]

Uly. No trumpet answers.

Ach. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomed*, with *Calchas*' daughter?

Uly. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed and Attendants, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Cressida*?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet lady.

Nes. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Uly. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general*.

Nes. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for *Nestor*.

Ach. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Pat. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted thus, you and your argument.

" *Uly.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,

" For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

" *Pat.* The first was *Menelaus*' kiss;—this mine—

" *Patroclus* kisses you.

" *Men.* O, this is trim!

" *Pat.* *Paris*, and I kiss evermore for him.

" *Men.* I'll have my kiss, Sir.—Lady, by your leave.

" *Cre.* In kissing do you render or receive?

Pat. Both take and give.

" *Cre.* I'll make my match to live.

" The kiss you take is better than you give;

" Therefore no kiss.——

D 3

Men.

* A poor pun, rather unworthy *Ulysses*.

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- " *Men.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
 " *Cres.* You are an odd man ; give even or give none.
 " *Men.* An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.
 " *Cres.* No, *Paris* is not ; for you know, 'tis true,
 " That you are odd, and he is even with you.
 " *Men.* You fillip me o' the head.
 " *Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.
 " *Uly.* It were no match, your nail against his horn.
 " May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?
 " *Cres.* You may.
 " *Uly.* I do desire.
 " *Cres.* Why, beg then.
 " *Uly.* Why then, for *Venus*' sake give me a kiss,
 " When *Helen* is a maid again, and his——
 " *Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
 " *Uly.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
 " *Dio.* Lady, a word :—I'll bring you to your father.
 [Exeunt *Dio.* and *Cres.*
 " *Nes.* A woman of quick sense !
 " *Uly.* Fie, fie, upon her !
 " There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip
 " Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
 " At every joint and motive of her body.
 " Oh, these encounters, so glib of tongue,
 " They give a coasting welcome 'ere it comes,
 " And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 " To ev'ry ticklish reader ! set them down
 " For fluttish spoils of opportunity,
 " And daughters of the game. [Trumpet heard.

Flourish. Enter *Hector*, armed ; *Troilus*, and other
Trojans with him ; *Aeneas* preceding.

All. The *Trojans*' trumpet !

Ag. Yonder comes the troop.

Aene. Hail, all the state of *Greece* ! What shall be
 done

To him that victory commands ? Or do you purpose,
 A victor shall be known ? Will you the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other ; or shall be divided

By

By any voice or order of the field.

Hector bade ask.

Ag. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not: he'll obey conditions.

Ach. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?

Ach. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: But, what's'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood;
In love whereof half *Hector* stays at home;
Half heart, half hand; half *Hector*, come to seek.
This blended knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*:

Ach. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enters Diomed.

Ag. Here is Sir *Diomed*:—Go gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and lord *Æneas*
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stint their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the Lists, Æneas and
Diomed marshaling: Greeks range themselves
on one side, and Trojans upon the other, without.*

Uly. They are oppos'd already.

Ag. What *Trojan* is that same that looks so heavy?

Uly. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives not he, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:

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Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous ;
 For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 'To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love.

*They call him *Troilus* ; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
 Thus says *Aeneas* ; one that knows the youth
 Even to his inches ; and with private soul,
 Did in great *Ilium* thus translate him to me.

[*Alarm. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Aga. They are in action.

Nes. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own !

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee !

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd.—There, *Ajax* !

Dio. You must no more. } *Interposing.*

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you. } *Trump. cease.*

Aja. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hec. Why then, will I no more :——

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great *Priam's* seed :
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A glory emulation 'twixt us twain.
 Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* so,
 That thou could say, *This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs in the dexter cheek ; and this sinister
Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou should not bear from me a *Greekish* member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud : but the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax* :
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms :

Hector

* This panegyric upon *Troilus*, so ably expressed by so eminent
 a character as *Ulysses*, does *Troilus* great honour ; if it has a
 fault, it is saying more than almost any man can merit.

Hector would have them fall upon him thus.——
Cousin, all honour to thee *!——

Aja. I thank thee, *Hector* :
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hec. Not *Neoptolmus* so mirable,
(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

Ane. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hec. We'll answer it.
The issue is embracement.——*Ajax*, farewell.

Aja. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As told I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish ; and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hec. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me :
And signify this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part ;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Chiefs enter the lists,

Hec. The worthiest of them tell me, name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine own-searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome : understand more clear
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion,
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

D 5

Strain'd

* If the arguments which *Hector* uses are just, should they not rather have prevented the encounter entirely, than interrupted it ? The sensibility of *Hector*, however, in being unwilling to spill blood akin to his own, is very consistent with the piety and justice of his character.

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Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hec. I thank thee; most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Ag. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy* [*to Troilus*] no less
to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hec. Whom must we answer?

Æne. The noble *Meneleus*.

Hec. O—yoin, my lord? by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not that I affect the untraded oath,
Your quondam wife swears still by *Venus*' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hec. O, pardon.—I offend.

Nes. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekish* youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steeds,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd *;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hemm'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wrestling. This have I seen:
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But by great *Mars*, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nes.

* A delicate and admirable compliment to a brave man's humanity, who, though regardless of life himself, will not take it unnecessarily from another.

Naj. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hec. I would they could.

Naj. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time

Uly. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Hec. I know your favour, lord *Ulysses*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw yourself and *Dioned*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassy.

Uly. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that partly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buse the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hec. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and, modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* stone will cost
A drop of *Greecian* blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Uly. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Ach. I shall forestal thee, lord *Ulysses*—Thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hec. Is this *Achilles*?

Ach. I am *Achilles*.

Hec. Stand fair, I pr'ythee. Let me look on thee.

Ach. Behold thy fill.

Hec. Nay, I have done already.

Ach. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

D 6

Hec.

* A most natural effusion this of a brave mind, though encircled with an enervated body.

Hec. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er :
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why do you so oppress me with thine eye !

Ach. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him ? whether there, or there ?
That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me heavens !

Hec. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Ach. I tell thee, yea.

Hec. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well ;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there :
But, by the forge that stithied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips :
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin :——
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have every day enough of *Hector*,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the fields :
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cause.

Ach. Dost thou intreat me, *Hector* ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

Hec. Thy hand upon that match †.

Ag.

† The challenge of *Hector* and *Achilles* is brought about somewhat in a brutal manner, much beneath such exalted personages ; however, the fourth act reduced must appear the best hitherto in representation.

Ag. First, all you peers of *Greece*, go to my tent :
There in the full convive we : afterwards,
As *Hector's* leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines ; let the trumpets blow ;
That this great soldier may his welcome know. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt.* *Troilus* stays *Ulysses*.]

Tro. My lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep ?

Uly. At *Menelaus's* tent, most princely *Troilus* :
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to-night :
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* tent,
To bring me thither ?

Uly. You shall command me, Sir. ———
But, gentle, tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy* ? Had she no lover there
That waits her absence ?

Tro. O, Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord ?
She was lov'd, she lov'd, she is, and doth :
But, still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Greek Camp. Before Achilles's tent.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

“ ACHILLES.

“ I'LL heat his blood with *Greekish* wine to-night,
“ Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. ———
“ *Patroclus*, let us feast him to the height.
“ Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter

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" *Enter Thersites with a letter.*

" *Ach.* How now, thou core of envy?

" Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

" *The.* Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and

" idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

" *Ach.* From whence, fragment?

" *The.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

" [*Achilles reads.*]

" *Pat.* Who keeps the tent now?

" *The.* The surgeon's box, on the patient's wound.

" *Pat.* Well said, adversity! and what need these
" tricks?

" *The.* Pr'ythee be silent, boy, I profit not by thy

" talk. Thou art thought to be *Achilles's* male-varlet.

" *Pat.* Male-varlet, you rogue! what's that?

" *The.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten

" diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, can-

" tarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold

" palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs,

" bladders full of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i'

" the palms, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd for-

" simple of the tetter, take and take again such propo-

" sterous discoveries!

" *Pat.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou,

" what meanest thou to curse thus?

" *The.* Do I curse thee?

" *Pat.* Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson

" indistinguishable cur, no.

" *The.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle

" immaterial keyn of fley'd silk, thou green farcenet flap-

" for a fore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou?

" Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water

" flies; diminutives of nature!

" *Pat.* Out, gall!

" *The.* Finch-egg!

" *Ach.* My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite

" From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

" Here is a letter from queen *Hecuba*;

" A token from her daughter, my fair love,

" Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

AN

" An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
 " *Fall Greeks*: fall fame; honour, or go, or stay;
 " My major vows lies here, this I'll obey.
 " Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my tent,
 " This night in banquetting must all be spent.
 " Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exeunt Ach. and Pat.*
 " *Ths.* With too much blood, and too little brain,
 " these two may run mad; but if with too much brain,
 " and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad-
 " men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough,
 " and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much
 " brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of
 " *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive
 " statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds: a thirsty
 " shooting-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's
 " leg, to what form, but that he is, should wit larded
 " with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him?
 " To an ass were nothing, he is both ass and ox. To
 " an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass. To be
 " a dog, a mule, a cat, a steew, a toad, a lizzard, an
 " owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would
 " not care: but to be a *Menelaus*——I would con-
 " spire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be,
 " if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not, to be the louse
 " of a lazarus, so I were not *Menelaus*——Hey-day,
 " spirits and fires!

" *Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Hector, Ulysses, Nestor,*
Diomed, Troilus, and Menelaus, with lights.

Ag. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Aja. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the light.

Hec. I trouble you.

Aja. No, not a whit.

Uly. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Aja. Welcome, brave *Hector*. Welcome, princes all.

Ag. So, now fair prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.

Ajax

* The Act should undoubtedly begin here; every preceding syllable seems to us much fitter for rejection than acceptance.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hec. Thanks, and good night to the *Greeks'* general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hec. Good night, sweet lord *Menelaus*.

The. * Sweet drought, Sweet, quoth a. Sweet sink!
Sweet sewer!

Ach. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.

Aga. Good night. [*Exeunt Aga. and Men.*]

Ach. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too, *Diomed*;

Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord: I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great *Hector*.

Hec. Give me your hand. [*To Dio.*]

Uly. Follow his torch, he goes to *Chalchas'* tent.

I'll keep you company. [*To Troilus*]

Tro. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hec. And so, good night.

[*Exit Diomed*; *Uly. and Tro. following.*]

Ach. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*]

The. That same *Diomed's* a false-hearted rogue, a
most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he
leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend
his mouth and promise, like *Brabler* the hound; but
when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious,
there will come some change; the sun borrows of
the moon, when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will rather
leave to see *Hector*, than not dog him: they say he keeps
a *Trojan* drab, and uses the traitor *Calchas* his tent.
I'll after——Nothing but lechery? all incontinent
varlets †!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

* A very fulsome, unpleasant line; attempting that satisfaction it destroys.

† This short part of the first scene is nearly as superfluous as what goes before it; indeed a number of entries in this play seem more calculated for protraction than use.

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter Diomed, with a Torch.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*within*] who calls?

Dio. *Diomed* :—*Calchas*, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. [*within*] She comes to you.

Enter Ulysses, and Troilus, at a Distance; after them; Therситes.

Uly. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. *Cressid* come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispering him.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Uly. She will sing any man at first sight.

The. And any man may sing her, if he can take her
“cliff. She's noted*.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then:

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Uly. Lift!

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

The. Roguery—

Dio. Nay, then—

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! Come. Tell a pin. You are fore-sworn.

Cre. In faith I cannot, what would you have me do?

The. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre.

* This line and half throw out somewhat very gross.

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold patience?

Uly. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomed*—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague, and madness!

Uly. You are mov'd prince. Let us depart I pray you,
Least your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

"*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

"*Uly.* Nay, good my lord, go off.

"You flow to great distraction. Come, my lord.

"*Tro.* I pr'ythee, stay.

"*Uly.* You have not patience.—Come!

"*Tro.* I pray you, stay. By hell, and by hell's tor-
ments,

"I will not speak a word.

"*Dio.* And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Tro. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Uly. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By *Jove* I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—Why, *Greek*!

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! You palter.

Cre. In faith I do not: Come hither once again.

"*Uly.* You shake, my lord, at something. Will
"you go?

"You will break out.

"*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!

"*Uly.* Come come.

"*Tro.* Nay, stay. By *Jove*, I will not speak a word.

"There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

The. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and
potatoc

" *potatoe finger, tickles these together!—Fry,
" letchery, fry!

" *Dio.* But will you then?

" *Cre.* In faith I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Uly. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord.

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

The. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cre. Here, *Diomed*, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Uly. My lord——

Tro. I will be patient: outwardly, I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve:—behold it well.—

He lov'd.—O false wench!—Give it me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prythee, *Diomed*, visit me no more.

The. Now she sharpens—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all ye gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee. [Diomed snatches the sleeve

Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomed*; faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

* How came potatoes known at Troy? they were very little known here in *Shakespeare's* time. Besides, how this root particularly connects with luxury; is by no means clear; we wish it omitted.

Dio. I will have this :—whose was it ?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was ?

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cre. By all *Diana's* waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.*

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ;—and yet it is not ;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell ;
Thou never shalt mock *Diomed* again.

Cre. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

The. Nor I, by *Pluto* : but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come ?—The hour ?

Cre. Ay, come ;—O *Jove* !—Do. Come.—
I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell 'till then.

Cre. Good night. I prythee, come. [*Exit Dio.*
Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee ;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.——

Ah ! poor our sex ? this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads, must err ? O then conclude,
†Minds, sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Ex. Cre.*

“ *The.* A proof of strength she could not publish more,
“ Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

“ *Uly.* All's done, my lord.

“ *Tro.* It is.

Uly. Why stay we then ?

* There is an intolerable quantity of trivial matter to bring about this challenge, without any thing tragically affecting, or comically amusing.

† This remark is practically just, but reflects much at present on *Cressida*.

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell you how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

“*Uly.* I cannot conjure, *Trojan*—

“*Tro.* She was not, sure?

“*Uly.* Most sure she was.

“*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

“*Uly.* Nor mine, my lord. *Cressid* was here but now.

“*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

“Think we had mothers; do not give advantage

“To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme

“For depravation—to square the general sex

“By *Cressid*'s rule: rather think this not *Cressid*.

“*Uly.* What hath she done, prince, that can foil

“our mothers?

“*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

“*The.* Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

“*Tro.* This she? no, this is *Diomed*'s *Cressida*:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the Gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse!

That cause sets up with and against itself!

“Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

“Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

“Without revolt; this is, and is not *Cressid*!

“Within my soul there doth commence a fight

“Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

“Divides far wider than the sky and earth;

“And yet the spacious breadth of this division

“Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

“As *Arachne*'s broken woof to enter.

“Instance, O instance! strong as *Pluto*'s gates!

Cressid is mine, ty'd with the bonds of heaven ;
 Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself !
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd :
 And with another knot five-finger tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith are given to *Diomed*.

Uly. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express !

Tro. Ay, *Greek* ; and that shall be divulg'd well,
 In characters as red as *Mars* his heart
 Inflam'd with *Venus*. Never did young man fancy
 With so eternal, and so fixed a soul.
 Hark, *Greek* ; as much as I do *Cressid* love,
 So much by weight hate I her *Diomed*.

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm ;
 Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* skill,
 My sword should bite it : not the dreadful spout,
 which ship-men do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword,
 Falling on *Diomed*†.

The. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O *Cressid* ! O false *Cressid* ! false, false, false !
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Uly. O contain yourself ;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æn. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord :
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you prince :—my courteous lord,
 adieu :—

Farewel, revoked fair !—And, *Diomed*,
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head.

† Very hyperbolical the latter part of this speech, but the frenzy of *Troilus* justifies it.

TROILUS

Uly. I'll bring you

Tro. Accept distra

" *The.* 'Would I c
" would croak like
" bode. *Patroclus* w
" telligence of this w
" for an almond, the
" Letchery, letchery
" else holds fashion :

SCENE. III.

Enter Hector

And. When was m
To stop his ears agai
Unarm, unarm, and

Hec. You train me
By all the everlasting

And. My dreams w

Hec. No more, I f

E

Cas. Where is my

And. Here, sister ;
Consort with me in
Pursue we him on kn
Of bloody turbulence
Hath nothing been bu

Cas. O, it is true.

Hec. Ho ! bid my

Cas. No notes of fa

Hec. Be gone, I say

Cas. The gods are
They are polluted of
Than spotted livers

And. O, be persuad
To hurt by being ja

† *The sister is rather to
fore the scene had better*

For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow :
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hec. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.†

Enter Troilus armed.

How now, young man ? mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit. Cassandra.*]

Hec. No, faith, young *Troilus* ; doff thy harness,
youth ;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.

Let grow thy finews 'till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hec. What vice is that, good *Troilus* ? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hec. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, *Hector*.

Hec. How now ? how now ?

Tro. For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother :
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords :
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

Hec. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

Hec. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.

† Nothing could be more concisely or more emphatically expressed than this true principle of courage.

Tro. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

“ *Re-enter Cassandra and Priam.*

“ *Cas.* Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast:
“ He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
“ Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
“ Fall all together.

“ *Pri.* Come, *Hector*, come, go back:
“ Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions:
“ *Cassandra* doth foresee; and I myself
“ Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt
“ To tell thee, that this day is ominous;
“ Therefore come back.

“ *Hec.* *Aeneas* is a-field;
“ And I do stand engaged to many *Greeks*,
“ Even in the faith of valour, to appear
“ This morning to them.

“ *Pri.* But thou shalt not go.

“ *Hec.* I must not break my faith.
“ You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
“ Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
“ To take that course by your consent and voice,
“ Which you do here forbid me, royal *Priam*.

“ *Cas.* O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

“ *And.* Do not, dear father.

“ *Hec.* *Andromache*, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*

“ *Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
“ Makes all these bodements.

“ *Cas.* O, farewell, dear *Hector*!

“ Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!

“ Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

“ Hark, how *Troy* roars! how *Hecuba* cries out;

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- “ How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolours forth !
 “ Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
 “ Like witless antics, one another meet,
 “ And all cry—*Heñor ! Heñor’s* dead ! O *Heñor !*
 “ *Tro.* Away !——Away !
 “ *Caf.* Farewel. Yet, soft.—*Heñor*, I take my leave :
 “ Thou dost thyself and all our *Troy* deceive.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

- “ *Hec.* You are amaz’d, my liege, at her exclaim :
 “ Go in and cheer the town : we’ll forth and fight ;
 “ Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.
 “ *Pri.* Farewel. The gods with safety stand about
 “ thee ! [Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it ; hark ! proud *Diomed*, believe,
 I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. [Excunt.

SCENE IV. *Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

A Field of Battle. Alarums : Excursions.

Enter Therfites.

Thc. Now they are clapper-clawing one another ; I’ll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, *Diomed*, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish young knave’s sleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm : I would fain see them meet ; that that same young *Trojan* ass, that loves the whore there, might send that *Greekish* whore-masterly villain with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O’ the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, *Nestor* ; and that same dog-fox *Ulysses*,—is not prov’d worth a black-berry : They set me up, in policy that mungrel cur *Ajax*, against that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day ; whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft ! here comes sleeve and t’other.

* The scene would have much more spirit to be represented as we have marked it.

Enter Diomed, Troilus following.

Tro. Fly not: for, should'st thou take the river *Styx*,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

The. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*!—now for thy whore,
Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exit Diomed and Troilus fighting.]

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hector's*
match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

The. No; no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing
knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee:—Live. *[Exit.]*

The. God-a'-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but
a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's be-
come of the wenching rogues?—I think they have
swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle.
Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.†

[Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Alarms. Enter Diomed, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou *Troilus's* horse,
Present the fair steed to my lady *Cressid*:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go my lord. *[Exit Servant.]*

Enter Agamemnon, hastily.

Aga. Renew, renew! the fierce *Polidamas*
Hath beat down *Menon*; bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner;

E 2

And

†. Unless for a small matter of laugh, which must ensue from
Thersites in this second scene, we could wish it consigned to
oblivion.

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And stands *Colassus*-wise, waving his beam,
 Upon the pashed coarces of the kings,
Epistrophus and *Cedus*: *Polyxenus* is slain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and *Palamedes*
 Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful *Sagittary*
 Appals our numbers: haste we, *Diomed*,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nes. Go, bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*;

[*To his followers.*]

And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame.—

There are a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
 Now, here he fights on *Galathea* his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls:
 Before the belching whales; then he is yonder,
 And there the strawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath*:
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite
 That what he will, he does; and does so much,
 That proof is called impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Uly. Oh, courage, courage, princes! great *Achilles*
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled myrmidons,
 That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt come to him,
 Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
 Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,

* The complicated ideas of the whale chasing a scull of small fish, or a mower sweeping down grass, magnify *Hector*'s character, as an overbearing warrior, very much.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 101

With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aja. *Troilus!* thou coward *Troilus!* [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nes. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Ach. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew me thy face;
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry:

Hector! where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*.

[Exit.

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter Ajax.

Aja. *Troilus,* thou coward *Troilus,* shew thy head!

Enter Diomed.

Dio. *Troilus,* I say! where's *Troilus*?

Aja. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aja. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction:—*Troilus,* I say! what, *Troilus!*

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor *Diomed!*—turn thy false face, thou
traitor,
And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Aja. I'll fight with him alone: stand, *Diomed.*

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you coggng *Greeks*; have at you
both.

[Exit fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Yea, *Troilus!*—O well fought, my youngest
brother!

Enter Achilles.

Ach. Now do I see thee: Ha!—have at thee, *Hector.*

Hec. Pause if thou wilt. [*Dropping his sword.*]

Ach. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud *Trojan.*

Be happy, that my arms are out of use;
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shall hear of me again:
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit* †.

Hec. Fare thee well:

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Re-enter Troilus hastily.

Tro. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Aeneas*. Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. *Enter Grecians, and pass over; amongst them,
one in goodly armour.*

Hec. Stand, stand thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Alarums. *Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.*

Ach. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*,
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow

† This is a very odd whim of *Achilles* to leave his great antagonist so indeterminately, when a regular challenge had passed between them.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 105

Follow me, Sirs, and my proceedings eye :

It is decreed, *Hector* the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *The same †.*

Alarums. Enter Paris and Menelaus, fighting ; They fight after them.

The. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it : now bull ! now dog ! 'Loo, *Paris*, 'loo ! My double-hen'd sparrow ! 'Loo, *Paris*, 'loo ! The bull has the game : 'ware horns, ho ! [*Exeunt Par. and Men.*]

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn slave, and fight.

The. What art thou ?

Mar. A bastard son of *Priam's*.

The. I am a bastard too ; I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard ? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment : farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*]

Mar. The devil take thee, coward !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IX. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter Hector.

Hec. Most putrified core, so fair without ! —
Thy goodly armour, thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my day's work done ; I'll take my breath :

[*Putting off his helmet.*]

Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and death !

Shouts within. Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Ach. Look, *Hector*, how the sun begins to set ;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :

Even

† All these excursionary scenes are much too full of action for representation.

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Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

[*Affaulting him.*]

Hec. I am unarm'd forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Ach. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[*Hector falls* *.]

So, *Iliou*, fall thou next! Now, *Troy*, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.——

On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles bath the mighty *Hector* slain. [*Retreat heard.*]

Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Ach. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to-bed.——

[*Putting up his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail †.

[*Exit dragging out the body.*]

“ SCENE X. *The same* †.

“ *March.* Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Diomed, Nestor,
“ and others. *Shouts within.*

“ *Aga.* Hark, hark! what shoot is that?

“ *Nes.* Peace, drums.

“ [*within*] *Achilles!* *Achilles!* *Hector's* slain!
“ *Achilles!*

“ *Dio.* The bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles.*

“ *Aja.* If it is so, yet brags let it be;

“ Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

“ *Aga.* March hastily along: let one be sent

“ To pray *Achilles* see us at our tent.——

“ If

* This is a most cowardly mean conquest of *Hector*.

† This shows a most brutal conqueror, or rather warlike assassin, but is consistent with history.

‡ This short scene has no business here, and had better be omitted.

" If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 " Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
 " [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI. *Another part of the field; under Troy.*
Retreat sounded. Enter Trojans confusedly; to them,
Aeneas.

Aeneas. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector!* — the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail
 In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.—
 Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at *Troy*!
 I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

Aeneas. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
 I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
 But dare all imminence, that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
 Who shall tell *Priam* so, or *Hecuba*?
 Let him that will a screech owl eye be call'd,
 Go into *Troy*, and say there—*Hector's* dead:
 There is a word, will *Priam* turn to stone;
 Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
 Cold statues of youth; and, in a word,
 Scare *Troy* out of itself. But march, away,
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet: — you vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pitch upon our *Phrygian* plains,
 Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you! And thou, great-siz'd
 coward!

No space of earth shall funder our two hates;
 It haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,

Tha

That mouldeth goblins swift as phrenzy's thoughts.—
Strike a free march to *Troy*!—With comfort go ;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[*As they are going out, and Troilus last,*

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

Tro. What now ? [Exit *Aeneas and Trojans.*

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read. [Taking it.

Pan. A whoreson phthific, a whoreson rascally phthific—
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl ; and
what one thing and what another, that I shall leave you
one o' these days : and I have a rheum in mine eyes too,
and such an ach in my bones that unless a man were
curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she
there ?

Tro. Words, words, mere words ! no matter from the
heart.

The effect doth operate another way.

Go, wind to wind ; [tears and scatters about the letter.]
there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds ;

But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Tro. Hence broker lacquey ! ignominy and shame.
[Strikes him.

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !

[Exit *Troilus.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones ! Oh
world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despis'd !
Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a
work, and how ill requited ! why should our endeavour
be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd ! what verse
for it ? what instance for it ?—let me see—

“ Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

“ Till he hath lost his honey and his sting :

But

But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

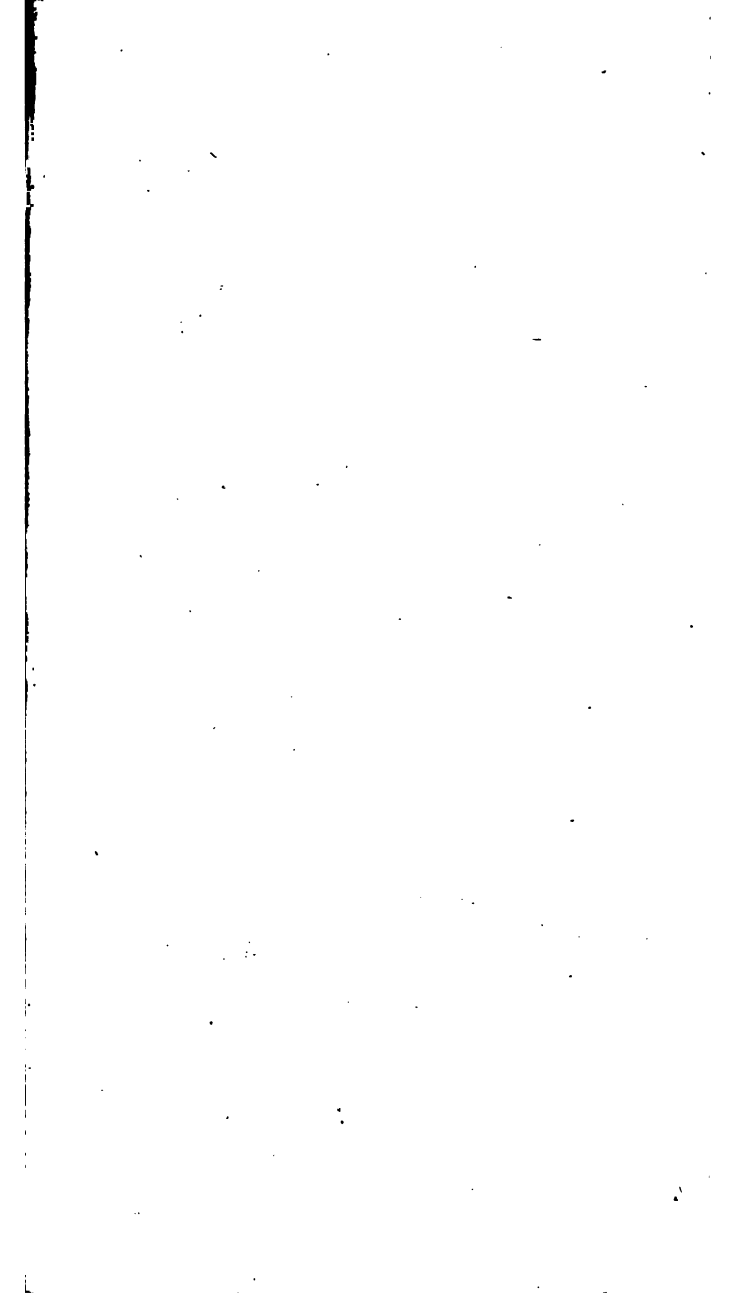
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.
[*Advancing.*]

As many as be here of *Pandar's* hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar's* fall ;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made :
It should be now, but that my fear is this—
Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss ;
Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

† This play has a very weak unworthy conclusion. In some parts fine fancy and great poetry is to be found ; but on the whole, the fable is too incomplete, the scenes too short, and too quickly huddled on each other to give much chance for success in action.







J. Roberts del.

Published for Bells British Theatre May 22^d 1777.

3. 18. 1777.

*M^r. PALMER in the Character of STUKELY.
"But here he comes!—I must dissemble!"*

2
BELL'S EDITION.

THE
GAMMASTER.
A TRAGEDY.

As written by Mr. MOORE.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXXVIII.



PROLOGUE.

LIKE fam'd La Mancha's Knight, who launce in
hand

Mounted his steed to free th' enchanted land,
Our Quixote bard sets out a monster taming,
Arm'd at all points, to fight that hydra—Gaming.
Aloft on Pegasus he waves his pen,
And hurls defiance at the catiff's den :
The first on fancy'd giants spent his rage,
But this has more than windmills to engage.
He combats passion, rooted in the soul,
Whose powers at once delight ye and controul ;
Whose magic bondage each lost slave enjoys,
Nor wishes freedom, tho' the spell destroys.
To save our land from this magician's charms,
And rescue maids and matrons from his arms,
Our knight poetic comes—And oh ! ye fair !
This black enchanter's wicked arts beware !
His subtle poison dims the brightest eyes,
And at his touch, each grace and beauty dies.
Love, gentleness, and joy, to rage give way,
And the soft dove becomes a bird of prey.
May this our bold advent'rer break the spell,
And drive the dæmon to his native hell.

Ye slaves of passion, and ye dupes of chance,
Wake all your pow'rs from this destructive trance !
Shake off the shackles of this tyrant vice :
Hear other calls than those of cards and dice :
Be learn'd in nobler arts than arts of play,
And other debts than those of honour pay. —
No longer live insensible to shame,
Lost to your country, families and fame.

Could our romantic muse this work achieve,
Wou'd there one honest heart in Britain grieve ?
Th' attempts, tho' wild, would not in vain be made,
If ev'ry honest hand wou'd lend his aid.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Beverley,	—	At Drury-Lane.
Lewson,	—	Mr. Kemble.
Stukely,	—	Mr. Brereton.
Jarvis,	—	Mr. Palmer.
Bates,	—	Mr. Aickin.
Dawson,	—	Mr. R. Palmer.
Waiter,	—	Mr. Phillimore.
	—	Mr. Kenny.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Beverley,	—	Mrs. Siddons.
Charlotte,	—	Mrs. Brereton.
Lucy,	—	Mrs. Heard.

T H E
G A M E S T E R,
A
T R A G E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. **B**E comforted, my dear, all may be well yet. And now, methinks, the lodgings begin to look with another face. O sister! sister! if these were all my hardships; if all I had to complain of were no more than quitting my house, servants, equipage and shew, your pity would be weakness.

Char. Is poverty nothing, then?

Mrs. Bev. Nothing in the world, if it affected only me. While we had a fortune, I was the happiest of the rich; and now 'tis gone, give me but a bare subsistence and my husband's smiles, and I'll be the happiest of the poor. To me now these lodgings want nothing but their master. Why do you look at me?

Char. That I may hate my brother.

Mrs. Bev. Don't talk so, *Charlotte*.

Char. Has he not undone you?—O! this pernicious vice of gaming! but methinks his usual hours of four or five in the morning might have contented him; 'twas misery enough to wake for him till then. Need he have staid out all night? I shall learn to detest him!

Mrs. Bev. Not for the first fault. He never slept from me before.

Char. Slept from you! no, no, his nights have nothing

thing to do with sleep. How has this one vice driven him from every virtue! nay, from his affections, too! —The time was, sister—

Mrs. Bev. And is. I have no fear of his affections. Wou'd I knew that he were safe!

Char. From ruin and his companions——But that's impossible. His poor little boy, too? What must become of him?

Mrs. Bev. Why want shall teach him industry. From his father's mistakes he shall learn prudence, ~~and from his mother's resignation, patience.~~ Poverty has no such terrors in it as you imagine. There's no condition of life, sickness and pain excepted, where happiness is excluded. The husbandman, who rises early to his labour, enjoys more welcome rest at night for't. His bread is sweeter to him; his home happier; his family dearer; his enjoyments surer. The sun that rouses him in the morning, sets in the evening to release him. All situations have their comforts, if sweet contentment dwell in the heart. But my poor *Beverley* has none. The thought of having ruin'd those he loves, is misery for ever to him. Wou'd I could ease his mind of that!

Char. If he alone were ruin'd, 'twere just he shou'd be punish'd. He is my brother, 'tis true; but when I think of what he has done; of the fortune you brought him; of his own large estate too, squander'd away upon this vilest of passions, and among the vilest of wretches! O! I have no patience! My own little fortune is untouch'd, he says. Wou'd I were sure on't.

Mrs. Bev. And so you may—'twou'd be a sin to doubt it.

Char. I will be sure on't—'twas madness in me to give it to his management. But I'll demand it from him this morning. I have a melancholy occasion for't.

Mrs. Bev. What occasion?

Char. To support a sister.

Mrs. Bev. No I have no need on't. Take it, and reward

reward a lover with it. The generous *Levyson* deserves much more. Why won't you make him happy?

Char. Because my sister's miserable.

Mrs. Bev. You must not think so. I have my jewels left yet. I'll sell 'em to supply our wants; and when all's gone, these hands shall toil for our support. The poor should be industrious—Why those tears, *Charlotte*?

Char. They flow in pity for you.

Mrs. Bev. All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose I shall fetter him in these arms again; and then what is it to be poor?

Char. Cure him of but this destructive passion, and my uncle's death may retrieve all yet.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, *Charlotte*, cou'd we cure him. But the disease of play admits no cure but poverty; and the loss of another fortune wou'd but encrease his shame and his affliction. Will Mr. *Levyson* call this morning?

Char. He said so last night. He gave me hints, too, that he had suspicions of our friend *Stakely*.

Mrs. Bev. Not of treachery to my husband; that he loves play, I know; but surely he's honest.

Char. He would fain be thought so; therefore I doubt him. Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.

Enter Lucy.

Mrs. Bev. What now, *Lucy*?

Lucy. Your old steward, madam. I had not the heart to deny him admittance, the good old man begg'd so hard for't. [Exit Lucy.]

Enter Jarvis.

Mrs. Bev. Is this well, *Jarvis*? I desired you to avoid me.

Jar. Did you, madam? I am an old man, and had forgot. Perhaps, too, you forbid my tears; but I am old, madam, and age will be forgetful.

Mrs. Bev. The faithful creature! how he moves me. [To Char.]

Char. Not to have seen him had been cruelty.

Jar. I have forgot these apartments too. I remember

THE GAMESTER.

ber none such in my young master's house; and yet I have liv'd in't these five and twenty years. His good father would not have dismiss'd me.

Mrs. Bev. He had no reason, *Jarvis*.

Jar. I was faithful to him while he liv'd, and when he dy'd, he bequeath'd me to his son. I have been faithful to him, too.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, I know it, *Jarvis*.

Char. We both know it.

Jar. I am an old man, madam, and have not a long time to live. I ask'd but to have died with him, and he dismiss'd me.

Mrs. Bev. Prithee no more of this! 'twas his poverty that dismiss'd you.

Jar. Is he indeed so poor, then?—Oh! he was the joy of my old heart——But must his creditors have all?—And have they sold his house, too? his father built it when he was but a prating boy. The times that I have carried him in these arms! And *Jarvis*, says he, when a beggar has ask'd charity of me, why should people be poor? You shan't be poor, *Jarvis*; if I was a king, nobody should be poor. Yet he is poor. And then he was so brave!—O he was a brave little boy! and yet so merciful he'd not have kill'd the gnat that stung him.

Mrs. Bev. Speak to him, *Charlotte*, for I cannot.

Char. When I have wip'd my eyes.'

Jar. I have a little money, madam; it might have been more, but I have lov'd the poor. All that I have is yours.

Mrs. Bev. No, *Jarvis*, we have enough yet. I thank you, though, and will deserve your goodness.

Jar. But shall I see my master? and will he let me attend him in his distresses? I'll be no expence to him; and 'twill kill me to be refused. Where is he, madam?

Mrs. Bev. Not at home, *Jarvis*. You shall see him another time.

Char. To-morrow, or the next day—O *Jarvis*! What a change is here!

Jar.

Jar. A change indeed, madam! my old heart aches at it. And yet, methinks——But here's somebody coming—

Enter Lucy with Stukely.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam.

[Exit.

Stu. Good morning to you, ladies. Mr. *Jarvis*, your servant. Where's my friend, madam?

To Mrs. Bev.

Mrs. Bev. I should have ask'd that question of you. Have you seen him to-day?

Stu. No, madam.

Char. Nor last night?

Stu. Last night! did he not come home then?

Mrs. Bev. No. Were you not together?

Stu. At the beginning of the evening; but not since. Where can he have staid?

Char. You call yourself his friend, sir; why do you encourage him in this madness of gaming?

Stu. You have ask'd me that question before, madam; and I told you my concern was that I could not save him; Mr. *Beverley* is a man, madam; and if the most friendly intreaties have no effect upon him, I have no other means. My purse has been his, even to the injury of my fortune. If that has been encouragement, I deserve censure; but I meant it to retrieve him.

Mrs. Bev. I don't doubt it, sir; and I thank you—But where did you leave him last night?

Stu. At *Wilson's*, madam, if I ought to tell; in company I did not like. Possibly he may be there still. Mr. *Jarvis* knows the house, I believe.

Jar. Shall I go, madam?

Mrs. Bev. No, he may take it ill.

Char. He may go as from himself.

Stu. And, if he pleases, madam, without naming me. I am faulty myself, and should conceal the errors of a friend. But I can refuse nothing here.

[Bowing to the Ladies.]

Jar. I wou'd fain see him, methinks.

Mrs. Bev. Do so, then. But take care how you upbraid him. I have never upbraided him.

Jar. Wou'd I cou'd bring him comfort.

[*Exit Jarvis.*]

Stu. Don't be too much alarm'd, madam. All men have their errors, and their times of seeing 'em. Perhaps my friend's time is not come yet. But he has an uncle; and old men don't live for ever. You shou'd look forward, madam; we are taught how to value a second fortune by the loss of a first.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Mrs. Bev. Hark!—No—that knocking was too rude for Mr. *Beverley*. Pray Heaven he be well!

Stu. Never doubt it, madam. You shall be well too—Every thing shall be well. [*Knocking again.*]

Mrs. Bev. The knocking is a little loud tho'—Who waits there? Will none of you answer?—None of you, did I say?—Alas! what was I thinking of!—I had forgot myself!

Char. I'll go, sister—But don't be alarm'd so.

[*Exit.*]

Stu. What extraordinary accident have you to fear, madam?

Mrs. Bev. I beg your pardon; but 'tis ever thus with me in Mr. *Beverley*'s absence. No one knocks at the door, but I fancy it is a messenger of ill-news.

Stu. You are too fearful, madam; 'twas but one night of absence; and if ill thoughts intrude (as love is always doubtful) think of your worth and beauty, and drive 'em from your breast.

Mrs. Bev. What thoughts? I have no thoughts that wrong my husband.

Stu. Such thoughts indeed would wrong him. The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his neighbour with like passions, and by the general frailty hides his own—If you are wise, and wou'd be happy, turn a deaf ear to such reports. 'Tis ruin to believe 'em.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, worse than ruin. 'Twould be to sin against conviction. Why was it mention'd?

Stu. To guard you against rumour. The sport of half mankind is mischief; and for a single error they

they make men devils. If their tales reach you, disbelieve 'em.

Mrs. Bev. What tales? by whom? why told? I have heard nothing—or if I had, with all his errors, my *Beverley's* firm faith admits no doubt—It is my safety, my seat of rest and joy, while the storm threatens round me. I'll not forsake it. [*Stukely sighs and looks down*] Why turn you, sir, away? and why that sigh?

Stu. I was attentive, madam; and sighs will come we know not why. Perhaps I have been too busy—If it should seem so, impute my zeal to friendship, that meant to guard you against evil tongues. Your *Beverley* is wrong'd, slander'd most vilely—My life upon his truth.

Mrs. Bev. And mine too. Who is't that doubts it? But no matter—I am prepar'd, sir—Yet why this caution?—You are my husband's friend; I think you mine too; the common friend of both. [*Pauses*] I had been unconcern'd else.

Stu. For Heaven's sake, madam, be so still! I meant to guard you against suspicion, not to alarm it.

Mrs. Bev. Nor have you, sir, who told you of suspicion? I have a heart it cannot reach.

Stu. Then I am happy—I would say more—but am prevented.

Enter Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. Who was it; *Charlotte*?

Char. What a heart has that *Jarvis*!—A creditor, sister. But the good old man has taken him away—Don't distress his wife! don't distress his sister! I could hear him say. 'Tis cruel to distress the afflicted—And when he saw me at the door, he begg'd pardon that his friend had knock'd so loud.

Stu. I wish I had known of this. Was it a large demand, madam?

Char. I heard not that; but visits such as these, we must expect often—Why so distress'd, sister? this is no new affliction.

Mrs. Bev. No, *Charlotte*; but I am faint with watching—

ing—quite sunk and spiritless—Will you excuse me, sir? I'll to my chamber, and try to rest a little.

Stu. Good thoughts go with you, madam.

[Ex. Mrs. Bev.]
My bait is taken then. *[Aside.]* Poor Mrs. Beverley! how my heart grieves to see her thus!

Char. Cure her, and be a friend then.

Stu. How cure her, madam?

Char. Reclaim my brother.

Stu. Ay, give him a new creation? or breathe another soul into him. I'll think on't, madam. Advice I see is thankless.

Char. Useless I am sure it is, if thro' mistaken friendship, or other motives, you feed his passion with your purse, and soothe it by example. Physicians to cure fevers keep from the patient's thirsty lip the cup that would enflame him; you give it to his hands—*(a Knocking)* Hark, Sir, these are my brother's desperate symptoms—Another creditor.

Stu. One not so easily got rid of—What, *Lewson!*
Enter Lewson.

Lew. Madam, your servant—Your's, sir. I was enquiring for you at your lodgings.

Stu. This morning? you had business then?

Lew. You'll call it by another name, perhaps? Where's Mr. Beverley, madam.

Char. We have sent to enquire for him.

Lew. Is he abroad then? he did not use to go out so early.

Char. No; nor to stay out so late.

Lew. Is that the case? I am sorry for it. But Mr. Stukely, perhaps, may direct you to him.

Stu. I have already, sir.—But what was your business with me?

Lew. To congratulate you upon your late successes at play. Poor Beverley! but you are his friend, and there's a comfort in having successful friends.

Stu. And what am I to understand by this?

Lew. That Beverley's a poor man, with a rich friend—That's all,

Stu.

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Stu. Your words wou'd mean something, I suppose. Another time, sir, I shall desire an explanation.

Lew. And why not now? I am no dealer in long sentences. A minute or two will do for me.

Stu. But not for me, sir. I am slow of apprehension, and must have time and privacy. A lady's presence engages my attention—Another morning I may be found at home.

Lew. Another morning then I'll wait upon you.

Stu. I shall expect you, sir. Madam, your servant.

[Exit.]

Char. What mean you by this?

Lew. To hint to him that I know him.

Char. How know him? mere doubt and supposition!

Lew. I shall have proof soon.

Char. And what then? wou'd you risk your life to be his punisher?

Lew. My life, madam! don't be afraid. And yet I am happy in your concern for me. But let it content you that I know this *Stukely*—'Twou'd be as easy to make him honest as brave.

Char. And what do you intend to do?

Lew. Nothing, till I have proof. Yet my suspicions are well grounded—but methinks, madam, I am acting here without authority. Cou'd I have leave to call Mr. *Beverley* brother, his concerns would be my own. Why will you make my services appear officious?

Char. You know my reasons, and shou'd not press me. But I am cold, you say; and cold I will be, while a poor sister's destitute—My heart bleeds for her! and 'till I see her sorrows moderated, love has no joys for me.

Lew. Can I be less a friend by being a brother? I would not say an unkind thing—but the pillar of your house is shaken. Prop it with another, and it shall stand firm again—You must comply.

Char. And will—when I have peace within myself. But let us change the subject—Your business here this morning

morning is with my sister. Misfortunes press too hard upon her : Yet till to-day she has borne 'em nobly.

Lew. Where is she ?

Char. Gone to her chamber——Her spirits fail'd her.

Lew. I hear her coming—Let what has pass'd with *Stukely* be a secret—She has already too much to trouble her.

Enter Mrs. Beverley.

Mrs. Bev. Good morning, sir ; I heard your voice, and as I thought, enquiring for me——where's Mr. *Stukely*, *Charlotte*.

Char. This moment gone——You have been in tears, sister, but here's a friend shall comfort you.

Lew. Or if I add to your distresses, I'll beg your pardon, madam. The sale of your house and furniture was finish'd yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, sir. I know too your generous reason for putting me in mind of it. But you have oblig'd me too much already.

Lew. These are trifles, madam, which I know you have set a value on ; those I have purchas'd, and will deliver. I have a friend too that esteems you—He has bought largely ; and will call nothing his, till he has seen you. If a visit to him would not be painful, he has begg'd it may be this morning.

Mrs. Bev. Not painful in the least My pain is from the kindness of my friends. Why am I to be oblig'd beyond the power of return ?

Lew. You shall repay us at your own time. I have a coach waiting at the door—Shall we have your company, madam ?

[*To Char.*

Char. No. My brother may return soon ; I'll stay and receive him.

Mrs. Bev. He may want a comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, *Charlotte*. We shan't be absent long—Come, sir, since I must be so oblig'd.

Lew. 'Tis I that am oblig'd. An hour or less will be sufficient for us. We shall find you at home, madam ?

[*To Char. and exit with Mrs. Bev.*

Char.

Char. Certainly. I have but little inclination to appear abroad—O ! this brother ! this brother ! to what wretchedness has he reduc'd us. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter Stukely.

Stu. That *Dawson* suspects me, 'tis too plain. Yet why shou'd he suspect me ?—I appear the friend of *Beverley* as much as he.—But I am rich it seems—and so I am; thanks to another's folly and my own wisdom. To what use is wisdom, but to take advantage of the weak ? This *Beverley*'s my fool ; I cheat him, and he calls me friend—But more business must be done yet. His wife's jewels are unfold ; so is the reversion of his uncle's estate. I must have these too—And then there's a treasure above all—I love his wife—Before she knew this *Beverley* I lov'd her ; but like a cringing fool, bow'd at a distance, while he stept in and won her—Never, never will I forgive him for't. My pride, as well as love, is wounded by this conquest.—I must have vengeance. Those hints, this morning, were well thrown in—Already they have fasten'd on her. If jealousy shou'd weaken her affections, want may corrupt her virtue—My heart rejoices in the hope—These jewels may do much. He shall demand 'em of her ; which, when mine, shall be converted to special purposes—What now *Bates* ?

Enter Bates.

Bates. Is it a wonder then to see me ? The forces are all in readiness, and only wait for orders. Where's *Beverley* ?

Stu. At last night's rendezvous, waiting for me. Is *Dawson* with you ?

Bates. Dress'd like a nobleman ; with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the devil.

Stu. That fellow has a head to undo a nation. But for the rest, they are such low-manner'd, ill-looking dogs, I wonder *Beverley* has not suspected 'em.

Bates. No matter for manners and looks. Do you supply

supply 'em with money, and they are gentlemen by profession.—The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best of company.

Stu. There's that *Williams*, too—It was he, I suppose, that call'd at *Beverley's* with the note this morning. What directions did you give him?

Bates. To knock loud, and be clamorous. Did not you see him?

Stu. No. The fool sneak'd off with *Jarvis*. Had he appear'd within doors, as directed, the note had been discharg'd. I waited there on purpose. I want the women to think well of me; for *Lewson's* grown suspicious; he told me so himself.

Bates. What answer did you make him?

Stu. A short one—That I would see him soon, for farther explanation.

Bates. We must take care of him. But what have we to do with *Beverley*? *Dawson* and the rest are wondering at you.

Stu. Why let 'em wonder. I have designs above their narrow reach. They see me lend him money; and they stare at me. But they are fools. I want him to believe me beggar'd by him.

Bates. And what then?

Stu. Ay, there's the question; but no matter. At night you may know more. He waits for me at *Wilson's*. I told the women where to find him.

Bates. To what purpose?

Stu. To save suspicion. It look'd friendly; and they thank'd me. Old *Jarvis* was dispatch'd to him.

Bates. And may intreat him home.

Stu. No; he expects money from me; but I'll have none. His wife's jewels must go—Women are easy creatures and refuse nothing where they love—Follow to *Wilson's*; but be sure he sees you not. You are a man of character, you know; of prudence and discretion. Wait for me in an outer room; I shall have business for you presently. Come, sir;

Las

*Let drudging fools by honesty grow great :
The shorter road to riches is deceit.* [Exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE *a Gaming House, with a Table, Box,
Dice, &c.*

Beverley is discover'd sitting.

Bev. **W**HY, what a world is this ! The slave that
digs for gold receives his daily pittance,
and sleeps contented, while those, for whom he la-
bours, convert their good to mischief ; making abun-
dant the means of want. O shame ! shame !—Had
fortune given me but a little, that little had been still
my own. But plenty leads to waste ; and shallow
streams maintain their currents, while swelling rivers
beat down their banks, and leave their channels empty.
What had I to do with play ? I wanted nothing. My
wishes and my means were equal. The poor follow'd
me with blessings ; love scatter'd roses on my pillow,
and morning wak'd me to delight—O bitter
thought ! that leads to what I was, by what I am !
I won'd forget both—Who's there ?

Enter Waiter.

Wait. A gentleman, sir, enquires for you.

Bev. He might have us'd less ceremony. *Stukely,*
I suppose ?

Wait. No, sir, a stranger.

Bev. Well, shew him in.

Exit. Waiter.

A messenger from *Stukely*, then ! from him that has
undone me !—Yet all in friendship, and now he
lends me from his little, to bring back fortune to me.

Enter Jarvis.

Jarvis ! Why this intrusion ?—Your absence had
been kinder.

Jar. I came in duty, sir. If it be troublesome—

Bev. It is—I wou'd be private—hid even from
myself. Who sent you hither ?

Jar.

Jar. One that wou'd persuade you home again. My Mistress is not well ; her tears told me so.

Bev. Go with thy duty there then — ' But does ' the weep ? I am to blame to let her weep.' Pr'ythee be gone : I have no business for thee.

Jar. Yes, sir ; to lead you from this place. I am your servant still. Your prosperous fortune blest'd my old age. If that has left you, I must not leave you.

Bev. Not leave me ! Recall past time then ; or through this sea of storms and darkness, shew me a star to guide me——But what can'st thou ?

Jar. The little that I can, I will. You have been generous to me—I wou'd not offend you, sir,—but—

Bev. No. Think'st thou I'd ruin thee, too ! I have enough of shame already—My wife ! My wife ! Wou'dst thou believe it, *Jarvis* ? I have not seen her all this long night——I, who have lov'd her so, that every hour of absence seem'd as a gap in life. But other bonds have held me——O ! I have play'd the boy ! dropping my counters in the stream, and reaching to redeem 'em, have lost myself. ' Why wilt ' thou follow misery ? Or if thou wilt, go to thy mistress. She has no guilt to sting her, and therefore ' may be comforted.'

Jar. For pity's sake, sir !——I have no heart to see this change.

Bev. Nor I to bear it——How speaks the world of me, *Jarvis* ?

Jar. As of a good man dead. Of one, who walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

Bev. Ay, and pities me Say is it not so ? But I was born to infamy——I'll tell thee what it says. It calls me villain ; a treacherous husband ; a cruel father ; a false brother ; one lost to nature and her charities. Or to say all in one short word, it calls me—Gamester. Go to thy mistress—I'll see her presently.

Jar. And why, not now ? Rude people press upon her ; loud, bawling creditors ; wretches who know no pity—I met one at the door ; he wou'd have seen my mistress.

mistress. I wanted means of present payment, so promis'd it to-morrow. But others may be pressing; and she has grief enough already. Your absence hangs too heavy on her.

Bev. Tell her I'll come, then. I have a moment's business. But what hast thou to do with my distresses? Thy honesty has left thee poor; and age wants comfort. Keep what thou hast 'for cordials;' lest between thee and the grave, misery steal in. I have a friend shall counsel me—This is that friend.

Enter Stukely.

Stu. How fares it, *Beverley*? Honest Mr. *Jarvis*, well met; I hop'd to find you here. That viper *Williams*! Was it not he that troubled you this morning?

Jar. My mistress heard him then?—I am sorry that she heard him.

Bev. And *Jarvis* promis'd payment.

Stu. That must not be. Tell him I'll satisfy him.

Jar. Will you, sir? Heaven will reward you for't.

Bev. Generous *Stukely*! Friendship like yours, had it ability like will, wou'd more than balance the wrongs of fortune.

Stu. You think too kindly of me—Make haste to *Williams*; his clamours may be rude else. [*To Jar.*

Jar. And my master will go home again—Alas! sir, we know of hearts there breaking for his absence.

[*Exit.*

Bev. Wou'd I were dead!

Stu. 'Or turn'd hermit; counting a string of beads 'in a dark cave; or under a weeping willow, praying 'for mercy on the wicked.' Ha! ha! ha!—Pr'ythee be a man, and leave dying to disease and old age.—Fortune may be ours again; at least we'll try for't.

Bev. No; it has fool'd us on too far.

Stu. Ay, ruin'd us; and therefore we'll sit down contented. These are the despondings of men without money; but let the shining ore chink in the pocket, and folly turns to wisdom. We are Fortune's children—True, she's a fickle mother; but shall we droop because she's peevish?—No; she has smiles in

in store. And these her frowns are meant to brighten 'em.

Bev. Is this a time for levity? But you are single in the ruin, and therefore may talk lightly of it. With me 'tis complicated misery.

Stu. You censure me unjustly—I but assumed these spirits to cheer my friend. Heaven knows he wants a comforter.

Bev. What new misfortune!

Stu. I wou'd have brought you money; but lenders want securities. What's to be done? All that was mine is yours already.

Bev. And there's the double weight that sinks me. I have undone my friend, too; one, who to save a drowning wretch, reach'd out his hand, and perish'd with him.

Stu. Have better thoughts.

Bev. Whence are they to proceed? I have nothing left.

Stu. [*Sighing*] Then we're indeed undone. What nothing? No moveables? Nor useless trinkets? Bawbles lock'd up in caskets to starve their owners?—I have ventur'd deeply for you.

Bev. Therefore this heart-ake; for I am lost beyond all hope.

Stu. No; means may be found to save us. *Jarvis* is rich. Who made him so? This is no time for ceremony.

Bev. And is it for dishonesty? The good old man! Shall I rob him too? My friend wou'd grieve for't. No; let the little that he has, buy food and cloathing for him.

Stu. Good morning, then. [*Going.*]

Bev. So hasty. Why then good morning.

Stu. And when we meet again, upbraid me. Say it was I that tempted you. Tell *Lewson* so; and tell him I have wrong'd you.—He has suspicions of me, and will thank you

Bev. No; we have been companions in a rash voyage, and the same storm has wreck'd us both. Mine shall be self-upbraidings. *Stu.*

Stu. And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrow'd for you, while land or credit lasted; and now, when fortune should be try'd, and my heart whispers me success; I am deserted; turn'd loose to beggary, while you have hoards.

Bev. What hoards? Name 'em, and take 'em.

Stu. Jewels.

Bev. And shall this thriftless hand seize them too? My poor, poor wife! Must she lose all? I wou'd not wound her so.

Stu. Nor I, but from necessity. One effort more, and fortune may grow kind. I have unusual hopes.

Bev. Think of some other means, then.

Stu. I have; and you rejected 'em.

Bev. Pr'ythee let me be a man.

Stu. Ay, and your friend a poor one. But I have done. And for these trinkets of a woman, why, let her keep 'em to deck out pride with, and shew a laughing world that she has finery to starve in.

Bev. No; she shall yield up all. My friend demands it. But need he have talk'd lightly of her? The jewels that she values are truth and innocence—Those will adorn her ever; and for the rest, she wore 'em for a husband's pride, and to his wants will give 'em. Alas! you know her not. Where shall we meet?

Stu. No matter. I have chang'd my mind. Leave me to a prison: 'tis the reward of friendship.

Bev. Perish mankind first—Leave me to a prison! No; fallen as you see me, I'm not that wretch. Nor wou'd I change this heart, o'er charg'd as 'tis with folly and misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if callous to a friend's distresses.

Stu. You are too warm.

Bev. In such a cause, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell. I'll meet you at your lodgings.

Stu. Reflect a little. The jewels may be lost. Better not hazard 'em—I was too pressing.

Bev. And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up time. I have no leisure for't. Within an hour expect me.

[Exit.

Stu.

22 THE GAMMASTER.

Sta. The thoughtless, shallow prodigal ! We shall have sport at night, then—But hold—The jewels are not ours yet—The lady may refuse 'em—The husband may relent, too—'Tis more than probable—I'll write a note to *Beverley*, and the contents shall spur him to demand 'em—But am I grown this rogue thro' avarice ? No ; I have warmer motives, love and revenge—Ruin the husband, and the wife's virtue may be bid for ? 'Tis of uncertain value, and 'sinks, or rises in the purchase, as want, or wealth, or passion governs. The poor part cheaply with it ; rich dames, tho' pleas'd with selling, will have high prices for't. Your love-sick girls give it for oaths and lying. But tender wives, who boast of honour and affections, keep it against famine—Why, let famine come then ; I am in haste to purchase.

Enter Bates.

Look to your men, *Bates* ; there's money stirring. We meet to-night upon this spot. Hasten and tell 'em so. *Beverley* calls upon me at my lodgings, and we return together. Hasten, I say, the rogues will scatter else.

Bates. Not 'till their leader bids 'em.

Sta. Come on, then. Give 'em the word and follow me ; I must advise with you—This is a day of business.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Beverley and Charlotte.

Char. Your looks are chang'd, too ; there's wildness in 'em. My wretched sister ! How will it grieve her to see you thus !

Bev. No, no—a little rest will ease me. And for your *Lewson's* kindness to her, it has my thanks ; I have no more to give him.

Char. Yes ; a sister and her fortune. I trifle with him and he complains—My looks, he says, are cold upon him. He thinks too—

Bev. That I have lost your fortune—He dares not think so.

Char.

Char. Nor does he——You are too quick at guessing. He cares not if you had. That care is mine—I lent it you to husband, and now I claim it.

Bev. You have suspicions, then?

Char. Cure 'em, and give it me.

Bev. To stop a sister's chiding.

Char. To vindicate her brother.

Bev. How if he needs no vindication?

Char. I wou'd fain hope so.

Bev. Ay, wou'd and cannot. Leave it to time, then; 'twill satisfy all doubts.

Char. Mine are already satisfy'd.

Bev. 'Tis well. And when the subject is renew'd, speak to me like a sister, and I will answer like a brother.

Char. To tell me I'm a beggar.—Why, tell it now. I that can bear the ruin of those dearer to me, the ruin of a sister and her infant, can bear that too.

Bev. No more of this—you wring my heart.

Char. Wou'd that the misery were all your own! But innocence must suffer—Unthinking rioter! whose home was heaven to him; an angel dwelt there, and a little cherub, that crown'd his days with blessings—How he has lost this heaven to league with devils!

Bev. Forbear, I say; reproaches come too late; they search, but cure not; and for the fortune you demand, we'll talk to-morrow on't; our tempers may be milder.

Char. Or, if 'tis gone, why farewell all. I claim'd it for a sister. 'She holds my heart in her's; and every pang she feels tears it in pieces'—But I'll upbraid no more. What Heaven permits, perhaps, it may ordain; 'and sorrow then is sinful.' Yet that the husband! father! brother! should be its instruments of vengeance!—'Tis grievous to know that.

Bev. If you're my sister, spare the remembrance—it wounds too deeply. To-morrow shall clear all; and when the worst is known, it may be better than your fears. Comfort my wife; and for the pains of absence, I'll make atonement. The world may yet go well with us.

Char.

Char. See where she comes!—Look cheerfully upon her—Affections such as her's are prying, and lend those eyes that read the soul.

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Lewson.

Mrs. Bev. My life!

Bev. My love! how fares it? I have been a truant husband.

Mrs. Bev. But we meet now, and that heals all—Doubts and alarms I have had; but in this dear embrace I bury and forget 'em—My friend here (*pointing to Lewson*) has been indeed a friend. *Charlotte*, 'tis you must thank him: your brother's thanks and mine are of too little value.

Bev. Yet what we have we'll pay. I thank you, sir, and am oblig'd. I wou'd say more, but that your goodness to the wife upbraids the husband's follies. Had I been wise, she had not trespass'd on your bounty.

Lew. Nor has she trespass'd. The little I have done, acceptance over-pays.

Char. So friendship thinks——

Mrs. Bev. And double obligations by striving to conceal 'em—We'll talk another time on't.—You are too thoughtful, love.

Bev. No, I have reason for these thoughts.

Char. And hatred for the cause—Wou'd you had that, too!

Bev. I have—The cause was avarice.

Char. And who the tempter?

Bev. A ruin'd friend—ruin'd by too much kindness.

Lew. Ay, worse than ruin'd; stabb'd in his fame, mortally stabb'd—Riches can't cure him.

Bev. Or if they cou'd, those I have drain'd him of. Something of this he hinted in the morning—That *Lewson* had suspicions of him—Why these suspicions?

[*Angrily.*

Lew. At school we knew this *Stukely*. A cunning plodding boy he was, sordid and cruel, slow at his task, but quick at shifts and tricking. He schem'd
out

out mischief, that others might be punish'd; and wou'd tell his tale with so much art, that for the last he merited, rewards and praise were given him. Shew me a boy with such a mind, and time that ripens manhood in him, shall ripen vice, too—I'll prove him, and lay him open t'you——'Till then be warn'd——I know him, and therefore shun him.

Bev. As I wou'd those that wrong him——You are too busy, fir.

Mrs. Bev. No, not too busy——Mistaken, perhaps——That had been milder.

Lew. No matter, madam. I can bear this; and praise the heart that prompts it—Pity such friendship shou'd be so plac'd!

Bev. Again, fir! but I'll bear, too——You wrong him, *Lewson*, and will be sorry for't.

Char. Ay, when 'tis prov'd he wrongs him. The world is full of hypocrites.

Bev. And *Stukely* one——so you'd infer, I think——I'll hear no more of this——my heart aches for him——I have undone him.

Lew. The world says otherwise.

Bev. The world is false, then——I have business with you, love, [*to Mrs. Bev.*] we'll leave 'em to their rancour.

Char. No. We shall find room within for't—Come this way, fir.

Lew. Another time my friend will thank me; that time is hastening too.

Bev. They hurt me beyond bearing——Is *Stukely* false? then honesty has left us! 'twere sinning against Heaven to think so.

Mrs. Bev. I never doubted him.

Bev. No; you are charity. Meekness and ever during patience live in that heart, and love that knows no change——Why did I ruin you?

Mrs. Bev. You have not ruin'd me. I have no wants when you are present, nor wishes in your absence, but to be blest with your return. But be resign'd to what has happen'd, and I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Bew. My generous girl!—But memory will be busy; still crowding on my thoughts, to sour the present by the past. I have another pang, too.

Mrs. Bew. Tell it, and let me cure it.

Bew. That friend—that generous friend, whose name they have traduc'd—I have undone him too. While he had means he lent me largely; and now a prison must be his portion.

Mrs. Bew. No; I hope otherwise.

Bew. To hope must be to act. The charitable wish feeds not the hungry—Something must be done.

Mrs. Bew. What?

Bew. In bitterness of heart he told me, just now he told me, I had undone him. Cou'd I hear that, and think of happiness? no; I have disclaim'd it, while he is miserable.

Mrs. Bew. The world may mend with us, and then we may be grateful. There's comfort in that hope.

Bew. Ay; 'tis the sick man's cordial, his promis'd cure; while in preparing it the patient dies.—What now?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. A letter, sir.

[Delivers it and Exit.

Bew. The hand is *Stukely's*.

[Opens it and reads it to himself.

Mrs. Bew. And brings good news—at least I'll hope so—What says he, love?

Bew. Why this—too much for patience. Yet he directs me to conceal it from you. *[Reads.*

Let your haste to see me be the only proof of your esteem for me. I have determin'd, since we parted, to bid adieu to England; chusing rather to forsake my country, than to owe my freedom in it to the means we talk'd of. Keep this a secret at home, and hasten to the ruin'd

R. Stukely.

Ruin'd by friendship! I must relieve or follow him.

Mrs. Bew. Follow him, did you say? then I am lost, indeed!

Bew.

Bev. O this infernal vice! how has it sunk me! a vice, whose highest joy was poor to my domestic happiness. Yet how have I pursu'd it! turn'd all my comforts to bitterest pangs! and all my smiles to tears. Damn'd, damn'd infatuation!

Mrs. Bev. Be cool, my life! what are the means the letter talks of? have you—have I those means? tell me, and ease me. I have no life while you are wretched.

Bev. No, no; it must not be. 'Tis I alone have sinn'd; 'tis I alone must suffer. You shall reserve those means to keep my child and his wrong'd mother from want and wretchedness.

Mrs. Bev. What means?

Bev. I came to rob you of 'em—but cannot—dare not—Those jewels are your sole support—I should be more than monster to request 'em.

Mrs. Bev. My jewels? trifles, not worth the speaking of, if weigh'd against a husband's peace; but let 'em purchase that, and the world's wealth is of less value.

Bev. Amazing goodness! how little do I seem before such virtues!

Mrs. Bev. No more, my love. I kept 'em 'till occasion call'd to use 'em; now is the occasion, and I'll resign 'em cheerfully.

Bev. Why we'll be rich in love, then. 'But this excess of kindness melts me. Yet for a friend one wou'd do much—He has deny'd me nothing.'

Mrs. Bev. Come to my closet—But let him manage wisely. We have no more to give him.

Bev. Where leant my love this excellence?—'Tis Heaven's own teaching: that Heaven, which to an angel's form has given a mind more lovely.' I am unworthy of you, but will deserve you better.

Henceforth my follies and neglects shall cease,

And all to come be penitence and peace;

*Vice shall no more attract me with her charms,
Nor pleasure reach me, but in these dear arms.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE Stukely's Lodgings.

Enter Stukely and Bates.

Stu. **S**O runs the world, *Bates*. Fools are the natural prey of knaves; nature design'd them so, when she made lambs for wolves. The laws that fear and policy have fram'd, nature disclaims: she knows but two; and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force; but then there's danger in't; while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseen.

Bates. And therefore wisely. Force must have nerves and sinews; cunning wants neither. The dwarf that has it shall trip the giant's heels up.

Stu. And bind him to the ground. Why, we'll erect a shrine for nature, and be her oracles. Conscience is weakness; fear made it, and fear maintains it. The dread of shame, inward reproaches, and fictitious burnings swell out the phantom. Nature knows none of this: her laws are freedom.

Bates. Sound doctrine, and well deliver'd!

Stu. We are sincere, too, and practise what we teach. Let the grave pedant say as much.—But now to business. The jewels are dispos'd of; and *Beverley* again worth money. He waits to count his gold out, and then comes hither. If my design succeeds, this night we finish with him. Go to your lodgings and be busy—You understand conveyances, and can make ruin sure.

Bates. Better stop here. The sale of this reversion may be talk'd of—There's danger in't.

Stu. No, 'tis the mark I aim at. We'll thrive and laugh. You are the purchaser; and there's the payment

payment [*Giving a Pocket-book.*] He thinks you rich; and so you shall be. Enquire for titles, and deal hardly; 'twill look like honesty.

Bates. How if he suspects us?

Stu. Leave it to me. I study hearts, and when to work upon 'em. Go to your lodgings; and if we come be busy over papers. Talk of a thoughtless age, of gaming and extravagance; you have a face for't.

Bates. A feeling too that wou'd avoid it. We push too far; but I have caution'd you. If it ends ill, you'll think of me—and so adieu. [*Exit.*]

Stu. This fellow sins by halves; his fears are conscience to him. I'll turn these fears to use. Rogues that dread shame, will still be greater rogues to hide their guilt—This shall be thought of. *Lewson* grows troublesome—We must get rid of him.—He knows too much. I have a tale for *Beverley*; part of it truth, too—He shall call *Lewson* to account—If it succeeds, 'tis well; if not, we must try other means—But here he comes—I must dissemble.

Enter Beverley.

Look to the door there [*in a seeming fright*]—My friend! I thought of other visitors.

Bev. No; these shall guard you from 'em—
[*offering notes*] Take 'em and use 'em cautiously—
The world deals hardly by us.

Stu. And shall I leave you destitute? No: your wants are the greatest. Another climate may treat me kinder. The shelter of to-night takes me from this.

Bev. Let these be your support then—Yet is there need of parting? I may have means again; we'll share 'em, and live wisely.

Stu. No. I shou'd tempt you on. Habit is nature in me; ruin can't cure it. Even now I wou'd be gaming. Taught by experience as I am, and knowing this poor sum is all that's left us, I am for venturing still—And say I am to blame—Yet will this little supply our wants! No, we must put it out to usury. Whether 'tis madness in me, or some restless

impulse of good fortune, I yet am ignorant; but——

Bev. Take it, and succeed then. I'll try no more.

Stu. 'Tis surely impulse; it pleads so strongly——
But you are cold——We'll e'en part here then. And
for this last reserve, keep it for better uses; I'll have
none on't. I thank you tho', and will seek fortune
fingly——One thing I had forgot——

Bev. What is it?

Stu. Perhaps, 'twere best forgotten. But I am open
in my nature, and zealous for the honour of my friend
——*Lewson* speaks freely of you.

Bev. Of you I know he does.

Stu. I can forgive him for't; but for my friend I'm
angry.

Bev. What says he of me?

Stu. That *Charlotte's* fortune is embezzled——He
talks on't loudly.

Bev. He shall be silenc'd then——How heard you of
it?

Stu. From many. He question'd *Bates* about it.
You must account with him, he says.

Bev. Or he with me——and soon, too.

Stu. Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

Bev. I'll think on't——But whither go you?

Stu. From poverty and prisons——No matter
whither. If fortune changes you may hear from me.

Bev. May these be prosperous, then. [*Offering the
notes, which he refuses*] Nay, they are yours——I
have sworn it, and will have nothing——Take 'em
and use 'em.

Stu. Singly I will not. My cares are for my friend;
for his lost fortune, and ruin'd family. All separate
interests I disclaim. Together we have fall'n, together
we must rise. My heart, my honour, and affections,
all will have it so.

Bev. I am weary of being fool'd.

Stu. And so am I——Here let us part then——These
bodings of good-fortune shall all be stifted; I'll call
'em folly, and forget 'em——This one embrace, and
then farewell.

[*Offering to embrace.*

Bev.

Brv. No; stay a moment—How my poor heart's attracted! I have these bodings too; but whether caught from you, or prompted by my good or evil genius, I know not—The trial shall determine—And yet, my wife.

Stu. Ay, ay, she'll chide.

Bev. No; my chidings are all here.

[*Pointing to his heart.*]

Stu. I'll not persuade you.

Bev. I am persuaded; by reason too; the strongest reason; necessity. Oh! cou'd I but regain the height I have fallen from, heaven shou'd forsake me in my latest hour, if I again mix'd in these scenes, or sacrific'd the husband's peace, his joy and best affections, to avarice and infamy.

Stu. I have resolv'd like you; and since our motives are so honest, why shou'd we fear success?

Bev. Come on, then—Where shall we meet?

Stu. At *Wilson's*—Yet if it hurts you, leave me: I have mislead you often.

Bev. We have misled each other—But come! fortune is fickle, and may be tir'd with plaguing us—There let us rest our oopes.

Stu. Yet think a little—

Bev. I cannot—thinking but distracts me.

*When desperation leads all thoughts are vain;
Reason would lose, what rashness may obtain.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Char. 'Twas all a scheme, a mean one; unworthy of my brother.

Mrs. Bev. No, I am sure it was not—*Stukely* is honest too; I know he is—This madness has undone 'em both.

Char. My brother irrecoverably—You are too spiritless a wife—A mournful tale, mixt with a few kind words, will steal away your soul. The world's too subtle for such goodness. Had I been by, he

shou'd have ask'd your life sooner than those jewels.

Mrs. Bev. He shou'd have had it then. [*warmly*] I live but to oblige him. She who can love, and is belov'd like me, will do as much. Men have done more for mistresses, and women for a base deluder. And shall a wife do less? Your chidings hurt me, Charlotte.

Char. And come too late; they might have sav'd you else. How cou'd he use you so?

Mrs. Bev. 'Twas friendship did it. His heart was breaking for a friend.

Char. The friend that has betray'd him.

Mrs. Bev. Prithee don't think so.

Char. To-morrow he accounts with me.

Mrs. Bev. And fairly—I will not doubt it.

Char. Unless a friend has wanted—I have no patience—Sister! Sister! we are bound to curse this friend.

Mrs. Bev. My Beaverley speaks nobly of him.

Char. And Lewson truly—But I displease you with this talk——To-morrow will instruct us.

Mrs. Bev. Stay till it comes then—I wou'd not think so hardly.

Char. Nor I, but from conviction——Yet we have hope of better days. My uncle is infirm, and of an age that threatens hourly——Or if he lives, you never have offended him; and for distresses so unmerited he will have pity.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, and am chearful. We have no more to lose; and for what's gone, if it brings prudence home, the purchase was well made.

Char. My Lewson will be kind too. While he and I have life and means, you shall divide with us——And see, he's here!

Enter Lewson.

We were just speaking of you.

Lew. 'Tis best to interrupt you then. Few characters will bear a scrutiny; and where the bad outweighs the good, he's safest that's least talk'd of. What say you, Madam?

[*To Charlotte.*]

Char.

Char. That I hate scandal, tho' a woman—therefore talk seldom of you.

Mrs. Bev. Or, with more truth, that, tho' a woman, she loves to praise—Therefore talks always of you. I'll leave you to decide it. *[Exit.*

Lew. How good and amiable! I came to talk in private with you; of matters that concern you.

Char. What matters?

Lew. First answer me sincerely to what I ask.

Char. I will——But you alarm me.

Lew. I am too grave, perhaps; but be assur'd of this, I have no news that troubles me, and therefore shou'd not you.

Char. I am easy then—Propose your question.

Lew. 'Tis now a tedious twelve-month, since with an open and kind heart you said you lov'd me.

Char. So tedious, did you say?

Lew. And when in consequence of such sweet words, I press'd for marriage, you gave a voluntary promise that you wou'd live for me.

Char. You think me chang'd, then! *[Angrily.*

Lew. I did not say so. A thousand times I have press'd for the performance of this promise: but private cares, a brother's and a sister's ruin, were reasons for delaying it.

Char. I had no other reasons.—Where will this end?

Lew. It shall end presently.

Char. Go on, sir.

Lew. A promise, such as this, given freely, not extorted, the world thinks binding; but I think otherwise.

Char. And wou'd release me from it?

Lew. You are too impatient, madam.

Char. Cool, sir—quite cool—Pray go on.

Lew. Time and a near acquaintance with my faults may have brought change—if it be so; or for a moment, if you have wish'd this promise were unmade; here I acquit you of it—This is my question then; and with such plainness as I ask it, I shall entreat an answer. Have you repented of this promise?

Char. Stay, sir. The man that can suspect me shall find me chang'd——Why am I doubted?

Lew. My doubts are of myself. I have my faults, and you have observation. If from my temper, my words or actions, you have conceiv'd a thought against me, or even a wish for separation, all that has pass'd is nothing.

Char. You startle me——But tell me—I must be answer'd first. Is it from honour you speak this? Or do you wish me chang'd?

Lew. Heaven knows I do not. Life and my *Charlotte* are so connected, that to lose one, were loss of both. Yet for a promise, tho' given in love, and meant for binding; if time, or accident, or reason shou'd change opinion—with me that promise has no force.

Char. Why, now I'll answer you. Your doubts are prophecies——I am really chang'd.

Lew. Indeed?

Char. I cou'd torment you now, as you have met but it is not in my nature——That I am chang'd, I own: for what at first was inclination, is now grown reason in me; and from that reason, had I the world I nay, were I poorer than the poorest, and you to wanting bread, with but a hovel to invite me to—I wou'd be your's, and happy.

Lew. My kindest *Charlotts*! [Taking her hand] thanks are too poor for this——and words too weak! but if we love so, why shou'd our union be delay'd?

Char. For happier times. The present are too wretched.

Lew. I may have reasons that press it now.

Char. What reasons?

Lew. The strongest reasons; unanswerable ones.

Char. Be quick and name 'em.

Lew. No, madam; I am bound in honour to make conditions first——I am bound by inclination too. This sweet profusion of kind words pains while it pleases. I dread the losing you!

Char. Astonishment! what mean you!

Lew.

Lew. First promise, that to-morrow, or the next day, you will be mine for ever.

Char. I do——tho' misery shou'd succeed.

Lew. Thus then I seize you! and with you every joy on this side Heaven!

Char. And thus I seal my promise. [*Embracing him.*] Now, fir, your secret?

Lew. Your fortune's lost.

Char. My fortune lost! I'll study to be humble then. But was my promise claim'd for this? How nobly generous! where learnt you this sad news?

Lew. From *Bates*, *Stukely's* prime agent. I have oblig'd him, and he's grateful—He told it me in friendship, to warn me from my *Charlotte*.

Char. 'Twas honest in him, and I'll esteem him for't.

Lew. He knows much more than he has told.

Char. For me it is enough. And for your generous love, I thank you from my soul. If you'd oblige me more, give me a little time.

Lew. Why time? It robs us of our happiness.

Char. I have a task to learn first. The little pride this fortune gave me must be subdu'd. Once we were equal; and might have met obliging and oblig'd. But now 'tis otherwise; and for a life of obligations, I have not learnt to bear it.

Lew. Mine is that life. You are too noble.

Char. Leave me to think on't.

Lew. To-morrow then you'll fix my happiness?

Char. All that I can, I will.

Lew. It must be so; we live but for each other. Keep what you know a secret; and when we meet to-morrow, more may be known.—Farewel. [*Exit.*]

Char. My poor, poor sister! how would this wound her! but I'll conceal it, and speak comfort to her.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a room in the Gaming-house.

Enter *Beverley* and *Stukely*:

Bev. Whither wou'd you lead me?

[*Angrily.*]

B 6

Stu.

Stu. Where we may vent our curses.

Bev. Ay, on yourself, and those damn'd counsels that have destroy'd me. A thousand fiends were in that bosom, and all let loose to tempt me—I had resisted else.

Stu. Go on, sir—I have deserv'd this from you.

Bev. And curses everlasting—Time is too scanty for 'em—

Stu. What have I done?

Bev. What the arch-devil of old did—sooth'd with false hopes, for certain ruin.

Stu. Myself unhurt; nay, pleas'd at your destruction—So your words mean. Why; tell it to the world. I am too poor to find a friend in't.

Bev. A friend! what's he? I had a friend.

Stu. And have one still.

Bev. Ay; I'll tell you of this friend. He found me happiest of the happy. Fortune and honour crown'd me; and love and peace liv'd in my heart. One spark of folly lurk'd there; that too he found; and by deceitful breath blew it to flames that have consum'd me. This friend were you to me.

Stu. A little more, perhaps—The friend who gave his all to save you; and not succeeding, chose ruin with you. But no matter, I have undone you, and am a villain.

Bev. No; I think not—The villains are within.

Stu. What villains?

Bev. *Dawson* and the rest—We have been dupes to sharpers.

Stu. How know you this? I have had doubts as well as you; yet still as fortune chang'd I blush'd at my own thoughts—But you have proofs, perhaps.

Bev. Ay, damn'd ones. Repeated losses—Night after night, and no reverse—Chance has no hand in this.

Stu. I think more charitably; yet I am peevish in my nature, and apt to doubt—The world speaks fairly of this *Dawson*, so does it of the rest. We have watch'd 'em closely too. But 'tis a right usurp'd by losers

losers, to think the winners knaves—We'll have more manhood in us.

Bev. I know not what to think. This night has stung me to the quick—Blasted my reputation too—I have bound my honour to these vipers; play'd meanly upon credit, 'till I tir'd 'em; and now they shun me to rifle one another. What's to be done?

Stu. Nothing. My counsels have been fatal.

Bev. By Heaven I'll not survive this shame—Traitor! 'tis you have brought it on me. [*Taking bold of him.*] Shew me the means to save me, or I'll commit a murder here, and next upon myself.

Stu. Why do it then, and rid me of ingratitude.

Bev. Prithee forgive this language—I speak I know not what—Rage and despair are in my heart, and hurry me to madness. My home is horror to me—I'll not return to't. Speak quickly; tell me, if in this wreck of fortune, one hope remains? Name it, and be my oracle.

Stu. To vent your curses on—You have bestow'd 'em liberally. Take your own counsel: and shou'd a desperate hope present itself, 'twill suit your desperate fortune. I'll not advise you.

Bev. What hope? by Heav'n I'll catch at it, however desperate. I am so sunk in misery, it cannot lay me lower.

Stu. You have an uncle.

Bev. Ay, what of him?

Stu. Old men live long by temperance; while their heirs starve on expectation.

Bev. What mean you?

Stu. That the reversion of his estate is your's; and will bring money to pay debts with—Nay more, it may retrieve what's past.

Bev. Or leave my child a beggar.

Stu. And what's his father? A dishonourable one: engag'd for sums he cannot pay—That shou'd be thought of.

Bev. It is my shame—The poison that enflames me. Where shall we go? To whom? I am impatient 'till all's lost.

Stu.

Stu. All may be your's again—Your man is *Bacon*—He has large funds at his command, and will deal justly by you.

Bev. I am resolv'd—Tell 'em within we'll meet 'em presently; and with full purses, too—Come, follow me.

Stu. No. I'll have no hand in this; nor do I counsel it—Use your discretion, and act from that. You'll find me at my lodgings.

Bev. Succeed what will, this night I'll dare the worst.

'Tis loss of fear, to be compleatly curs'd.

[*Exit Bev.*

Stu. Why, lose it then for ever—Fear is the mind's worst evil; and 'tis a friendly office to drive it from the bosom—Thus far has fortune crown'd me—Yet *Beverley* is rich; rich in his wife's best treasure, her honour and affections. I wou'd supplant him there too. But 'tis the curse of thinking minds to raise up difficulties. Fools only conquer women. Fearless of dangers which they see not, they press on boldly, and by persisting, prosper. Yet may a tale of art do much—*Charlotte* is sometimes absent. The seeds of jealousy are sown already. If I mistake not, they have taken root too. Now is the time to ripen 'em, and reap the harvest. The softest of her sex, if wrong'd in love, or thinking that she's wrong'd, becomes a tygress in revenge—I'll instantly to *Beverley's*—No matter for the danger—When beauty leads us on, 'tis indiscretion to reflect, and cowardice to doubt.

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *Beverley's lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Lucy.

Mrs. Bev. Did *Charlotte* tell you any thing?

Lucy. No, madam.

Mrs. Bev. She look'd confus'd, methought; said she had business with her *Lewisa*; which, when I press'd to know, tears only were her answer.

Lu.

Lu. She seem'd in haste, too—Yet her return may bring you comfort.

Mrs. Bev. No, my kind girl; I was not born for's—But why do I distress thee? Thy sympathizing heart bleeds for the ills of others—What pity that thy mistress can't reward thee! but there's a power above, that sees, and will remember all. 'Prithee sooth me with the song thou sang'st last night. It suits this change of fortune, and there's a melancholy in't that pleases me.

Lu. I fear it hurts you, madam—Your goodness too draws tears from me—But I'll dry 'em, and obey you.

S O N G.

I.

- ' *When Damon languish'd at my feet,*
- ' *And I believ'd him true,*
- ' *The moments of delight how sweet!*
- ' *But ah! how swift they flew!*
- ' *The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,*
- ' *The garden and the grove,*
- ' *Have echo'd to his ardent tale,*
- ' *And vows of endless love.*

II.

- ' *The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,*
- ' *He left her to complain;*
- ' *To talk of joy with weeping eyes,*
- ' *And measure time by pain.*
- ' *But Heav'n will take the mourner's part,*
- ' *In pity to despair;*
- ' *And the last sigh that rends the heart,*
- ' *Shall waft the spirit there.*

' *Mrs. Bev.* I thank thee, *Lucy*—I thank Heaven, too, my griefs are none of these. Yet *Stukely* deals in hints—He talks of rumours—I'll urge him to speak plainly'—[*Knocking*]. Hark! there's some one entering.

Lu. Perhaps my master, madam.

[*Exit.*
Mr.

Mrs. Bev. Let him be well too, and I am satisfy'd.
[Goes to the door and listens.] No; 'tis another's voice;
 his had been music to me. Who is it, Lucy?

Re-enter Lucy with Stukely.

Lu. Mr. Stukely, madam. *[Exit.]*

Stu. To meet you thus alone, madam, was what I wish'd. Unseasonable visits, when friendship warrants 'em, need no excuse.—Therefore I make none.

Mrs. Bev. What mean you, sir? And where's your friend?

Stu. Men may have secrets, madam, which their best friends are not admitted to. We parted in the morning, not soon to meet again.

Mrs. Bev. You mean to leave us then? to leave your country, too? I am no stranger to your reasons, and pity your misfortunes.

Stu. Your pity has undone you. Cou'd *Beverly* do this? That letter was a false one; a mean contrivance to rob you of your jewels—I wrote it not.

Mrs. Bev. Impossible! whence came it then?

Stu. Wrong'd as I am, madam, I must speak plainly——

Mrs. Bev. Do so, and ease me. Your hints have troubled me. Reports, you say, are stirring——Reports of whom? You wish'd me not to credit 'em. What, sir, are these reports?

Stu. I thought 'em slander, madam; and caution'd you in friendship; lest from officious tongues the tale had reach'd you with double aggravation.

Mrs. Bev. Proceed, sir.

Stu. It is a debt due to my fame, due to an injur'd wife, too——We both are injur'd.

Mrs. Bev. How injur'd? and who has injur'd us?

Stu. My friend, your husband.

Mrs. Bev. You wou'd resent for both then? But know, sir, my injuries are my own, and do not need a champion.

Stu. Be not too hasty, madam. I come not in resentment, but for acquaintance——You thought me poor; and to the feign'd distresses of a friend gave up your jewels.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. I gave 'em to a husband.

Stu. Who gave them to a—

Mrs. Bev. What? whom did he give 'em to?

Stu. A mistress.

Mrs. Bev. No; on my life he did not.

Stu. Himself confess'd it, with curses on her avarice.

Mrs. Bev. I'll not believe it—He has no mistress—or if he has, why is it told to me?

Stu. To guard you against insults. He told me, that to move you to a compliance, he forg'd that letter; pretending I was ruin'd; ruin'd by him, too. The fraud succeeded; and what a trusting wife bestow'd in pity, was lavish'd on a wanton.

Mrs. Bev. Then I am lost, indeed; and my afflictions are too powerful for me—His follies I have borne without upbraiding, and saw the approach of poverty without a tear—My affections, my strong affections supported me through every trial.

Stu. Be patient, madam.

Mrs. Bev. Patient! the barbarous, ungrateful man! And does he think that the tenderness of my heart is his best security for wounding it? But he shall find that injuries such as these, can arm my weakness for vengeance and redress.

Stu. Ha! then I may succeed— [Aside.
Redress is in your power.

Mrs. Bev. What redress?

Stu. Forgive me, madam, if in my zeal to serve you, I hazard your displeasure—Think of your wretched state. Already want surrounds you? Is it in patience to bear that? to see your helpless little one robb'd of his birth-right? a sister, too, with unavailing tears; lamenting her lost fortune? no comfort left you, but ineffectual pity from the few, out-weigh'd by insults from the many?

Mrs. Bev. Am I so lost a creature? Well, sir, my redress?

Stu. To be resolv'd is to secure it. The marriage vow, once violated, is in the sight of Heaven dissolv'd—Start not, but hear me! 'tis now the summer

mer of your youth ; time has not crop'd the roses from your cheek, tho' sorrow long has wash'd 'em—Then use your beauty wisely ; and freed by injuries, fly from the cruelest of men, for shelter with the kindest.

Mrs. Bew. And who is he ?

Stu. A friend to the unfortunate ; a bold one, too ; who, while the storm is bursting on your brow, and lightning flashing from your eyes, dares tell you that he loves you.

Mrs. Bew. Wou'd that these eyes had Heaven's own lightning ! that with a look, thus I might blast thee ! Am I then fallen so low ? Has poverty so humbled me, that I shou'd listen to a hellish offer, and sell my soul for bread ? O villain ! villain !—But now I know thee, and thank thee for the knowledge.

Stu. If you are wise, you shall have cause to thank me.

Mrs. Bew. An injur'd husband, too, shall thank thee.

Stu. Yet know, proud woman, I have a heart as stubborn as your own ; as haughty and imperious ; and as it loves, so can it hate.

Mrs. Bew. Mean despicable villain ! I scorn thee and thy threats. Was it for this that *Beverley* was false ? that his too credulous wife shou'd in despair and vengeance give up her honour to a wretch ? But he shall know it, and vengeance shall be his.

Stu. Why send him for defiance then. Tell him I love his wife ; but that a worthless husband forbids our union. I'll make a widow of you, and court you honourably.

Mrs. Bew. O coward ! coward ! thy soul will shrink at him. Yet in the thoughts of what may happen, I feel a woman's fears. Keep thy own secret, and be gone. Who's there ?

Enter Lucy.

Your absence, sir, will please me.

Stu. I'll not offend you, madam.

[Exit Stu. with Lucy.]

Mrs. Bew. Why opens not the earth to swallow such a monster ?

a monster? be conscience than his punisher, 'till Heaven in mercy gives him penitence, or dooms him in its justice.

Re-enter Lucy.

Come to my chamber, *Lucy*; I have a tale to tell thee, shall make thee weep for thy poor mistress.

*Yet Heaven the guiltless sufferer regards,
And whom it most afflicts, it most rewards.*

[*Exeant.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley, Charlotte, and Lewson.

Char. THE smooth-tongu'd hypocrite!
Lew. But we have found him, and will requite him—Be cheerful, madam; [*To Mrs. Bev.*] and for the insults of this man you shall have ample retribution.

Mrs. Bev. But not by violence—Remember you have sworn it; I had been silent else.

Lew. You need not doubt me; I shall be cool as patience.

Mrs. Bev. See him to-morrow then.

Lew. And why not now? By Heaven the veriest worm that crawls is made of braver spirit than this *Stakey*—Yet for my promise, I'll deal gently with him—I mean to watch his looks—From those, and from his answers to my charge, much may be learnt. Next I'll to *Bates*, and sift him to the bottom. If I fail there, the gang is numerous, and for a bribe will each betray the other—Good night; I'll lose no time.

[*Ex. Lewson.*]

Mrs. Bev. These boisterous spirits! how they wound me! but reasoning is in vain. Come, *Charlotte*, we'll to our usual watch. The night grows late.

Char.

Char. I am fearful of events; yet pleas'd——To-morrow may relieve us. [Going.]

Enter Jarvis.

Char. How now, good *Jarvis*?

Jar. I have heard ill news, madam.

Mrs. Bev. What news? speak quickly.

Jar. Men are not what they seem. I fear me *Mr. Stukely* is dishonest.

Char. We know it, *Jarvis*. But what's your news?

Jar. That there's an action against my master, at his friend's suit.

Mrs. Bev. O villain! villain! 'twas this he threaten'd then. Run to that den of robbers, *Wilson's*—Your master may be there. Entreat him home, good *Jarvis*. Say I have business with him—But tell him not of *Stukely*—It may provoke him to revenge——Haste! haste! good *Jarvis*. [Exit Jarvis.]

Char. This minister of hell! O I cou'd tear him piece-meal!——

Mrs. Bev. I am sick of such a world—Yet Heaven is just; and in its own good time, will hurl destruction on such monsters. [Exit.]

S C E N E *changes to Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter Stukely and Bates meeting.

Bates. Where have you been?

Stu. Fooling my time away——Playing my tricks, like a tame monkey, to entertain a woman——No matter where—I have been vext and disappointed. Tell me of *Beverley*—How bore he his last shock?

Bat. Like one [so *Dawson* says] whose senses had been numb'd with misery. When all was lost, he fixt his eyes upon the ground and stood some time, with folded arms, stupid and motionless. Then snatching his sword that hung against the wainscot, he sat him down; and with a look of fixt attention, drew figures on the floor——At last he started up, look'd wild, and trembled; and like a woman, seized with her sex's fits, laugh'd out aloud, while the tears trickled down his face——so left the room.

Stu. Why, this was madness.

Bat.

Bat. The madness of despair.

Stu. We must confine him then. A prison wou'd do well. [*A knocking at the door.*] Hark! that knocking may be his. Go that way down; [*Exit Bates.*]
 • Who's there?

Enter Lewson.

Lew. An enemy—an open and avow'd one.

Stu. Why am I thus broke in upon? This house is mine, sir; and shou'd protect me from insult and ill-manners.

Lew. Guilt has no place of sanctuary; wherever found, 'tis virtue's lawful game. The fox's hold, and tyger's den are no security against the hunter.

Stu. Your business, sir?

Lew. To tell you that I know you—why this confusion? That look of guilt and terror?—Is *Beverley* awake? Or has his wife told tales? The man that dares like you, shou'd have a soul to justify his deeds, and courage to confront accusers. Not with a coward's fear to shrink beneath reproof.

Stu. Who waits there?

(*Aloud, and in confusion.*)

Lew. By Heaven he dies that interrupts us. [*Shutting the door.*] You shou'd have weigh'd your strength, sir; and then, instead of climbing to high fortune, the world had mark'd you for what you are, a little paltry villain.

Stu. You think I fear you.

Lew. I know you fear me. This is to prove it. [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*] You wanted privacy! A lady's presence took up your attention! Now we are alone, sir. Why, what a wretch! [*flings him from him.*] The vilest insect in creation will turn when trampled on; yet has this thing undone a man, by cunning and mean arts undone him. But we have found you, sir; trac'd you thro' all your labyrinths. If you wou'd save yourself, fall to confession. No mercy will be shewn else.

Stu. First prove me what you think me——'Till then

then your threatnings are in vain—and for this insult, vengeance may yet be mine.

Lew. Infamous coward! why take it now then—
[*dracons, and Stukely retires.*] Alas! I pity thee—Yet that a wretch like this shou'd overcome a *Beverley*! it fills me with astonishment!—A wretch, so mean of soul, that even desperation cannot animate him to look upon an enemy—You shou'd not thus have soar'd fir, unless, like others of your black profession, you had a sword to keep the fools in awe, your villainy has ruined.

Stu. Villainy! 'Twere best to curb this licence of your tongue; for know, fir, while there are laws, this outrage on my reputation will not be borne with.

Lew. Laws! darst thou seek shelter from the laws? Those laws, which thou and thy infernal crew live in the constant violation of? Talk'st thou of reputation, too? when under friendship's sacred name, thou hast betray'd, robb'd, and destroy'd?

Stu. Ay, rail at gaming; 'tis a rich topic, and affords noble declamation——Go, preach against it in the city: You'll find a congregation in every tavern. If they should laugh at you, fly to my lord, and sermonize it there. He'll thank you and reform.

Lew. And will example sanctify a vice? No, wretch; the custom of my lord, or of the cit that apes him, cannot excuse a breach of law, or make the Gamester's calling reputable.

Stu. Rail on, I say—But is this zeal for beggar'd *Beverley*? Is it for him that I am treated thus? No? he and his wife might both have groan'd in prison, had but the sister's fortune escap'd the wreck, to have rewarded the disinterested love of honest Mr. *Lewson*.

Lew. How I detest thee for the thought! but thou art lost to every human feeling. Yet let me tell thee, and may it wring thy heart! that tho' my friend is ruin'd by thy snares, thou hast unknowingly been kind to me.

Stu. Have I? It was indeed unknowingly.

Lew.

Lew. Thou hast assisted me in love ; given me the merit that I wanted ; since but for thee, my *Charlotte* had not known 'twas her dear self I sigh'd for, and not her fortune.

Stu. Thank me, and take her then.

Lew. And as a brother to poor *Beverley*, I will pursue the robber that has stript him, and snatch him from his gripe.

Stu. Then know, imprudent man, he is within my gripe ; and shou'd my friendship for him be slander'd once again, the hand that has supply'd him, shall fall and crush him.

Lew. Why, now there's a spirit in thee ! this is indeed to be a villain ! but I shall reach thee yet—Fly where thou wilt, my vengeance shall pursue thee—And *Beverley* shall yet be sav'd, be sav'd from thee, thou monster ; nor owe his rescue to his wife's dishonour. [Exit.]

Stu. [pausing] Then ruin has enclos'd me. Curse on my coward heart ! I wou'd be bravely villainous ; but 'tis my nature to shrink at danger, and he has found me. Yet fear brings caution, and that security—more mischief must be done to hide the past—look to yourself officious *Lewson*—there may be danger stirring—How, now, *Bates* ?

Enter Bates.

Bat. What is the matter ? 'Twas *Lewson* and not *Beverley* that left you—I heard him loud—You seem alarm'd too.

Stu. Ay, and with reason—we are discover'd.

Bat. I fear'd as much, and therefore caution'd you—but you were peremptory.

Stu. Thus fools talk ever ; spending their idle breath on what is past, and trembling at the future. We must be active. *Beverley*, at worst, is but suspicious ; but *Lewson's* genius, and his hate to me, will lay all open. Means must be found to stop him.

Bat. What means ?

Stu. Dispatch him—nay, start not—desperate occasions

occasions calls for desperate deeds—we live but by his death.

Bat. You cannot mean it?

Stu. I do, by Heaven.

Bat. Good night, then.

[*Going.*

Stu. Stay. I must be heard, then answer'd. Perhaps the motion was too sudden; and human weakness starts at murder, tho' strong necessity compels it. I have thought long of this; and my first feelings were like your's; a foolish conscience aw'd me, which soon I conquer'd. The man that won'd undo me, nature cries out, undo. Brutes know their foes by instinct; and where superior force is given, they use it for destruction. Shall man do less? *Lewson* pursues us to our ruin; and shall we, with the means to crush him, fly from our hunter, or turn and tear him? 'Tis folly even to hesitate.

Bat. He has oblig'd me, and I dare not.

Stu. Why, live to shame then, to beggary and punishment. You wou'd be privy to the deed, yet want the soul to act it. Nay more; had my designs been levell'd at his fortune, you had stept in the foremost—And what is life without its comforts? Those you wou'd rob him of; and by the lingring death, add cruelty to murder. Henceforth adieu to half-made villains—there's danger in 'em. What you have got is your's; keep it, and hide with it—I'll deal my future bounty to those that merit it.

Bat. What's the reward?

Stu. Equal division of our gains. I swear it, and will be just.

Bat. Think of the means then.

Stu. He's gone to *Beverley's*—wait for him in the street—'Tis a dark night, and fit for mischief. A dagger would be useful.

Bat. He sleeps no more.

Stu. Consider the reward! when the deed's done, I have farther business with you. Send *Dawson* to me.

Bat.

Bat. Think it already done—and so farewell.
[Exit.]

Stu. Why, farewell *Lewson* then; and farewell to my fears—this night secures me, I'll wait the event within.
[Exit.]

SCENE, changes to the Street. Stage darken'd.

Enter *Beverley*.

Bew. How like an out-cast do I wander? loaded with every curse, that drives the soul to desperation—The midnight robber, as he walks his rounds, sees by the glimmering lamp my frantic looks, and dreads to meet me.—Whither am I going? My home lies there; all that is dear on earth it holds too; yet are the gates of death more welcome to me—I'll enter it no more—Who passes there? 'Tis *Lewson*—He meets me in a gloomy hour; and memory tells me he has been meddling with my fame.

Enter *Lewson*.

Lew. *Beverley*! Well met. I have been busy in your affairs.

Bew. So I have heard, sir; and now must thank you as I ought.

Lew. To-morrow I may deserve your thanks. Late as it is, I go to *Bates*. Discoveries are making that an arch villain trembles at.

Lew. Discoveries are made, sir, that you shall tremble at. Where is this boasted spirit? this high demeanour, that was to call me to account? You say I have wrong'd my sister—Now say as much. But first be ready for defence, as I am for resentment.

[Draws.]

Lew. What mean you? I understand you not.

Bew. The coward's stale acquittance. Who, when he spreads foul calumny abroad, and dreads just vengeance on him, cries out, What mean you? I understand you not not!

Lew. Coward and calumny! Whence are those words? But I forgive and pity you.

C

Bew.

Bev. Your pity had been kinder to my fame. But you have traduc'd it; told a vile story to the public ear, that I have wrong'd my sister.

Lew. 'Tis false. Shew me the man that dares accuse me.

Bev. I thought you brave, and of a soul superior to low malice; but I have found you, and will have vengeance. This is no place for argument.

Lew. Nor shall it be for violence. Imprudent man! who in revenge for fancy'd injuries, wou'd pierce the heart that loves him. But honest friendship acts from itself, unmov'd by slander, or ingratitude. 'The life you thirst for, shall be employ'd to serve you.

Bev. 'Tis thus you wou'd compound then—First do a wrong beyond forgiveness, and to redress it, load me with kindnesses unsolicited. I'll not receive it. Your zeal is troublesome.

Lew. No matter. It shall be useful.

Bev. It will not be accepted.

Lew. It must. You know me not.

Bev. Yes; for the slanderer of my fame. Who under shew of friendship, arraigns me of injustice. Buzing in every ear foul breach of trust, and family dishonour.

Lew. Have I done this? Who told you so?

Bev. The world—'Tis talk'd of every where. It pleas'd you to add threats, too. You were to call me to account—Why, do it now then: I shall be proud of such an arbiter.

Lew. Put up your sword, and know me better. I never injur'd you. The base suggestion comes from *Stukely*; I see him and his aims.

Bev. What aims; I'll conceal it; 'twas *Stukely* that accus'd you.

Lew. To rid him of an enemy—Perhaps of two—He fears discovery, and frames a tale of falsehood, to ground revenge and murder on.

Bev. I must have proof of this.

Lew. Wait till to-morrow then.

Bev. I will.

Lew. Good night—I go to serve you—Forget what's past as I do; and cheer your family with smiles. To-morrow may confirm 'em, and make all happy.

[*Exit.*

Bev. [*Pausing.*] How vile, and how absurd is man! His boasted honour is but another name for pride: which easter bears the consciousness of guilt, than the world's just reproofs. But 'tis the fashion of the times; and in defence of falsehood and false honour, men die martyrs. I knew not that my nature was so bad.

[*Stands musing.*

Enter Bates and Jarvis.

Jar. This way the noise was—and yonder's my poor master.

Bat. I heard him at high words with *Lewson*. The cause I know not.

Jar. I heard him too. Misfortunes vex him.

Bat. Go to him, and lead him home—But he comes this way—I'll not be seen by him.

[*Exit Bates.*

Bev. [*Starting.*] What fellow's that? [*Seeing Jar.*] Art thou a murderer, friend? Come, lead the way; I have a hand as mischievous as thine; a heart as desperate too—*Jarvis!*—To bed, old man, the cold will chill thee.

Jar. Why are you wandering at this late hour?—Your sword drawn too!—For Heav'n's sake sheath it, sir—the sight distracts me.

Bev. Whose voice was that? [*Wildly.*

Jar. 'Twas mine, sir. Let me intreat you to give the sword to me.

Bev. Ah, take it—quickly take it—Perhaps I am not so curs'd, but Heav'n may have sent thee at this moment to snatch me from perdition.

Jar. Then I am blest'd.

Bev. Continue so, and leave me, my sorrows are contagious. No one is blest that's near me.

Jar. I came to seek you, sir.

Bev. And now thou hast found me, leave me—My thoughts are wild and will not be disturb'd.

Jar. Such thoughts are best disturb'd.

Bew. I tell thee that they will not—Who sent thee hither?

Jar. My weeping mistress.

Bew. Am I so meek a husband then? that a commanding wife prescribes my hours, and sends to chide me for my absence?—Tell her, I'll not return.

Jar. Those words wou'd kill her.

Bew. Kill her! Wou'd they not be kind then? But she shall live to curse me—I have deserv'd it of her. Does she not hate me, *Jarvis*?

Jar. Alas, sir! forget your griefs, and let me lead you to her. The streets are dangerous.

Bew. Be wise, and leave me then. The night's black horrors are suited to my thoughts—These stones shall be my resting-place. [*Lies down*] Here shall my soul brood o'er its miseries; 'till with the fiends of hell, and guilty of the earth, I start and tremble at the morning's light.

Jar. For pity's sake, sir!—Upon my knees I beg you to quit this place, and these sad thoughts. Let patience, not despair possess you—Rise, I beseech you—There's not a moment of your absence, that my poor mistress does not groan for.

Bew. Have I undone her, and is she still so kind? [*Starting up.*] It is too much—My brain can't hold it—O *Jarvis*! how desperate is that wretch's state, which only death or madness can relieve!

Jar. Appease his mind, good Heaven! and give him resignation! Alas, sir, cou'd beings in the other world perceive the events of this, how wou'd your parents blessed spirits grieve for you, even in Heaven—Let me conjure you by their honour'd memories, by the sweet innocence of your yet helpless child, and by the ceaseless sorrows of my poor mistress, to rouse your manhood, and struggle with these griefs.

Bew. Thou virtuous, good old man! thy tears and thy intreaties have reach'd my heart, thro' all its miseries. 'O! had I listen'd to thy honest warnings, no earthly blessing had been wanting to me!—I was so

'happy, that even a wish for more than I possess'd,
'was arrogant presumption. But I have warr'd against
'the power that blest'd me, and now am sentenc'd to
'the hell I merit.'

Jar. Be but resign'd, sir, and happiness may yet be
yours.

'*Bew.* Prythee be honest, and do not flatter misery.

'*Jar.* I do not, sir.'—Hark! I hear voices—
Come this way; we may reach home unnotic'd.

Bew. 'Well, lead me then'—Un-notic'd did'st thou
say? Alas! I dread no looks but of those wretches I
have made at home. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Stukely's.

Enter Stukely and Dawson.

Stu. Come hither, *Dawson*. My limbs are on the
rack, and my soul shivers in me, 'till this night's bu-
siness be complete. Tell me thy thoughts: Is *Bates*
determin'd, or does he waver?

Daw. At first he seem'd irresolute; wish'd the em-
ployment had been mine; and mutter'd curses on his
coward hand, that trembled at the deed.

Stu. And did he leave you so?

Daw. No. We walk'd together; and shelter'd by
the darkness, saw *Beverley* and *Lewson* in warm de-
bate. But soon they cool'd; and then I left 'em to
hasten hither; but not 'till 'twas resolv'd *Lewson*
shou'd die.

Stu. Thy words have given me life—That quarrel
too, was fortunate; for if my hopes deceive me not,
it promises a grave to *Beverley*.

Daw. You misconceive me. *Lewson* and he were
friends.

Stu. But my prolific brain shall make 'em enemies.
If *Lewson* falls, he falls by *Beverley*. An upright
jury shall decree it. Ask me no question, but do as
I direct. This writ [*Takes out a pocket-book*] for some
days past, I have treasured here, 'till a convenient

time call'd for its use. That time is come. Take it, and give it to an officer. It must be serv'd this instant.

[Gives a paper.]

Daw. On *Beverley*?

Stu. Look at it. 'Tis for the sums that I have lent him.

Daw. Must he to prison then?

Stu. I ask'd obedience; not replies. This night a jail must be his lodging. 'Tis probable he's not gone home yet. Wait at his door, and see it executed.

Daw. Upon a beggar? He has no means of payment.

Stu. Dull and insensible! If *Lewson* dies, who was it kill'd him? Why, he that was seen quarrelling with him; and I that knew of *Beverley*'s intents, arrested him in friendship——A little late, perhaps; but 'twas a virtuous act, and men will thank me for it. Now, sir, you understand me?

Daw. Most perfectly——And will about it.

Stu. Haste then; and when 'tis done, come back and tell me.

Daw. 'Till then farewell.

[Exit.]

Stu. Now tell thy tale, fond wife! And *Lewson*, if again thou can't insult me, 'I'll kneel and own thee for my master.'

*Not avarice now, but vengeance fires my breast,
And one short hour must make me curst or blest.*

[Exit.]

ACT V. *Scene continues.*

Enter Stukely, Bates, and Dawson.

Bates. **P**OOOR *Lewson*!——But I told you enough last night——The thought of him is horrible to me.

Stu. In the street, did you say? And no one near him?

Bat.

Bat. By his own door; he was leading me to his house. I pretended business with him, and stabb'd him to the heart, while he was reaching at the bell.

Stu. And did he fall so suddenly?

Bat. The repetition pleases you, I see. I told you, he fell without a groan.

Stu. What heard you of him this morning?

Bat. That the watch found him in their rounds, and alarm'd the servants. I mingled with the croud just now, and saw him dead in his own house.—The sight terrify'd me.

Stu. Away with terrors, 'till his ghost rise and accuse us—We have no living enemy to fear—unless 'tis *Beverley*; and him we have lodg'd safe in prison.

Bat. Must he be murder'd too?

Stu. No; I have a scheme to make the law his murderer—At what hour did *Lewson* fall?

Bat. The clock struck twelve as I turn'd to leave him. 'Twas a melancholy bell, I thought tolling for his death.

Stu. The time was lucky for us—*Beverley* was arrested at one, you say? [To Dawson.

Daw. Exactly.

Stu. Good. We'll talk of this presently—The women were with him, I think?

Daw. And old *Jarvis*. I wou'd have told you of 'em last night, but your thoughts were too busy. 'Tis well you have a heart of stone, the tale wou'd melt it else.

Stu. Out with it then.

Daw. I trac'd him to his lodgings; and pretending pity for his misfortunes, kept the door open, while the officers seiz'd him. 'Twas a damn'd deed—but no matter—I follow'd my instructions.

Stu. And what said he?

Daw. He upbraided me with treachery; call'd you a villain; acknowledged the sums you had lent him, and submitted to his fortune.

Stu. And the women—

Daw. For a few minutes astonishment kept 'em silent.

silent——They look'd wildly at one another, while the tears stream'd down their cheeks. But rage and fury soon gave 'em words; and then, in the very bitterness of despair, they curs'd me and the monster that had employ'd me.

Stu. And you bore it with philosophy?

Daw. 'Till the scene chang'd, and then I melted. I order'd the officers to take away their prisoner. The women shriek'd, and wou'd have followed him; but we forbade 'em. 'Twas then they fell upon their knees, the wife fainting, the sister raving, and both with all the eloquence of misery endeavouring to soften us. I never felt compassion 'till that moment; and had the officers been mov'd like me, we had left the business undone, and fled with curses on ourselves. But their hearts were steel'd by custom. The tears of beauty and the pangs of affection were beneath their pity. They tore him from their arms and lodg'd him in prison, with only *Jarvis* to comfort him.

Stu. There let him lie, 'till we have farther business with him.—— And for you, sir, let me hear no more of your compassion——A fellow nurs'd in villainy, and employ'd from childhood in the business of hell, shou'd have no dealings with compassion.

Daw. Say you so, sir?—You shou'd have nam'd the devil that tempted me——

Stu. 'Tis false. I found you a villain, and therefore employ'd you——but no more of this——we have embark'd too far in mischief to recede. *Lewson* is dead, and we are all principals in his murder. Think of that—There's time enough for pity when ourselves are out of danger——*Beverley* still lives, tho' in a jail——His ruin will sit heavy on him; and discoveries may be made to undoe us all. Something must be done, and speedily——You saw him quarrelling with *Lewson* in the street last night.

[To Bates.

Bat. I did; his steward, *Jarvis*, saw him too.

Stu. And shall attest it. Here's matter to work upon——An unwilling evidence carries weight with him.

him. Something of my design I have hinted t'you before—*Beverley* must be the author of this murder; and we the parties to convict him.'—But how to proceed will require time and thought—Come along with me; the room within is fitted for privacy—But no compassion, sir—[*To Dawson*] We want leisure for't—This way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Beverley's lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. No news of *Lewson* yet?

Char. None. He went out early, and knows not what has happen'd. [*Clock strikes eight.*]

Mrs. Bev. The clock strikes eight—I'll wait no longer.

Char. Stay but 'till *Jarvis* comes. He has sent twice to stop us 'till we see him.

Mrs. Bev. I have no life in this separation—O! what a night was last night! I wou'd not pass another such to purchase worlds by it—My poor *Beverley* too! What must he have felt! the very thought distracts me—To have him torn at midnight from me!—A loathsome prison his habitation! a cold damp room his lodging! the bleak winds perhaps blowing upon his pillow! no fond wife to lull him to his rest! and no reflections but to wound and tear him!—'Tis too horrible—I wanted love for him, or they had not forc'd him from me. They shou'd have parted soul and body first—I was too tame.

Char. You must not talk so. All that we cou'd we did; and *Jarvis* did the rest—The faithful creature will give him comfort. Why does he delay coming!

Mrs. Bev. And there's another fear. His poor master may be claiming the last kind office from him—His heart perhaps is breaking.

Char. See where he comes—His looks are cheerful too.

Enter Jarvis.

Mrs. Bev. Are tears then cheerful? alas, he weeps!

Speak to him, *Charlotte*—I have no tongue to ask him questions.

Char. How does your master, *Jarvis*?

Jar. I am old and foolish, madam; and tears will come before my words—But don't you weep; [*To Mrs. Bev.*] I have a tale of joy for you.

Mrs. Bev. What tale?—Say but he's well, and I have joy enough.

Jar. His mind too shall be well—all shall be well—I have news for him that shall make his poor heart bound again—Ere upon old age—How childish it makes me! I have a tale of joy for you, and my tears drown it.

Char. Shed 'em in showers then, and make haste to tell it.

Mrs. Bev. What is it, *Jarvis*?

Jar. Yet why shou'd I rejoice when a good man dies? Your uncle, madam, dy'd yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. My uncle!—O Heavens!

Char. How heard you of his death?

Jar. His steward came express, madam—I met him in the street, enquiring for your lodgings—I should not rejoice perhaps—but he was old, and my poor master a prisoner—Now he shall live again—O 'tis a brave fortune! and 'twas death to me to see him a prisoner.

Char. Where left you the steward?

Jar. I wou'd not bring him hither, to be a witness of your distresses; and besides, I wanted once before I die, to be the messenger of joy t'you. My good master will be a man again.

Mrs. Bev. Haste, haste then; and let us fly to him!—We are delaying our own happiness.

Jar. I had forgot a coach, madam, and *Lucy* has order'd one.

Mrs. Bev. Where was the need of that? the news has given me wings.

Char. I have no joy, 'till my poor brother shares it with me. How did he pass the night, *Jarvis*?

Jar. Why now, madam, I can tell you. Like a
man

man dreaming of death and horrors. When they led him to his cell—for 'twas a poor apartment for my master—he flung himself upon a wretched bed, and lay speechless 'till day-break. A sigh now and then, and a few tears that follow'd those sighs, were all that told me he was alive. I spoke to him, but he wou'd not hear me; and when I persisted, he rais'd his hand at me, and knit his brow so—I thought he wou'd have struck me.

Mrs. Bev. O miserable! But what said he, *Jarvis*? or was he silent all night?

Jar. At day-break he started from the bed, and looking wildly at me, ask'd who I was. I told him, and bid him be of comfort—Begone, old wretch, says he—I have sworn never to know comfort—My wife! my child! my sister! I have undone 'em all, and will know no comfort—Then falling upon his knees, he imprecated curses upon himself.

Mrs. Bev. This is too horrible!—But you did not leave him so?

Char. No, I am sure he did not.

Jar. I had not the heart, madam. By degrees I brought him to himself. A shower of tears came to his relief; and then he call'd me the kindest friend, and begg'd forgiveness of me like a child—I was a child too, when he begg'd forgiveness of me. My heart throbb'd so, I cou'd not speak to him. He turned from me for a minute or two, and suppressing a few bitter sighs, enquir'd after his wretched family—'Wretched was his word, madam—Ask'd how you bore the misery of last night—If you had goodness enough to see him in prison. And then begg'd me to hasten to you. I told him he must be more himself first—He promised me he wou'd; and bating a few sudden intervals, he became compos'd and easy—And then I left him; but not without an attendant—a servant in the prison, whom I hir'd to wait upon him—'Tis an hour since we parted—I was prevented in my haste to be the messenger of joy t'you.'

Mrs. Bev. What a tale is this?—But we have staid too long—A coach is needless.

‘Char. Hark! I hear one at the door.’

Jar. ‘And Lucy comes to tell us.’—We’ll away this moment.

Mrs. Bev. To comfort him or die with him. [*Exeunt.*]

‘SCENE changes to Stukely’s Lodgings.

‘Enter Stukely, Bates and Dawson.

‘Stu. Here’s presumptive evidence at least—or if we want more, why we must swear more. But all unwillingly—We gain credit by reluctance—I have told you how to proceed: *Beverley* must die—We hunt him in view now, and must not slacken in the chace. ’Tis either death for him, or shame and punishment for us. Think of that, and remember your instructions—You, *Bates*, must to the prison immediately. I wou’d be there but a few minutes before you. And you, *Dawson*, must follow in a few minutes after. So here we divide—But answer me: you are resolved upon this business like men?

‘*Bates*. Like villains rather—But you may depend upon us.

‘*Stu*. Like what we are then—You make no answer, *Dawson*—Compassion, I suppose, has seiz’d you.

‘*Daw*. No; I have disclaim’d it—My answer is *Bates*’s—You may depend upon me.

‘*Stu*. Consider the reward! riches and security! I have sworn to divide with you to the last shilling—So here we separate ’till we meet in prison—Remember your instructions and be men. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Prison.

Beverley is discover’d sitting. After a short pause, he starts up, and comes forward.

Bev. Why, there’s an end then. I have judg’d deliberately, and the result is death. How the self-murderer’s

derer's account may stand, I know not. But this I know——The load of hateful life oppresses me too much——The horrors of my soul are more than I can bear——[*offers to kneel*] Father of mercy!——I cannot pray——Despair has laid his iron hand upon me, and seal'd me for perdition——Conscience! conscience! thy clamours are too loud——Here's that shall silence thee. [*Takes a vial out of his pocket, and looks at it.*] Thou art most friendly to the miserable. Come then, thou cordial for sick minds——Come to my heart. [*Drinks*] O, that the grave would bury memory as well as body! for if the soul sees and feels the sufferings of those dear ones it leaves behind, the everlasting has no vengeance to torment it deeper——I'll think no more on't——Reflection comes too late——Once there was a time for't——but now 'tis past.——Who's there?

Enter Jarvis.

Jar. One that hop'd to see you with better looks——Why d'you turn so from me? I have brought comfort with me. And see who comes to give it welcome.

Bev. My wife and sister! why, 'tis but one pang more then, and farewell world. [*Aside.*

Enter Mrs. Beverly and Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. Where is he? [*Runs and embraces him*] O I have him! I have him! and now they shall never part us more—I have news, love, to make you happy for ever——' But don't look coldly on me.

' *Char.* How is it, brother?

' *Mrs. Bev.* Alas! he hears us not——Speak to me, love. I have no heart to see you thus.

Bev. ' Nor I to bear the sense of so much shame'——This is a sad place.

Mrs. Bev. We came to take you from it. To tell you the world goes well again. That Providence has seen our sorrows, and sent the means to help 'em——Your uncle dy'd yesterday.

Bev. My uncle!—No, do not say so—O! I am sick at heart!

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. Indeed!——I meant to bring you comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives then——If you would bring me comfort, tell me he lives.

Mrs. Bev. And if I did——I have no power to raise the dead——He died yesterday.

Bev. And I am heir to him?

Jar. To his whole estate, sir——But bear it patiently——pray bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well—[Pausing] Why fame says I am rich then?

Mrs. Bev. And truly so——Why do you look so wildly?

Bev. Do I? The news was unexpected. But has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, sir——He could not leave it from you.

Bev. I am sorry for it.

Char. Sorry! why sorry?

Bev. Your uncle's dead, Charlotte.

Char. Peace be with his soul then——Is it so terrible that an old man should die?

Bev. He shou'd have been immortal.

Mrs. Bev. 'Heaven knows I wish'd not for his death.

'Twas the will of Providence that he shou'd die'——Why are you disturb'd so?

Bev. Has death no terrors in it?

Mrs. Bev. Not an old man's death. Yet if it troubles you, I wish him living.

Bev. And I, with all my heart.

Char. Why, what's the matter?

Bev. Nothing——How heard you of his death?

Mrs. Bev. His steward came express. Wou'd I had never known it!

Bev. Or had heard it one day sooner?——For I have a tale to tell, shall turn you into stone; or if the power of speech remain, you shall kneel down and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Alas! what tale is this? And why are we to curse you—I'll bless you for ever.

Bev.

Bev. No; I have deserv'd no blessings. The world holds not such another wretch. All this large fortune, this second bounty of Heaven, that might have heal'd our sorrows, and satisfy'd our utmost hopes, in a curs'd hour I sold last night.

Char. Sold! how sold!

Mrs. Bev. Impossible!—It cannot be!

Bev. That devil *Stukely*, with all hell to aid him, tempted me to the deed. To pay false debts of honour, and to redeem past errors, I sold the reversion—Sold it for a scanty sum, and lost it among villains.

Char. Why, farewell all then

Bev. Liberty and life——Come kneel and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Then hear me, Heaven! [*Kneels*] Look down with mercy on his sorrows! give softness to his looks, and quiet to his heart! take from his memory the sense of what is past, and cure him of despair! On me! on me! if misery must be the lot of either, multiply misfortunes! I'll bear 'em patiently, so he is happy! these hands shall toil for his support! these eyes be lifted up for hourly blessings on him! and every duty of a fond and faithful wife be doubly done to cheer and comfort him!——So hear me! so reward me!

[*Rises.*]

Bev. I would kneel too, but that offended Heaven wou'd turn my prayers into curses. 'What have I to ask for! is it for length of days that I should kneel? no; my time is limited. Or is it for this world's blessings upon you and yours? to pour out my heart in wishes for a ruin'd wife, a child and sister? O! no!' for I have done a deed to make life horrible to you——

'*Mrs. Bev.* Why horrible? is poverty so horrible?
'—The real wants of life are few. A little industry will supply 'em all—And cheerfulness will follow—
'It is the privilege of honest industry, and we'll enjoy it fully.

'*Bev.* Never, never—O, I have told you but in part.' The irrevocable deed is done.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. What deed?—And why do you look so at me?

Bev. A deed that dooms my soul to vengeance—That seals your misery here, and mine hereafter.

Mrs. Bev. No, no; you have a heart too good for't—Alas! he raves, Charlotte—His looks too terrify me—Speak comfort to him—He can have done no deed of wickedness.

Char. And yet I fear the worst—What is it, brother?

Bev. A deed of horror.

Jar. Ask him no questions, madam—This last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

Enter Stukely.

Bev. Why is this villain here?

Stu. To give you liberty and safety. There, madam's, his discharge. [*Giving a paper to Mrs. Beverley*] Let him fly this moment. The arrest last night was meant in friendship; but came too late.

Char. What mean you, sir?

Stu. The arrest was too late, I say; I wou'd have kept his hands from blood, but was too late.

Mrs. Bev. His hands from blood!—Whose blood?—O wretch! wretch!

Stu. From Lewson's blood.

Char. No, villain! yet what of Lewson? speak quickly.

Stu. You are ignorant then! I thought I heard the murderer at confession.

Char. What murderer?—And who is murder'd? not Lewson?—say he lives, and I'll kneel and worship you.

Stu. In pity, so I wou'd; but that the tongues of all cry murder. I came in pity, not in malice; to save the brother, not kill the sister. Your Lewson's dead.

Char. O horrible!—Why who has killed him? and yet it cannot be. What crime had he committed that he should die? villain! he lives! he lives! and shall revenge these pangs.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. Patience, sweet *Charlotte*.

Char. O, 'tis too much for patience!

Mrs. Bev. He comes in pity, he says! O! execrable villain! the friend is kill'd then, and this the murderer?

Bev. Silence, I charge you——Proceed, sir.

Stu. No. Justice may stop the tale—and here's an evidence.

Enter Bates.

Bates. The news, I see, has reach'd you. But take comfort, madam. [*To Char.*] There's one without enquiring for you—Go to him, and lose no time.

Char. O misery! misery! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bev. Follow her, *Jarvis*. If it be true that *Lewson's* dead, her grief may kill her.

Bates. *Jarvis* must stay here, madam. I have some questions for him.

Stu. Rather let him fly. His evidence may crush his master.

Bev. Why ay; this looks like management.

Bates. He found you quarrelling with *Lewson* in the street last night. [*To Bev.*

Mrs. Bev. No; I am sure he did not.

Jar. Or if I did——

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis false, old man——They had no quarrel; there was no cause for quarrel.

Bev. Let him proceed, I say—O! I am sick! sick! —Reach a chair. [*He sits down.*

Mrs. Bev. You droop, and tremble, love—Your eyes are fixt too—Yet you are innocent. If *Lewson's* dead, you kill'd him not.

Enter Dawson.

Stu. Who sent for *Dawson*?

Bates. 'Twas I——We have a witness too, you little think of——Without there!

Stu. What witness?

Bates. A right one. Look at him.

Enter Lewson and Charlotte.

Stu. *Lewson*! O villains! villains!

[*To Bates and Dawson.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. Risen from the dead ! why, this is unexpected happiness !

Char. Or is't his ghost ? [To Stukely] that fight wou'd please you, sir.

Jar. What riddle's this ?

Bev. Be quick and tell it—My minutes are but few.

Mrs. Bev. Alas ! why so ? you shall live long and happily.

Lew. While shame and punishment shall rack that viper [Pointing to Stukely] the tale is short—I was too busy in his secrets, and therefore doom'd to die. Bates, to prevent the murder, undertook it—I kept aloof to give it credit.—

Char. And give me pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt 'em all, and would have told you—But vengeance wanted ripening. The villain's scheme was but half executed. The arrest by Dawson follow'd the suppos'd murder—And now, depending on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverley.

Mrs. Bev. O ! execrable wretch !

Bates. Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

Lew. And of a thousand frauds. His fortune ruin'd by sharpers and false dice ; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopt on this side murder, we had been villains still.

Mrs. Bev. Thus Heaven turns evil into good ; and by permitting sin, warns men to virtue.

Lew. Yet punishes the instrument. So shall our laws ; tho' not with death. But death were mercy. Shame, beggary, and imprisonment, unpity'd misery, the stings of conscience, and the curses of mankind, shall make life hateful to him——till at last, his own hand end him.——How does my friend ? [To Bev.]

Bev. Why, well. Who's he that asks me ?

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis Lewson, love—Why do you look so at him ?

Bev. They told me he was murder'd.

[Wildly.]

Mrs. Bev. Ay ; but he lives to save us.

Bev.

Bev. Lend me your hand—The room turns round.

Mrs. Bev. O Heaven!

Lew. This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight—And for your lives see that you guard him. [*Stukely is taken off by Dawson and Bates.*] How is it, sir?

Bev. 'Tis here—and here [*Pointing to his head and heart.*] And now it tears me!

Mrs. Bev. You feel convuls'd too—What is't disturbs you?

Lew. This sudden turn of joy perhaps—He wants rest to—Last night was dreadful to him. His brain is giddy.

Char. Ay, never to be cur'd—Why, brother!—O! I fear! I fear!

Mrs. Bev. Preserve him, Heaven!—My love! my life! look at me!—How his eyes flame!

Bev. A furnace rages in this heart—I have been too hasty.

Mrs. Bev. Indeed!—O me! O me!—Help, *Jarvis!* fly, fly for help! your master dies else.—Weep not, but fly! [*Ex. Jar.*] What is this hasty deed?—Yet do not answer me—My fears have guess'd.

Bev. Call back the messenger—'Tis not in medicine's power to help me.

Mrs. Bev. Is it then so?

Bev. Down, restless flames!—[*Laying his hand on his heart*] down to your native Hell—There you shall rack me—O! for a pause from pain!

Mrs. Bev. Help, *Charlotte!* support him, sir! [*To Lewson.*] This is a killing fight!

Bev. That pang was well—It has numb'd my senses,—Where's my wife?—Can you forgive me, love?

Mrs. Bev. Alas! for what

Bev. [*Starting again.*] And there's another pang—Now all is quiet—Will you forgive me?

Mrs. Bev. I will—Tell me for what?

Bev. For meanly dying.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. No——do not say it.

Bev. As truly as my soul must answer it——Had *Jarvis* staid this morning, all had been well. But press'd by shame——pent in a prison——tormented with my pangs for you——driven to despair and madness——I took the advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and——swallowed poison.

Mrs. Bev. O! fatal deed!

Char. Dreadful and cruel!

Bev. Ay, most accurs'd——And now I go to my account. 'This rest from pain brings death; yet 'tis 'Heaven's kindness to me. I wish'd for ease, a moment's ease, that cool repentance and contrition 'might soften vengeance'——Bend me, and let me kneel. [*They lift him from his chair, and support him on his knees.*] I'll pray for you too. Thou Power that madest me, hear me! if for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of death, thy justice dooms me, here I acquit the sentence. But if, enthron'd in mercy where thou sit'st, thy pity has beheld me, send me a gleam of hope; that in these last and bitter moments my soul may taste of comfort! and for these mourners here, O! let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths happy!——And now I die.

Mrs. Bev. Restore him, Heaven! stretch forth thy arm omnipotent, and snatch him from the grave!——O save him! save him! or let me die too.

Bev. Alas! that prayer is fruitless. Already 'death has seiz'd me——Yet Heaven is gracious—I 'ask'd for hope, as the bright presage of forgiveness, 'and like a light, blazing thro' darkness, it came and 'cheer'd me——'Twas all I liv'd for, and now I 'die.

Mrs. Bev. Not yet!——Not yet!——Stay 'but a little and I'll die too.'

Bev. No; live, I charge you.——We have a little one. Tho' I have left him, you will not leave him.——To *Leeson's* kindness I bequeath him——Is not this

this *Charlotte*? We have liv'd in love, tho' I have wrong'd you—Can you forgive me, *Charlotte*?

Char. Forgive you!—O my poor brother!

Bew. 'Lend me your hand, love. So—raise me—
'No—'twill not be—My life is finish'd'—O! for a few short moments! to tell you how my heart bleeds for you—That even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of hereafter, my bosom pang is for your miseries. Support her Heaven!—And now I go—O, mercy! mercy! [*Dies.*]

Lew. Then all is over—How is it, madam?
—My poor *Charlotte*, too!

'Enter Jarvis.

'*Jar.* How does my master, madam? here's help at hand——Am I too late then?

[*'Seeing Beverley.'*]

Char. 'Tears! tears! why fall you not?——
'O wretched sister!——Speak to her, *Lewson*——
Her grief is speechless.

Lew. 'Remove her from this sight——Go to her
'*Jarvis*——Lead and support her.' Sorrow like her's forbids complaint—Words are for lighter griefs—Some ministring angel bring her peace! [*'Jar. and Char. lead her off.'*] And thou, poor breathless corpse, may thy departed soul have found the rest it pray'd for! save but one error, and this last fatal deed, thy life was lovely. Let frailer minds take warning; and from example learn, that want of prudence is want of virtue.

*Follies, if uncontroul'd, of every kind,
Grow into passions, and subdue the mind;
With sense and reason bold superior strife,
And conquer honour, nature, fame, and life.*

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by a F R I E N D.

O N ev'ry Gamester in th' Arabian nation,
 'Tis said that Mahomet denounc'd damnation :
 But in return for wicked cards and dice,
 He gave them black-ey'd girls in paradise.
 Should he thus preach, good countrymen, to you,
 His converts would, I fear, be mighty few.
 So much your hearts are set on sordid gain,
 The brightest eyes around you shine in vain.
 Shou'd the most heav'nly beauty bid you take her,
 You'd rather hold—two aces and a maker,
 By your example, our poor sex drawn in,
 Is guilty of the same unmat'ral sin ;
 The study now of ev'ry girl of parts,
 Is how to win your money, not your hearts.
 O ! in what sweet, what ravishing delights
 Our beaux and belles together pass their nights ?
 By ardent perturbations kept awake,
 Each views with longing eyes the other's—stake.
 The smiles and graces are from Britain flown,
 Our Cupid is an errant sharper grown,
 And fortune sits on Cytherea's Throne. }
 In all these things, tho' women may be blam'd,
 Sure men, the wiser men, should be asham'd !
 And 'tis a horrid scandal, I declare,
 That four strange queens should rival all the fair ;
 Four jilts with neither beauty, wit, nor parts,
 O shame ! have got possession of their hearts :
 And those bold sluts, for all their queenly pride,
 Have play'd loose tricks, or else they're much bely'd.
 Cards were at first for benefits design'd,
 Sent to amuse, and not enslave the mind.
 From good to bad how easy the transition !
 For what was pleasure once, is now perdition.
 Fair ladies then these wicked Gamesters shun,
 Whoe'er weds one, is, you see undone.

F I N I S.





J. Roberts del.

Published for Little's Theatre, June 1. 1777.

B. Reading sculp.

*M^{rs} HARILEY in the Character of ALMEYDA
 Now if thou dar'st behold, Almeydas face*

BELL'S EDITION.

DON SEBASTIAN,
KING OF PORTUGAL.

A TRAGEDY,
As written by DRYDEN:

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in *Durp-Lane.*

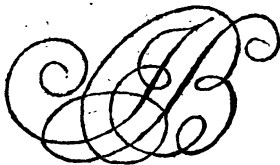
Regulated from the Prompt-Book.

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS.

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

————— *Nec tarda senectus*
Debilat vires animi, mutatque vigorem.

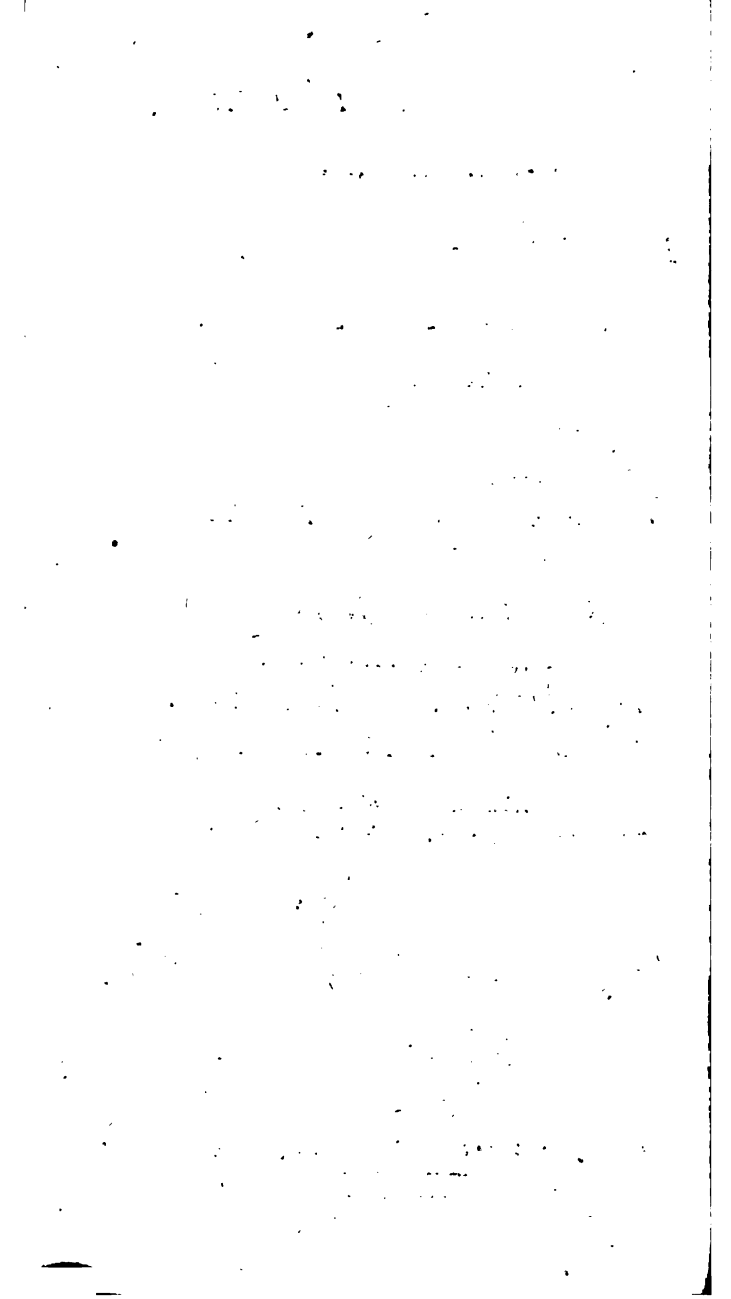
VIRG.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the Strand.

—————
MDCCLXXVII.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P,

Earl of Leicester; &c.

FAR be it from me (my most noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my meanness can produce, should be worthy to be offered to your patronage; or that ought which I can say of you should recommend you farther, to the esteem of good men in this present age, or to the veneration which will certainly be paid you by posterity. On the other side, I must acknowledge it a great presumption in me, to make you this address; and so much the greater, because by the common suffrage even of contrary parties, you have been always regarded as one of the first persons of the age, and yet no one writer has dared to tell you so: whether we have been all conscious to ourselves that it was a needless labour to give this notice to mankind, as all men are ashamed to tell stale news; or that we were justly diffident of our own performances, as even Cicero is observed to be in awe when he writes to Atticus; where knowing himself overmatched in good sense, and truth of knowledge, he drops the gaudy train of words, and is no longer the vain-glorious orator. From whatever reason it may be, I am the first bold offender of this kind: I have broken down the fence, and ventured into the holy grove: how I may be punished for my profane attempt, I know not; but I wish it may not be of ill omen to your Lordship; and that a croud of bad writers do not rush into the quiet of your recesses after me. Every man in all changes of government, which have been, or may possibly arrive, will agree, that I could not have offered my incense, where it could be so well deserved. For you, my Lord, are secure in your own merit; and all parties, as they rise uppermost, are sure to court you in their turns; 'tis a tribute which has ever been paid your virtue: the leading men still bring their bullion to your mint, to receive the stamp of their intrinsic value, that they may afterwards hope to pass with human kind. They rise and fall in the variety of revolutions; and are sometimes great, and therefore wise in men's opinions, who must court them for their interest: but the reputation of their parts most commonly follows their success; few of them are wise, but as they are in power: because indeed, they have no sphere of their own, but like the moon in the Copernican system of the world, are whirled about by the motion of a greater planet. This it is to be ever busy; neither to give rest to their fellow-creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themselves: tho' truly, the latter is a kind of justice, and giving mankind a due revenge, that they will

not permit their own hearts to be at quiet, who disturb the repose of all beside them. Ambitious meteors ! how willing they are to set themselves upon the wing ; taking every occasion of drawing upward to the sun : not considering that they have no more time allowed them for their mounting, than the short revolution of a day ; and that when the light goes from them, they are of necessity to fall. How much happier is he (and who he is I need not say, for there is but one phoenix in an age) who centering on himself, remains immovable, and smiles at the madness of the dance about him ? He possesses the midst, which is the portion of safety and content : he will not be higher, because he needs it not ; but by the prudence of that choice, he puts it out of Fortune's power to throw him down. 'Tis confess'd, that if he had not so been born, he might have been too high for happiness ; but not endeavouring to ascend, he secures the native height of his station from envy ; and cannot descend from what he is, because he depends not on another. What a glorious character was this once in Rome ! I should say in Athens, when in the disturbances of a state as mad as ours, the wise Pomponius transported all the remaining wisdom and virtue of his country, into the sanctuary of peace and learning. But I would ask the world (for you, my Lord, are too nearly concerned to judge this cause) whether there may not yet be found a character of a noble Englishman equally shining with that illustrious Roman ? Whether I need to name a second Atticus ; or whether the world has not already prevented me, and fixed it there without my naming ? Not a second with a *longo sed proximo intervallo*, not a young Marcellus, flattered by a poet into the resemblance of the first, with a *frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu*, and the rest that follows, *si qua fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris* : but a person of the same stamp and magnitude ; who owes nothing to the former, besides the word Roman, and the superstition of reverence, revolving on him by the precedency of eighteen hundred years : one who walks by him with equal paces, and shaves the eyes of beholders with him : one who had been first, had he first lived ; and in spite of doating veneration is still his equal. Both of them born of noble families, in unhappy ages of change and tumult : both of them retiring from affairs of state ; yet not leaving the commonwealth, till it had left itself : but never returning to public business when they had once quitted it, tho' courted by the heads of either party. But who would trust the quiet of their lives with the extravagancies of their countrymen, when they were just in the giddiness of their turning ; when the ground was tottering under them at every moment ; and none could guess whether the next heave of the earthquake would settle them on the first foundation, or swallow it ? Both of them knew mankind exactly well ; for both of them began that study in themselves ; and there they found the best part of human composition, the worst they learned by long experience of the folly, ignorance, and immorality of most beside them ; their philosophy on both sides, was not wholly speculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain ideas of things which cannot possibly be known, or if they could, yet would only terminate in the

understanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical philosophy, which exerted itself in all the offices of pity, to those who were unfortunate, and deserved not so to be. The friend was always more considered by them than the cause: and an Octavius, or an Antony in distress, were relieved by them, as well as a Brutus or a Cassius. For the lowermost party, to a noble mind, is ever the fittest object of good-will. The eldest of them, I will suppose for his honour, to have been of the academic sect, neither dogmatist nor stoic; if he were not, I am sure he ought in common justice, to yield the precedency to his younger brother. For stiffness of opinion is the effect of pride, and not of philosophy: 'tis a miserable presumption of that knowledge which human nature is too narrow to contain. And the ruggedness of a stoic is only a silly affectation of being a god: to wind himself up by pulleys to an insensibility of suffering; and at the same time to give the lie to his own experience, by saying he suffers not, what he knows he feels. True philosophy is certainly of a more pliant nature, and more accommodated to human use: *Homo sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto*. A wise man will never attempt an impossibility; and such it is to strain himself beyond the nature of his being: either to become a deity, by being above suffering, or to debase himself into a stock or stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in ourselves the weaknesses and imperfections of our wretched kind, is surely the most reasonable step we can make towards the compassion of our fellow-creatures. I could give examples of this kind in the second Atticus. In every turn of state, without meddling on either side, he has always been favourable and assisting to oppressed merit. The praises which were given by a great poet to the late Queen mother on her rebuilding Somerset palace, one part of which was fronting to the mean houses on the other side of the water, are as justly his:

*For, the distress'd, and the afflicted lie
Most in his thoughts, and always in his eye.*

Neither has he so far forgot a poor inhabitant of his suburbs, whose best prospect is on the garden of Leicester House; but that more than once he has been offering him his patronage, to reconcile him to a world, of which his misfortunes have made him weary. There is another Sidney still remaining, though there can never be another Spenser to deserve the favour. But one Sidney gave his patronage to the applications of a poet; the other offered it unasked. Thus, whether as a second Atticus, or a second Sir Philip Sidney, the latter in all respects will not have the worse of the comparison; and if he will take up with the second place, the world will not so far flatter his modesty, as to seat him there, unless it be out of a deference of manners, that he may place himself where he pleases at his own table.

I may therefore safely conclude, that he, who by the consent of all men, bears so eminent a character, will out of his inborn nobleness forgive the presumption of this address. 'Tis an unfinished picture, I confess, but the lines and features are so like, that it cannot be mistaken for any other; and without writing any name under it, every beholder must cry out, at the first sight, This was designed for

Atticus; but the bad artist has cast too much of him into shades. But I have this excuse, that even the greatest masters commonly fail short of the best faces. They may flatter an indifferent beauty; but the excellencies of nature can have no right done to them: For there both the pencil and the pen are overcome by the dignity of the subject; as our admirable Waller has expressed it,

The hero's race transcends the poet's thought.

There are few in any age who can bear the load of a dedication; for where praise is undeserved, it is satire: though satire on folly is now no longer a scandal to any one person, where a whole age is dypt together; yet I had rather undertake a multitude one way, than a single Atticus the other; for 'tis easier to descend than 'tis to climb. I should have gone ashamed out of the world, if I had not at least attempted this address, which I have long thought owing: and if I had never attempted, I might have been vain enough to think I might have succeeded in it. Now I have made the experiment, and have failed, through my unworthiness, I may rest satisfied, that either the adventure is not to be achieved, or that it is reserved for some other hand.

Be pleased, therefore, since the family of Attici is and ought to be above the common forms of concluding letters, that I may take my leave in the words of Cicero to the first of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valde pœnitet vivere: tantum te oro, ut quoniam me ipse semper amasti, ut eodem amore sis; ego nimirum idem sum. Inimici mei mea mihi, non me ipsum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

Dabam Cal.

Jan. 1690.

P R E F A C E.

WHETHER it happened thro' a long difuse of writing, that I forgot the usual compass of a play; or that by crowding it with characters and incidents, I put a necessity upon myself of lengthening the main action, I know not: but the first day's audience sufficiently convinced me of my error; and that the poem was insupportably too long. 'Tis an illambition of poets, to please an audience with more than they can bear: and, supposing that we wrote as well as vainly we imagine ourselves to write, yet we ought to consider, that no man can bear to be long tickled. There is a nauseousness in a city-feast, when we are to sit four hours after we are cloyed. I am therefore in the first place to acknowledge, with all manner of gratitude, their civility, who were pleased to endure it with so much patience, to be weary with so much good-nature and silence, and not to explode an entertainment, which was designed to please them; or discourage an author, whose misfortunes have once more brought him, against his will, upon the stage. While I continue in these bad circumstances (and truly I see very little probability of coming out) I must be obliged to write; and if I may still hope for the same kind usage, I shall the less repent of that hard necessity. I write not this out of any expectation to be pitied; for I have enemies enough to wish me yet in a worse condition: but give me leave to say, that if I can please by writing, as I shall endeavour it, the town may be somewhat obliged to my misfortunes, for a part of their diversion. Having been longer acquainted with the stage, than any poet now living, and having observed how difficult it was to please; that the humours of comedy were almost spent, that love and honour (the mistaken topicks of tragedy) were quite worn out, that the theatres could not support their charges, that the audience forsook them, that young men without learning set up for judges, and that they talked loudest who understood the least: all these discouragements had not only weaned me from the stage, but had also given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the difficulties continue; they increase, and I am still condemned to dig in those exhausted mines. Whatever fault I next commit, rest assured it shall not be that of too much length. Above twelve hundred lines have been cut off from this tragedy since it was first delivered to the actors. They were indeed so judiciously lopped by Mr. Betterton, to whose care and excellent action I am equally obliged, that the connexion of the story was not lost; but on the other side, it was impossible to prevent some part of the action from being precipitated and coming on without that due preparation, which is required to all great events; as in particular, that of raising the mobile in the beginning of the fourth act; which a man of Benduear's cool character, could not naturally attempt, without taking all those precautions, which he foresaw would

would be necessary to render his design successful. On this consideration I have replaced those lines through the whole poem ; and thereby restored it to that clearness of conception, and (if I may dare to say) that lustre and masculine vigour in which it was first written. 'Tis obvious to every understanding reader, that the most poetical parts, which are description, images, similitudes, and moral sentences, are those which of necessity were to be pared away, when the body was swollen into too large a bulk for the representation of the stage. But there is a vast difference betwixt a public entertainment on the theatre, and a private reading in the closet : in the first we are confined to time, and though we talk not by the hour-glass, yet the watch often drawn out of the pocket warns the actors that their audience is weary : in the last every reader is judge of his own convenience ; he can take up the book and lay it down at his pleasure ; and find out those beauties of propriety in thought and writing, which escaped him in the tumult and hurry of representing. And I dare boldly promise for this play, that in the roughness of the numbers and cadences (which I assure was not casual, but so designed) you will see somewhat more masterly arising to your view, than in most, if not any of my former tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the figures, and more suitable to the loftiness of the subject ; and besides this, some newnesses of English, translated from the beauties of modern tongues, as well as from the elegancies of the Latin ; and here and there some old words are sprinkled, which for their significance and sound deserved not to be antiquated, such as we often find in Sallust amongst the Roman authors, and in Milton's Paradise amongst ours ; tho' perhaps the latter, instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his sense.

As for the story or plot of the tragedy, 'tis purely fiction ; for I take it up where the history has laid it down. We are assured by all writers of those times, that Sebastian, a young prince of great courage and expectation, undertook that war partly upon a religious account, partly at the solicitation of Muley-Mahomet, who had been driven out of his dominions by Abdelmelech, or as others call him, Muley-Moluch, his nigh kinsman, who descended from the same family of the Xeriffs, whose fathers, Hamet and Mahomet had conquered that empire with joint forces, and shared it betwixt them after their victory : that the body of Don Sebastian was never found in the field of battle ; which gave occasion for many to believe, that he was not slain : that some years after, when the Spaniards, with a pretended title, by force of arms, had usurped the crown of Portugal from the house of Braganza, a certain person, who called himself Don Sebastian, and had all the marks of his body and features of his face, appeared at Venice, where he was owned by some of his countrymen ; but being seized by the Spaniards, was first imprisoned, then sent to the galleys, and at last put to death in private. 'Tis most certain, that the Portuguese expected his return for almost an age together after that battle ; which is at least a proof of their extream love to his memory : and the usage which they had from their new conquerors, might possibly make

make them so extravagant in their hopes and wishes for their end
master.

This ground-work the history afforded me, and I desire no better
to build a play upon it; for where the event of a great action is left
doubtful, there the poet is left master: he may raise what he pleases
on that foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to
the rule of probability. From hence I was only obliged that Sebastian
should return to Portugal no more; but at the same time I had him
at my own disposal, whether to bestow him in Africk, or in any
other corner of the world, or to have closed the tragedy with his
death; and the last of these was certainly the most easy, but for the
same reason, the least artful; because, as I have somewhere said, the
poison and the dagger are still at hand to butcher a hero, when a poet
wants the brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary, ac-
cording to the laws of the *Drama*, that Sebastian should no more be
seen upon the throne, I leave it for the world to judge, whether or
no I have disposed of him according to art, or have bungled up the
conclusion of his adventure. In the drawing of his character I for-
got not pity, which any one may observe to be one principal ingre-
dient of it; even so far as to be a habit in him; though I shew him
once to be transported from it by the violence of a sudden passion, to
endeavour a self-murder. This being pre-supposed, that he was re-
ligious, the horror of his incest, though innocently committed, was
the best reason which the stage could give for hindering his return.
'Tis true, I have no right to blast his memory with such a crime: but
declaring it to be fiction, I desire my audience to think it no longer
true, than while they are seeing it represented: for that once ended,
he may be a saint for ought I know; and we have reason to presume
he is. On this supposition, it was unreasonable to have killed him:
for the learned Mr. Rymer has well observed, that in all punish-
ments we are to regulate ourselves by poetical justice; and according
to those measures an involuntary sin deserves not death: from
whence it follows, that to divorce himself from the beloved object,
to retire into a desert, and deprive himself of a throne, was the ut-
most punishment which a poet could inflict, as it was also the utmost
reparation which Sebastian could make. For what relates to Almey-
da, her part is wholly fictitious: I know it is the surname of a noble
family in Portugal, which was very instrumental in the restoration of
Don John de Braganza, father to the most illustrious and most pious
prince our Queen Dowager. The French author of a novel called
Don Sebastian, has given that name to an African lady of his own
invention, and makes her sister to Muley-Mahomet. But I have
wholly changed the accidents, and borrowed nothing but the suppo-
sition, that she was beloved by the King of Portugal. Though if I
had taken the whole story, and wrought it up into a play, I might
have done it exactly according to the practice of almost all the an-
cients; who were never accused of being plagiarists, for building their
tragedies on known fables. Thus Augustus Cæsar wrote an *Ajax*,
which was not the less his own, because Euripides had written a play
before him on that subject. Thus of late years Corneille writ an
Oedipus after Sophocles; and I have designed one after him, which
I wrote with Mr. Dec: yet neither the French poet stole from the
Greek,

Greek, nor we from the Frenchman. 'Tis the contrivance, the new turn, and new characters, which alter the property, and make it ours. The *Materia Poetica* is as common to all writers, as the *Materia Medica* to all physicians. Thus in our Chronicles, Daniel's history is still his own, though Matthew Paris, Stow, and Hollingshed writ before him; otherwise we must have been content with their dull relations, if a better pen had not been allowed to come after them, and writ his own account after a new and better manner.

I must further declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three mechanic rules of unity: I knew them, and had them in my eye, but followed them only at a distance: for the genius of the English cannot bear too regular a play, we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of pleasure. My scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my under-plot required them so to be: though the general scene remains of the same cast; and I have taken the time of two days, because the variety of accidents, which are here represented, could not naturally be supposed to arrive in one: But to gain a greater beauty, 'tis lawful for a poet to supersede a less.

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat deviated from the known history, in the death of Muley-Moluch, who, by all relations, died of a fever in the battle, before his army had wholly won the field: but if I have allowed him another day of life, it was because I stood in need of so shining a character of brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the same with that of the present emperor Muley-Ishmael, as some of our English officers, who have been in his court, have credibly informed me.

I have been listening what objections had been made against the conduct of the play, but found them all so trivial, that if I should name them, a true critic would imagine that I played booty, and only raised up phantoms for myself to conquer. Some are pleased to say the writing is dull: but *etatem habet, de se loquatur*. Others, that the double poison is unnatural; let the common received opinion, and Ausonius's famous epigram answer that. Lastly, a more ignorant sort of creatures than either of the former, maintain that the character of Dorax is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with itself; let them read the play and think again; and if yet they are not satisfied, cast their eyes on that chapter of the wise Montaigne, which is intitled, *de l'Inconstance des Actions humaines*. A longer reply is what those cavillers deserve not; but I will give them and their fellows to understand, that the earl of Dorset was pleased to read the tragedy twice over before it was acted; and did me the favour to send me word, that I had written beyond any of my former plays; and that he was displeased any thing should be cut away. If I have not reason to prefer his single judgment to a whole faction, let the world be judge; for the opposition is the same with that of Lucan's hero against an army; *convincere bellum, atque virum*. I think I may modestly conclude, that whatever errors there may be, either in the design, or writing of this play, they are not those which have been objected to it. I think also, that I am not yet arrived to the age of dotage, and that I have given so much application to this poem, that I could not probably let it run into many gross absurdities, which may caution my enemies from too rash a censure; and

may also encourage my friends, who are many more than I could reasonably have expected, to believe their kindness has not been very undeservedly bestowed on me. This is not a play that was huddled up in haste: and to shew it was not, I will own, that besides the general moral of it, which is given in the four last lines, there is also another moral, couched under under every one of the principal parts and characters; which a judicious critic will observe, though I point not to in this preface. And there may be also some secret beauties in the decorum of parts, and uniformity of design, which my puny judges will not easily find out: let them consider in the last scene of the fourth act, whether I have not preserved the rule of decency, in giving all the advantage to the royal character, and in making Dorax first submit: perhaps too they may have thought, that it was thro' indigence of characters, I have given the same to Sebastian and Almeyda; and consequently made them alike in all things but their sex. But let them look a little deeper into the matter, and they will find that this identity of character in the greatness of their souls, was intended for a preparation of the final discovery, and that the likeness of their nature, was a fair hint to the proximity of their blood.

To avoid the imputation of too much vanity (for all writers, and especially poets, will have some) I will give but one other instance, in relation to the uniformity of the design. I have observed, that the English will not bear a thorough tragedy; but are pleased, that it should be lightened with under-parts of mirth. It had been easy for me to have given my audience a better course of comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of Antonio and Morayma. But I dare appeal even to my enemies, if I, or any man, could have invented one which had been more of a piece, and more depending on the serious part of the design. For what could be more uniform, than to draw from out of the members of a captive court, the subject of a comical entertainment? To prepare this episode, you see Dorax giving the character of Antonio, in the beginning of the play, upon his first sight of him at the lottery; and to make the dependance, Antonio is engaged in the fourth act for the deliverance of Almeyda; which is also prepared by his being first made a slave to the captain of the rabble.

I should beg pardon for these instances; but perhaps they may be of use to future poets, in the conduct of their plays: At least if I appear too positive, I am growing old, and thereby in possession of some experience, which men in years will always assume for a right of talking. Certainly if a man can ever have reason to set a value on himself, 'tis when his ungenerous enemies are taking the advantage of the times upon him, to ruin him in his reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the counsel of my old master, Virgil.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

P R O L O G U E.

Sent to the Author by an unknown-Hand, and proposed to be
Spoken by Mrs. Mountford, dressed like an Officer.

BRIGHT beauties who in awful circle sit,
And you grave synd of the dreadful pit,
And you the upper-tire of popgun wir,

Pray ease me of my wonder, if you may:
Is all this crowd horely to see the play,
Or is't the poet's execution-day?

His breath is in your hands I will presume,
But I advise you to defer his doom,
Till you have got a better in his room;

And don't maliciously combine together,
As if in spite and spleen you were come hither;
For he has kept the pen, tho' lost the feather.

And an my honour, ladies, I know,
This play was writ in charity to you:
For such a dearth of wit who ever know?

Sure 'tis a judgment on this sinful nation,
For the abuse of so great dispensation:
And therefore I resolve to change vocation.

For want of potty-coat I've put on buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you, Sirs, is it not well enough?

Of bully-critics I a troop would lead;
But one reply'd, Thank you, there's no such need,
I at Groom-Porter's, Sir, can safer bleed.

Another, who the name of danger boasts,
Vow'd he wou'd go, and fave me forty blows,
But that his horses were in body-clothes.

A third cry'd, Damn my blood, I'd be content
To push my fortune, if the parliament
Wou'd but recall Claret from banishment.

A fourth (and I have done) made this excuse,
I'd draw my sword in Ireland, Sir, to skuse;
Had not their women gouty legs and wore no shoes.

Well, I may march, thought I, and fight, and trudge,
But of these blades the devil a man willudge;
They there would fight, e'en just as here they judge.

Here they will pay for leave to find a fault,
But when their honour calls, they can't be bought;
Honour in danger, blood and wounds is sought.

*Lost Virtue, whither fled, or where's thy dwelling
Who can reveal? at least 'tis past my telling,
Unless thou art embark'd for Iniskilling.*

*On carrion-rits those sparks denounce their rage,
In boot of wisp and Leinster frise engage:
What would you do in such an equipage?*

*The siege of Derry does you gallants threaten:
Not out of errant shame of being beaten,
As fear of wanting meat, or being eaten.*

*Were wit like honour to be won by fighting,
How few just judges would there be of writing.
Then you would leave this villainous back-biting.*

*Your talents lie bow to express your spite,
But where is he knows how to praise aright?
You praise like cowards, but like critics fight.*

*Ladies, be wise, and wean these yearling calves,
Who in your service too are mere faux-braves,
They judge and rise, and fight, and—love by halves.*

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by: a WOMAN.

THE judge remov'd, tho' he's no more my Lord,
May plead at bar, or at the council-board:
So may cast poets write; there's no pretension
To argue loss of wit, from loss of pension.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I see not one, that wears a damning face.
The British nation is too brave, to shew
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.
At least he crows to the wretch imploring;
And lay your paw upon him, without roaring:
Suppose our poet was your foe before;
Yet now, the bus'ness of the field's o'er;
'Tis time to let your civil-wars alone,
When troops are into winter-quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian;
And you well know, a play's of no religion.
Take good advice and please yourselves this day;
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows every health will pass;
That serves to carry round another glass:
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Tho' at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still most Christian in his wine.
Thus far the poet: but his brains grow addle,
And all the rest is purely from my noddle;

B

You're

You've seen young ladies at the senate-door,
 Prefer petitions, and your grace implore :
 However grave the legislators were,
 Their cause went ne'er the worse for being fair.
 Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring ;
 But I could bribe you with as good a thing.
 I heard him make advances of good nature ;
 That he, for once, wou'd stoop his cutting satire :
 Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
 The sacred names of fops, and beaux profane,
 Strike up the bargain quickly ; for I swear,
 As times go now, he offers very fair.
 Be not too hard on him with statutes neither,
 Be kind ; and do not set your teeth together,
 To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their leather.
 Horses by papists are not to be ridden ;
 But sure the Muse's horse was ne'er forbidden.
 For in no rate-book it was ever found
 That Pegasus was valued at five pounds :
 Fine him to daily drudging and inditing :
 And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N A E.

M E N.

Don Sebastian, king of Portugal,	Covent-Garden.
Muley Moluch, emperor of Barbary,	Mr. Smith.
Derax, a noble Portuguese, now a renegade, formerly Don Alonzo de Sylvera, Alcade, or Governor of Alcazar,	Mr. Gardner.
Benducar, chief minister and favourite of the Emperor,	Mr. Bensley.
The Mufti Abdallah,	Mr. Thompson.
Muley Zeydan, brother to the Emperor,	Mr. Quick.
Don Antonio, a young, noble, amorous, Portuguese, now a slave,	Mr. Owenfon.
Don Alvarez, an old counsellor to Don Sebastian, now a slave also,	Mr. Lewis.
Mustapha, captain of the rabble,	Mr. Hull.
Orchan,	Mr. Dunstall.
	Mr. Bates.

W O M E N.

Almeyda, a captive Queen of Barbary,	Mrs. Hartley.
Morayma, daughter to the Mufti,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Jobayma, chief wife to the Mufti,	Mrs. Green.
Two Merchants.	
Rabble.	
A Servant to Benducar.	
A Servant to the Mufti.	

SCENE in the castle of Alcazar.

DON SEBASTIAN.

* * * The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

ACT I.

The SCENE at Alcazar, representing a Market-place under the Castle.

Enter Muley-Zeydan, and Benducar.

MULEY-ZEYDAN.

NOW Africa's long wars are at an end,
And our parch'd earth is drench'd in Christian
My conquering brother will have slaves enow [blood ;
To pay his cruel vows for victory.
What hear you of Sebastian, king of Portugal?

Ben. He fell among a heap of slaughter'd Moors ;
Tho' yet his mangled carcase is not found.
The rival of our threaten'd empire, Mahomet,
Was hot pursu'd ; and in the general rout,
Mistook a swelling current for a ford,
' And in Mucazar's flood was seen to rise :'
Thrice was he seen ; at length, his courser plung'd,
And threw him off ; the waves whirl'd over him,
And, helpless in his heavy arms, he drown'd.

M. Zeyd. Thus then, a doubtful title is extinguish'd ;
Thus Moluch, still the favourite of fate,
Swims in a sanguine torrent to the throne ;
As if our prophet only work'd for him,
The heavens and all the stars his hired servants,
As Muley-Zeydan were not worth their care,
And younger brothers but the druff of nature.

Ben. Be still, and learn the soothing arts of courts ;
Adore his fortune, mix with flattering crowds,
And when they praise him most, be you the loudest :

Your brother is luxurious, close, and cruel,
 Generous by fits, but permanent in mischief.
 The shadow of a discontent would ruin us;
 We must be safe before we can be great;
 These things observ'd, leave me to shape the rest.

M. Zeyd. You have the key; he opens inward to you.

Ben. So often try'd, and ever found so true,
 Has given me trust, and trust has given me means
 Once to be false for all. I trust not him;
 For now his ends are serv'd, and he grown absolute,
 How am I sure to stand, who serv'd those ends?
 I know your nature open, mild and grateful;
 In such a prince the people may be bless'd,
 And I be safe.

M. Zeyd. My father! [Embracing him.]

Ben. My future king, suspicious Muley-Zeydan,
 Shall I adore you? No, the place is public;
 I worship you within, the outward act
 Shall be reserv'd till nations follow me,
 And Heav'n shall envy you the kneeling world.
 You know th' alcade of Alcazar, Dorax?

M. Zeyd. The gallant renegade you mean?

Ben. The same:

That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
 Contains the shining treasure of a soul
 Resolv'd and brave: he has the soldiers' hearts,
 And time shall make him ours.

M. Zeyd. He's just upon us.

Ben. I know him from afar,

By the long stride, and by the sudden port.
 Retire, my Lord:

Wait on your brother's triumph, yours is next;
 His growth is but a wild and fruitless plant;
 I'll cut his barren branches to the stock,
 And graft you on to bear.

M. Zeyd. My oracle! [Exit M. Zeyd.]

Ben. Yes, to delude your hopes, poor credulous fool,
 To think that I would give away the fruit
 Of so much toil, such guilt, and such perdition;
 If I am damn'd, it shall be for myself;
 This easy fool must be my stake, set up
 To catch the people's eyes: he's tame and merciful;

Him

‘ Him I can manage, till I make him odious
‘ By some unpopular act, and then dethrone him.’

Enter Dorax.

Now, Dorax——

Dor. Well, Benducar!

Ben. Bare Benducar!

Dor. Thou wouldst have titles; take them then, chief
First hangman of the state. [minister,

Ben. Some call me favourite.

Dor. ‘ What’s that, his favourite?’

‘ Thou art too old to be a catamite.’

Now, pr’ythee, tell me, and abate thy pride,

Is not Benducar, bare, a better name

In a friend’s mouth, than all those gaudy titles,

Which I disdain to give the man I love.

Ben. But always out of humour——

Dor. I have cause;

Though all mankind is cause enough for satire.

Ben. Why then thou hast reveng’d thee on mankind:

They say, in fight thou hadst a thirsty sword,

And well ’twas glutted there.

Dor. I spitted frogs, I crush’d a heap of emmets,

A hundred of them to a single soul,

And that but scanty weight too. The great devil

Scarce thank’d me for my pains; ‘ he swallows vulgar

‘ Like whipp’d cream, feels them not in going down.’

Ben. Brave renegade! couldst thou not meet Sebastian?

Thy master had been worthy of thy sword.

Dor. My master! By what title?

Because I happen’d to be born where he

Happen’d to be king? And yet I serv’d him;

Nay, I was fool enough to love him too.

You know my story, how I was rewarded

For fifteen hard campaigns, still hoop’d in iron,

And why I turn’d Mahometan. I’m grateful;

But whosoever dares to injure me,

Let that man know, I dare to be reveng’d.

Ben. Still you run off from bias; say, what moves

Your present spleen?

Dor. You mark’d not what I told you;

I kill’d not one that was his Maker’s image;

I met with none but vulgar two-legg’d brutes;

Sebastian was my aim ; he was a man :
 Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
 Yet I must do him right ; ' he was a man,'
 Above man's height, ev'n tow'ring to divinity ;
 Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal ;
 Just, as the scales of heaven that weigh the seasons.
 He lov'd his people ; him they idoliz'd ;
 And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him,
 That thus unblameable to all besides,
 He err'd to me alone.

His goodness was diffus'd to human kind,
 And all his cruelty confin'd to me.

Ben. You could not meet him then ?

Dor. No, though I sought

Where ranks fell thickest ; 'twas, indeed, the place
 To seek Sebastian. Through a track of death
 I follow'd him, by groans of dying foes ;
 But still I came too late ; for he was flown,
 Like lightning, swift before me to new slaughters.
 I mow'd a-crofs, and made irregular harvest,
 Defac'd the pomp of battle ; but in vain ;
 For he was still supplying death elsewhere.
 This made me, that, perhaps, ignoble hands
 Have overlaid him ; for they could not conquer.
 Murder'd by multitudes, whom I alone
 Had right to slay. I too would have been slain,
 That, catching hold upon his sitting ghost,
 I might have robb'd him of his opening heaven,
 And dragg'd him down with me, spite of predestination.

Ben. 'Tis of as much import as Affric's worth,
 To know what came of him, and of Almeyda,
 • The sister of the vanquish'd Mahomet,
 • Whose fatal beauty to her brother drew
 • The land's third part, as Lucifer did Heaven's.

Dor. ' I hope she dy'd in her own female calling,
 • Choak'd up with man, and gorg'd with circumcision.
 As for Sebastian, we must search the field,
 And where we see a mountain of the slain,
 Send one to climb, and looking down below,
 There he shall find him at his manly length,
 With his face up to heaven, in the red monument
 Which his true sword has digg'd.

Ben.

DON SEBASTIAN.

19

Ben. Yet we may possibly hear farther news;
For while our Africans pursu'd the chase,
The captain of the rabble issued out,
With a black, shirtless train, to spoil the dead,
And seize the living.

Dor. Each of them an host,
A million strong of vermin, every villain;
No part of government, but lords of anarchy,
Chaos of power, and privileg'd destruction.

Ben. Yet I must tell you, friend, the great must use
Sometimes as necessary tools of tumult. [them]

Dor. I would use them
Like dogs in time of plague, out-laws of nature,
Fit to be shot and brain'd without a process,
To stop infection; that's their proper death.

Ben. No more.
Behold the emperor coming to survey
The slaves, in order to perform his vow.

*Enter Muley-Moluch the Emperor, with Attendants.
The Musti, and Muley-Zeydan.*

Emp. Our armours now may rust, our idle scymiters
Hang by our sides for ornament, not use;
Children shall beat our atabals and drums,
And all the noisy trades of war no more
Shall wake the peaceful morn. ' The Xeriff's blood
' No longer in divided channels runs,
' The younger house took end in Mahomet;
Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name
Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe.

Must. For this victorious day, our mighty prophet
Expects your gratitude, the sacrifice
Of Christian slaves, devoted, if you won.

Emp. The purple present shall be richly paid;
That vow perform'd, fasting shall be abolish'd;
None ever serv'd Heaven well with a starv'd face:
Preach abstinence no more. I tell thee, Musti,
Good feasting is devout; and thou, our head,
Hast a religious, ruddy countenance.

' We will have learned luxury; our lean faith
' Gives scandal to the Christians: they feed high.
Then

' Then look for shoals of converts, when thou hast
' Reform'd us into feasting.'

Mus. Fasting is but the letter of the law ;
Yet it shews well to preach it to the vulgar.
Wine is against our law, that's literal too ;
But not deny'd to kings, and to their guides.
Wine is a holy liquor for the great,

Dor. [*Aside.*] This Musti, in my conscience, is some
English renegado, he talks so favourily of toping.

Emp. Bring forth th' unhappy relicks of the war.

*Enter Mustapha, Captain of the rabble, with his followers
of the black-guard, &c. and other Moors; with them a
company of Portuguese slaves, without any of the chief
persons.*

These are not fit to pay an emperor's vow ;
Our bulls and rams had been more noble victims ;
These are but garbage, not a sacrifice.

Mus. The prophet must not pick and chuse his offerings ;
Now he has given the day, 'tis past recalling ;
And he must be content with such as these.

Emp. But are these all? Speak you that are their masters.

Must. All, upon mine honour. If you'll take them as
their fathers got them, so ; if not, you must stay till they
get a better generation. These Christians are mere bung-
lers ; they procreate nothing but out of their own wives,
and these have all the looks of eldest sons.

Emp. Pain of your lives, let none conceal a slave.

Must. Let every man look to his own conscience ; I am
sure mine shall never hang me.

Ben. Thou speak'st as if thou wert privy to conceal-
ments. Then thou art an accomplice.

Mus. Nay, if accomplices must suffer, it may go hard
with me. But here's the devil on't, there's a great man
and a holy man too concerned with me. Now, if I con-
fess, he'll be sure to escape between his greatness and his
holiness, and I shall be murdered because of my poverty
and rascality.

Mus. [*Winking at him.*] Then if thy silence save the
great and holy,
'Tis sure thou shalt go straight to Paradise.

Must. 'Tis a fine place, they say ; but, Doctor, I am
not worthy on't : I am contented with this homely world ;
'tis

'tis good enough for such a poor rascally Mussulman as I am. Besides, I have learnt so much good manners, Doctor, as to let my betters be served before me.

Emp. Thou talkest as if the Musti were concerned.

Mus. Your majesty may lay your soul on't. But for my part, though I am a plain fellow, yet I scorn to be tricked into Paradise, I would he should know it. The truth on't is, an't like you, his reverence bought of me the flower of all the market—These—these are but dogs-meat to them: and a round price he paid me too, I'll say that for him; but not enough for me to venture my neck for. 'If I get Paradise when my time comes, I can't help myself; but I'll venture nothing beforehand, 'upon a blind bargain.'

Emp. Where are those slaves? Produce them.

Mus. They are not what he says.

Emp. No more excuses: *[One goes out to fetch them.]* Know, thou may'st better dally With a dead prophet, than a living King.

Mus. I but reserv'd them to present thy greatness, An offering worthy thee.

Mus. By the same token there was a dainty virgin, (virgin, said I? But I won't be too positive of that neither) with a roguish leering eye: he paid me down upon the nail a thousand golden sultanins, or he had never had her, I can tell him that. Now, is it very likely he would pay so dear for such a delicious morsel, and give it away out of his own mouth, when it had such a farewell with it too?

Enter Sebastian, conducted in mean habit, with Alvarez, Antonio, and Almeyda, her face veiled with a banner.

Emp. Ay, these look like the workmanship of Heaven; This is the porcelain clay of human kind, And therefore cast into these noble molds.

Dor. *[Aside, while the Emperor whispers Benducar.]* By all my wrongs,

'Tis he! 'Damnation seize me, but 'tis he!

My heart heaves up and swells; he's poison to me;

My injur'd honour, and my ravish'd love,

Bleed at their murtherer's sight.

Ben. *[To Dor: aside.]* The Emperor would learn these You know them, *[prisoners names;*

Dor.

Dor. Tell him, no;
 And trouble me no more — I will not know them.
 ' Shall I trust Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd,
 ' With my revenge? 'Then, where's my satisfaction?
 ' No, it must be my own; I scorn a proxy. [*Aside.*]

Emp. 'Tis decreed,
 These of a better aspect, with the rest
 Shall share one common doom, and lots decide it.
 For every number'd captive put a ball
 Into an urn, three only black be there,
 The rest, all white, are safe.

Muf. Hold, Sir, the woman must not draw.

Emp. Oh, Musti,
 We know your reason! let her share the danger.

Muf. Our law says plainly women have no souls.

Emp. 'Tis true; their souls are mortal: set her by:
 Yet were Almeyda here, tho' Fame reports her
 The fairest of her sex, so much, unseen,
 I hate the sister of our rival house,
 Ten thousand such dry notions of our Alcoran
 Should not protect her life, if not immortal.
 ' Die as she could, all of a piece, the better,
 ' That none of her remain.'

*Here an urn is brought in; the prisoners approach with great
 concernment, and amongst the rest Sebastian, Alvarez, and
 Antonio, who come more cheerfully.*

Dor. Poor abject creatures, how they fear to die! [*Aside.*
 These never knew one happy hour in life;
 Yet shake to lay it down. Is load so pleasant?
 ' Or has Heav'n hid the happiness of death,
 ' That men may dare to live?' — Now for our heroes.

[*The three approach.*]

Oh, these come up with spirits more resolv'd!
 Old, venerable Alvarez; well I know him;
 The fav'rite once of this Sebastian's father;
 Now minister — (too honest for his trade.)
 Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,
 In age ill practis'd, yet his prop in death.
 Oh, he has drawn a black, and smiles upon't,
 As who should say, my faith and soul are white,
 Tho' my lot swarthy! Now, if there be hereafter,
 He's bless'd; if not, well cheated, and dies pleas'd.

Anton.

Anton. [*Holding his lot in his clench'd hand.*] Here I have
Be what thou wilt. I will not look too soon. thee,
Thou hast a colour; if thou prov'st not right,
I have a minute good ere I behold thee.
Now let me rowl and grubble thee.

Blind men say white feels smooth, and black feels rough;
Thou hast a rugged skin; I do not like thee.

Dor. There's the amorous, airy spark, Antonio;
The wittiest woman's toy in Portugal.

Lord what a loss of treats and serenades!
The whole she nation will be in mourning for him.

Anton. I have a moist, sweaty palm; the more's my sin.
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious
Damn'd natural ebony, there's hopes, in rubbing,
To wash this Ethiop white. [*Looks.*] Pox of the proverb!
As black as hell—' another lucky saying!

' I think the devil's in me—good again!

' I cannot speak one syllable, but tends

' To death, or to damnation.' [*Holds up his ball.*

Dor. He looks uneasy at his future journey; [*Aside.*

And wishes his boots off again, for fear
Of a bad road, and a worse inn at night.

Go to bed, fool, and take secure repose;

For thou shalt wake no more. [*Sebastian comes up to draw.*

Emp. [*To Ben.*] Mark him who now approaches to the
He looks secure of death; superior greatness, [*lott'ry*:
Like Jove when he made Fate, and said, Thou art
The slave of my creation—I admire him.

Ben. He looks as man was made, with face erect,

That scorns his brittle corpse, and seems asham'd

He's not all spirit; his eyes, with a dumb pride,

Accusing Fortune, that he fell not warm;

Yet now disdains to live.

[*Sebast. draws a black.*

Emp. He has his wish;

And I have fail'd of mine.

Dor. Robb'd of my vengeance by a trivial chance! [*Aside.*
Fine work above, ' that their anointed care

' Should die such little death! Or did his genius

' Know mine the stronger demon, fear'd the grapple,

' And looking round him, found this nook of fate

' To skulk behind my sword? Shall I discover him?

' Still he would not die mine; no thanks to my

' Revenge:

' Revenge: reserv'd but to more royal shambles.
 ' Twere base, too, and below those vulgar souls
 ' That shar'd his danger, yet not one diſcloſ'd him;
 ' But, struck with reverence, kept an awful ſilence;
 I'll ſee no more of this—Dog of a prophet! [*Exit Dor.*

Emp. One of theſe three is a whole hecatomb;
 And therefore only one of them ſhall die.

' The reſt are but mute cattle; and when Death
 ' Comes like a ruſhing lion, couch like ſpaniels,
 ' With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw.
 Let lots again decide it.

[The three draw again, and the lot falls on Sebastian.]

Sebast. Then there's no more to manage. If I fall,
 It ſhall be like myſelf: a ſetting ſun
 Should leave a track of glory in the ſky.
 Behold Sebastian, King of Portugal.

Emp. Sebastian! Ha! it muſt be he; no other
 Could repreſent ſuch ſuffering majeſty.
 I ſaw him, as he terms himſelf, a ſun
 Struggling in dark eclipse, and ſhooting day
 On either ſide of the black orb that veil'd him.

Sebast. Not leſs, ev'n in this deſpicable now,
 Than when my name fill'd Afric with aſtrights,
 And froze your hearts beneath your torrid zone.

Ben. [*To the Emp.*] Extravagantly brave! even to an
 Of greatneſs. [*Impudence*

Sebast. Here ſatiate all your fury;
 Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me;
 I have a ſoul, that, like an ample ſhield,
 Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
 ' I would have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only
 ' A narrow neck of land for a third world,
 ' To give my ſubjects room to play.
 ' Fate was not mine,
 ' Nor am I Fate's. Now I have pleas'd my longing,
 ' And trod the ground which I beheld from far.
 ' I beg no pity for this mould'ring clay;
 ' For if you give it burial, there it takes
 ' Poſſeſſion of your earth;
 ' If burnt and ſcatter'd in the air, the winds
 ' That ſtrow my duſt, diſſuſe my royalty.

And

‘ And spread me o’er your clime ; for where one atom
‘ Of mine shall light, know, there Sebastian reigns.’

Emp. What shall I do to conquer thee ?

Sebast. Impossible——

Souls know no conquerors.

Emp. I’ll shew thee for a monkey thro’ my Afric.

Sebast. No, thou canst only shew me for a man.

Afric is stor’d with monsters ; man’s a prodigy

Thy subjects have not seen.

Emp. Thou talk’st as if
Still at the head of battle.

Seb. Thou mistak’st ;
For then I would not talk.

Ben. Sure he would sleep.

Seb. Till doomsday, when the trumpet sounds to rise ;
For that’s a soldier’s call.

Emp. Thou’rt brave too late ;
Thou shouldst have dy’d in battle like a soldier.

Seb. I fought and fell like one ; but death deceiv’d me :
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To crush my soul out.

Emp. Still untameable !
In what a ruin has thy headstrong pride,
And boundless thirst of empire, plung’d thy people !

Seb. What say’st thou ? Ha ! No more of that.

Emp. Behold,
What carcases of thine thy crimes have strew’d,
And left our Afric vultures to devour.

‘ *Ben.* Those souls were those thy god intrusted with
‘ To cherish, not destroy.’ [thee,

Seb. Witness, Oh, Heaven, how much
This fight concerns me ! Would I had a soul
For each of these ; how gladly would I pay
The ransom down ! But since I have but one,
’Tis a king’s life, and freely ’tis bestow’d.
Not your false prophet, but eternal justice,
Has destin’d me the lot to die for these.

’Tis fit a sovereign so should pay such subjects ;

For subjects, such as they, are seldom seen,

Who not forsook me at my greatest need,

‘ Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty,

‘ But shar’d my dangers to the last event,

' And fenc'd them with their own : ' these thanks I pay
you: [Wipes his eyes.

And know, that when Sebastian weeps, his tears
Come harder than his blood.

Emp. They plead too strongly
To be withstood: my clouds are gathering too,
In kindly mixture with his royal show'r:
Be safe and owe thy life, not to my gift,
But to the greatness of thy mind, Sebastian:
Thy subjects too shall live; a due reward
For their untainted faith, in thy concealment.

Muf. Remember, Sir, your vow. [A general shout.

Emp. Do thou remember.
Thy function, Mercy, and provoke not blood.

' *M. Zeyd.* One of his generous fits, too strong to last.
' [Aside to Benducar.

' *Ben.* The Musti reddens, mark that holy cheek.
' [To him.

' He frets within, froths treason at his mouth,
' And churns it through his teeth; leave me to work him.'

Seb. A mercy unexpected, undesir'd,
Surprizes more: you've learn'd the art to vanquish:
You could not (give me leave to tell you, Sir)
Have giv'n me life but in my subjects safety:
Kings, who are fathers, live but in their people.

Emp. Still great, and grateful, that's thy character.
Unveil the woman; I would view the face
That warm'd our Musti's zeal:
These pious parrots peck the fairest fruit:
Such tastets are for kings.

[Officers go to Almeyda to unveil her.

Alm. Stand off, ye slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

Emp. Slave is thy title: force her.

Seb. On your lives approach her not.

Emp. How's this?

Seb. Sir, pardon me,
And hear me speak.——

Alm. Hear me; will be heard:
I am no slave; the noblest blood of Afric
Runs in my veins; a purer stream than thine;
For, though deriv'd from the same source, thy current
Is puddled and defil'd with tyranny.

Emp. What female fury have we here ?

Alm. I should be one,

' Because of kin to thee : ' Wouldst thou be touch'd
By the presuming hands of saucy grooms ?
The same respect, nay, more, is due to me :
More for my sex ; the same for my descent.
These hands are only fit to draw the curtain.
Now, if thou dar'st, behold Almeyda's face.

[*Unveils herself.*

Ben. Would I had never seen it !

[*Aside.*

Alm. She whom thy Musti tax'd to have no soul ;
Let Afric now be judge ;

Perhaps thou think'st I meanly hope to 'scape,
As did Sebastian when he own'd his greatness.
But to remove that scruple, know, base man,
My murder'd father, and my brother's ghost
Still haunt this breast, and prompt it to revenge.
Think not I could forgive, nor dare thou pardon.

Emp. Wouldst thou revenge thee, trait'refs, hadst
thou power ?

Alm. Traitor, I would ! the name's more justly thine :

' Thy father was not more than mine the heir
' Of this large empire ; but with arms united
' They fought their way, and seiz'd the crown by force :
' And equal as their danger was their share :
' For where was eldership, where none had right
' But that which conquest gave ? 'Twas thy ambition
' Pull'd from my peaceful father what his sword
' Help'd thine to gain : surpriz'd him and his kingdom,
' No provocation given, no war declar'd.

Emp. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living coal, that burning in me,
' Would flame to vengeance, could it find a vent :
' My brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold
' In his deep wat'ry bed : my wand'ring mother,
' Who in exile died.
' Oh, that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
' That one might bourgeon where another fell !
' Still would I give thee work ; still, still, thou tyrant,
' And hiss thee with the last.'

Emp. Somewhat, I know not what, comes over me :
Whether the toils of battle, unrepair'd

With due repose, or other sudden qualm.

Benducar, do the rest. [*Goes off, the court follows him.*]

Ben. Strange! in full health! This pang is of the soul:
The body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.

Conduct these royal captives to the castle;

Bid Dorax use them well, till further order.

[*Goes off, stops.*]

The inferior captives their first owners take,

To sell, or to dispose---You, Mustapha,

Set open the market for the sale of slaves. [*Exit Bend.*]

[*The masters and slaves come forward, and buyers of several qualities come in and chaffer about the several owners, who make their slaves do tricks.*]

Must. My chattels are come into my hands again, and my conscience will serve me to sell them twice over; any price now, before the Musti comes to claim them.

1st Mer. [*To Must.*] What dost hold that old fellow at?
[*Pointing to Alvarez.*] He's tough, and has no service in his limbs.

Must. I confess he's somewhat tough; but, I suppose, you would not boil him. I ask for him a thousand crowns.

1st Mer. Thou mean'st a thousand maravedi's.

Must. Pr'ythee, friend, give me leave to know my own meaning.

1st Mer. What virtues has he to deserve that price?

Must. Marry come up, Sir! Virtues quoth-a! I took him in the king's company; he's of a great family, and rich; what other virtues wouldst thou have in a nobleman?

1st Mer. I buy him with another man's purse, that's my comfort. My Lord Dorax, the governor, will have him at any rate:---There's handsel. Come, old fellow, to the castle.

Alv. To what is miserable age reserv'd! [*Aside.*]
But, Oh, the king! and, Oh, the fatal secret!
Which I have kept thus long to time it better,
And now I would disclose, 'tis past my power.

[*Exit with his master.*]

Must. Something of a secret, and of the king I heard him mutter: a pimp I'll warrant him, for I am sure he

is an old courtier. Now to put off t'other remnant of my merchandize.--- Stir up, firrah. [To Antonio.

' *Ant.* Dog, what wouldst thou have?

' *Must.* Learn better manners, or I shall serve you a dog-trick; come down upon all four immediately; I'll make you know your rider.

' *Ant.* Thou wilt not make a horse of me?

' *Must.* Horse or ass, that's as thy mother made thee: ---but take earnest in the first place for thy sauciness. [Lashes him with his whip.] Be advised, friend, and buckle to thy geers: behold my ensign of royalty displayed over thee.

' *Ant.* I hope one day to use thee worse in Portugal.

' *Must.* Ay, and good reason, friend: if thou catchest me conquering on thy side of the water, lay me on lustily, I'll take it as kindly as thou dost this.

' [Holds up his whip.

' *Ant.* [Lying down.] Hold, my dear thrum-cap: I obey thee cheerfully. I see the doctrine of non-resistance is never practised thoroughly, but when a man can't help himself.

' *Enter a second Merchant.*

' *2d Mer.* You, friend, I would see that fellow do his postures.

' *Must.* [Bridling *Ant.*] Now, firrah, follow, for you have rode enough: to your paces, villain, amble, trot, and gallop:---Quick about there.---Yeap, the more money's bidden for you, the more your credit.

' [Antonio follows at the end of the bridle on his hands and feet, and does all his postures.]

' *2d Mer.* He's well chined, and has a tolerable good back; that's half in half. [To Mustapha.] I would see him strip, has he no diseases about him?

' *Must.* He's the best piece of man's flesh in the market, not an eye-sore in his whole body. Feel his legs, master, neither splint, spaven, nor wind-gall.

' [Claps him on the shoulder.]

' *Mer.* [Feeling about him, and then putting his hand on his side.] Out upon him, how his flank heaves! The whorson's broken-winded.

' *Must.* Thick-breathed a little; nothing but a sorry cold with lying out a nights in trenches; but sound wind

- wind and limb, I warrant him. Try him at a loose
- trot a little. [*Puts the bridle into his hand, he strokes him.*
- *Ant.* For heaven's sake, owner, spare me : you know
- I am but new broken.'

2d Mer. 'Tis but a washy jade, I see.' What do you ask for this bauble ?

Must. Bauble do you call him ? he's a substantial true-bred beast ; bravely forehanded : mark but the cleanness of his shapes too : his dam may be a Spanish gennet, but a true barb by the fire, or I have no skill in horse-flesh—Marry, I ask six hundred xerifs for him.

Enter Musti.

Must. What's that you are asking, firrah ?

Must. Marry I ask your reverence six hundred pardons ; I was doing you a small piece of service here, putting off your cattle for you.

Must. And putting the money into your own pocket ?

Must. Upon vulgar reputation, no my Lord, it was for your profit and emolument. 'What, wrong the head of my religion ? I was sensible you would have damned me, or any man that should have injured you in a single farthing ; for I knew that was sacrifice.

• *Must.* Sacrilege you mean, firrah,—and damning shall be the least part of your punishment : I have taken you in the manner, and will have the law upon you.

• *Must.* Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor man in this world, and damn me in the next.

• *Must.* No, firrah, so you may repent, and scape punishment : Did not you sell this very slave amongst the rest to me, and take money for him ?

• *Must.* Right, my Lord.

• *Must.* And selling him again, take money twice for the same commodity ? Oh, villain ! But did you not know him to be my slave, firrah ?

• *Must.* Why should I lie to your honour ? I did know him ; and thereupon seeing him wander about, took him up for a stray, and impounded him, with intention to restore him to the right owner.

• *Must.* And yet at the same time was selling him to another : how rarely the story hangs together !

• *Must.* Patience, my Lord. I took him up, as your herriot, with intention to have made the best of him,
• and

‘ and then have brought the whole product of him in a purse to you ; for I know you would have spent half of it upon your pious pleasures,’ have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in charities to the poor.

Muf. And what’s become of my other slave? Thou hast sold him too, I have a villainous suspicion.

Muf. I know you have, my Lord ; but while I was managing this young robutious fellow, that old spark, who was nothing but skin and bone, and by consequence very nimble, slipt through my fingers like an oel, for there was no hold-fast of him, and ran away to buy himself a new master.

Muf. [*To Ant.*] Follow me home, firrah. [*To Muf.*] I shall remember you some other time.

[*Exeunt Muf. with Ant.*]

Muf. I never doubted your Lordship’s memory, for an ill turn : and I shall remember him too in the next rising of the mobile, for this act of resumption ; ‘ and more especially for the ghostly counsel he gave me before the emperor, to have hanged myself in silence, to have saved his reverence.’ The best on’t is, I am beforehand with him, for seiling one of his slaves twice over. — And if he had not come just in the nick, I might have pocketted up t’other : for what should a poor man do that gets his living by hard labour, but pray for bad times when he may get it easily? Oh, for some incomparable tumult! Then should I naturally wish that the beaten party might prevail ; because we have plundered t’other side already, and there’s nothing more to get of them.

Both rich and poor for their own interest pray,
 ’Tis ours to make our fortune while we may ;
 For kingdoms are not conquer’d every day. [*Ex.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *supposed to be a terrace walk, on the side of the castle of Alcazar.*

Enter Emperor and Benducar.

EMPEROR.

AND think'st thou not it was discover'd?

Ben. No:

- ' The thoughts of kings are like religious groves,
- ' The walks of muffled gods: sacred retreat,
- ' Where none but whom they please t'admit, approach.

' *Em.* Did not my conscious eyes flash out a flame
' To lighten those brown horrors, and disclose

' The secret path I trod?

' *Ben.* I could not find it, 'till you lent a clue
' To that close labyrinth; how then should they?"

' *Emp.* I would be loth they should: it breeds contempt

For herds to listen, or presume to pry,

When the hurt lion groans within his den:

But is't not strange?

' *Ben.* To love? not more than 'tis to live; a tax

Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in kind,

Familiar as our being.

' *Emp.* Still 'tis strange

' To me: I know my soul as wild as wind,

' That sweeps the deserts of our moving plains;

' Love might as well be sow'd upon our sands,

' As in a breast so barren.'

To love an enemy, ' the only one

' Remaining too, whom yester sun beheld,

' Must'ring her charms, and rolling as the past

' By every squadron her alluring eyes;

' To edge her champions swords, and urge my ruin.

' The shouts of soldiers, and the burst of cannon,

' Maintain even still a deaf and murmur'ing noise;

' Nor is heav'n yet recover'd of the sound

' Her battle rous'd: yet spite of me, I love.

' *Ben.* What then controuls you?

' Her person is as prostrate as her party.

' *Emp.* A thousand things controul this conqueror:

' My

• My native pride to own th' unworthy passion,
 • Hazard of interest, and my people's love.
 • To what a storm of fate am I exposed !
 • What if I had her murder'd ? 'tis but what
 • My subjects all expect, and she deserves.
 • Would not the impossibility
 • Of ever, ever seeing, or possessing,
 • Calm all this rage, this hurricane of soul ?

Ben. That ever, ever,

• I mark'd the double, shows extreme reluctance
 • To part with her for ever.

Emp. Right, thou hast me.

• I would, but cannot kill, I must enjoy her :
 • I must, and what I must, be sure I will.
 • What's royalty, but power to please myself !
 • And if I dare not, then am I the slave,
 • And my own slaves the sovereigns, — 'tis resolv'd !
 • Weak princes flatter when they want the power
 • To curb their people : tender plants must bend :
 • But when a government is grown to strength,
 • Like some old oak, rough with its armed bark,
 • It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
 • And turns to sullen state.

Ben. Then you resolve

T' implore her pity, and to beg relief ?

Emp. Death ! must I beg the pity of my slave ?

Must a king beg ? Yes, love's a greater king ;

• A tyrant, nay, a devil that possesses me :

He ~~uses~~ ^{turns} the organs of my voice, and speaks

Unknown to me within me ; pushes me,

And drives me on by force, —

Say I should wed her, would not my wife subjects

Take check, and think it strange ? perhaps revolt ?

Ben. I hope they would not.

• *Emp.* Then thou doubt'st they would ?

Ben. To whom ?

Emp. To her

Perhaps, or to my brother, or to thee.

Ben. [*In disorder.*] To me ! Me did you mention ?

How I tremble !

The name of treason shakes my honest soul.

If I am doubted, Sir,
Secure yourself this moment, take my life.

Emp. No 'more:' if I suspected thee——I would.

Ben. I thank your kindness: guilt had almost lost me.

[*Afide.*

Emp. But clear my doubts: think'st thou they may rebel?

Ben. 'This goes as I would wish——'

[*Afide.*

'Tis possible:

A secret party still remains, that lurks
Like embers rak'd in ashes——wanting but
A breath to blow aside th' involving dust,
And then they blaze abroad.

Emp. They must be trampled out.

Ben. But first be known.

Emp. Torture shall force it from them.

Ben. You would not put a nation to the rack?

Emp. Yes, the whole world; so I be safe, I care not.

Ben. Our limbs and lives

Are yours, but mixing friends with foes is hard.

Emp. All may be foes; or how to to be distinguish'd,
If some be friends?

Ben. They may with ease be winnow'd;
Suppose some one who has deserv'd your trust,
Some one who knows mankind, should be employ'd
To mix among 'em, seem a malecontent,
And dive into their breasts, to try how far
They dare oppose your love?

Emp. I like this well; 'tis wholesome wickedness.

Ben. Whomever he suspects, he fastens there,
And leaves no cranny of his soul unsearch'd:

'Then like a bee bagg'd with his honey'd venom,

'He brings it to your hive:' if such a man

So able and so honest may be found;

If not, my project dies.——

Emp. By all my hopes thou hast describ'd thyself:—
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that engine
Thou only couldst contrive.

Ben. Sure I could serve you;
I think I could:——but here's the difficulty,
I'm so intirely yours,

That

That I should scurvily dissemble hate ;
The cheat would be too gross.

Emp. Art thou a statesman,
And canst not be a hypocrite ? Impossible :
Do not distrust thy virtues ;

Ben. If I must personate this seeming villain,
Remember 'tis to serve you.

Emp. No more words :
Love goads me to Almeyda, all affairs
Are troublesome but that ; and yet that most. [*Going.*]
Bid Dorax treat Sebastian like a king ;
I had forgot him ; —— ‘ but this love mars all,
‘ And takes up my whole breast.’ [*Exit Emperor.*]

Ben. [*To the Emp.*] Be sure I'll tell him ——
With all the aggravating circumstances
I can, to make him swell at that command.
‘ The tyrant first suspected me :
‘ Then with a sudden gust he whirl'd about,
‘ And trusted me too far : madness of pow'r !
‘ Now, by his own consent I ruin him.
‘ For, should some feeble soul, for fear or gain,
‘ Bolt out t'accuse me, ev'n the king is cozen'd,
‘ And thinks he's in the secret.
‘ How sweet is treason when the traitor's safe !’

Enter Musti and Dorax, seeming to confer.

The Musti, and with him my sullen Dorax :
The first is mine already.

'Twas easy work to gain a covetous mind,
Whom rage to lose his pris'ners had prepar'd :
Now, caught himself.

He would seduce another ; I must help him :
For churchmen, though they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woeful, awkward politicians :

‘ They make lame mischief, though they mean it well :
‘ Their int'rest is not finely drawn, and hid,
‘ But seams are coarsely bungled up, and seen.’

Muf. He'll tell you more.

Dor. I've heard enough already
To make me loath thy morals.

Ben. [*To Dor.*] You seem warm ;
The good man's zeal perhaps has gone too far.

Dor.

Dor. Not very far ; not further than zeal goes
Of course ; a small day's journey short of treason.

Muf. By all that's holy, treason was not nam'd :
‘ I spar’d the emperor’s broken vows, to save
‘ The slaves from death : tho’ it was cheating heav’n,
‘ But I forgave him that.

‘ *Dor.* And slighted o’er [Scornfully.]
‘ The wrongs himself sustain’d in property :
‘ When his bought slaves were seiz’d by force, no loss
‘ Of his consider’d, and no cost repaid.

‘ *Muf.* Not wholly slighted o’er, not absolutely :
‘ Some modest hints of private wrongs I urg’d.’

Dor. Two thirds of all he said : ‘ there he began
‘ To shew the fulness of his heart ; there ended :
‘ Some short excursions of a broken vow
‘ He made indeed, but flat insipid stuff :
‘ But when he made his loss the theme, he flourish’d,
‘ Reliev’d his fainting rhetoric with new figures,
‘ And thunder’d at oppressing tyranny.’

Muf. Why not, when sacrilegious pow’r would seize
My property ? ‘tis an affront to heav’n,
Whose person, though unworthy, I sustain.

Dor. ‘ You’ve made such strong alliances above,
‘ That ‘twere profaneness in us laicity
‘ To offer earthly aid.’

I tell thee, Musti, if the world were wise,
They would not wag one finger in your quarrels.
Your heav’n you promise, but our earth you covet :
The Phaetons of mankind, who fire that world,
Which you were sent by preaching but to warm.

Ben. This goes beyond the mark.

Muf. No, let him rail :
His prophet works within him ;
He’s a rare convert.

Dor. ‘ Now his zeal yearns
‘ To see me burnt ; he damns me from his church,
‘ Because I would restrain him to his duty :’
‘ Is not the care of souls a load sufficient ?
‘ Are not your holy stipends paid for this ?
‘ Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
‘ To study souls, their cures, and their diseases ?
‘ If this be so, we ask you but our own :

Give us your whole employment, all your care :
The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect,

Ben. [*To the Mufti.*] He speaks but reason.

' *Dor.* Why then these foreign thoughts of state-
employments,

- ' Abhorrent to your function and your breeding ?
- ' Poor droaning truants of unpractis'd cells,
- ' Bred in the fellowship of bearded boys,
- ' What wonder is it if you know not men ?
- ' Yet there you live demure, with down-cast eyes,
- ' And humble as your discipline requires :
- ' But, when let loose from thence to live at large,
- ' Your little tincture of devotion dies ;
- ' Then luxury succeeds, and sets agog
- ' With a new scene of yet untasted joys,
- ' You fall with greedy hunger to the feast.
- ' Of all your college virtues, nothing now
- ' But your original ignorance remains ;
- ' Bloated with pride, ambition, avarice,
- ' You swell, to counsel kings, and govern kingdoms.

' *Muf.* He prates as if kings had not consciences,
' And none requir'd directors but the crowd.

- ' *Dor.* As private men they want you, not as kings ;
- ' Nor would you care t'inspect their public conscience,
- ' But that it draws dependencies of pow'r,
- ' And earthly interest, which you long to sway :
- ' Content you with monopolizing heav'n,
- ' And let this little hanging ball alone ;
- ' For give you but a foot of conscience there,
- ' And you, like Archimedes, tofs the globe.
- ' We know your thoughts of us thar laymen are,
- ' Lag souls, and rubbish of remaining clay,
- ' Which heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,
- ' Set upright with a little puff of breath,
- ' And bid us pass for men.'

Muf. I will not answer,

Base foul-mouth'd renegade ; but I'll pray for thee,
To shew my charity.

[*Exit Mufti.*]

Dor. Do ; but forget not him who needs it most :

D

Allow

Allow thyself some share : ' he's gone too soon ;
 ' I had to tell him of his holy jugglings ;
 ' Things that would startle faith, and make us deem
 ' Not this, or that, but all religions false.'

Ben. Our holy orator has lost the cause : [Aside.
 But I shall yet redeem it.—[To Dorax.] Let him go ;
 For I have secret orders from the emperor,
 Which none but you must hear : I must confess,
 I could have wish'd some other hand had brought them.
 When did you see your pris'ner, great Sebastian.

Dor. You might as well have ask'd me, when I saw
 A crested dragon, or a basilisk ;
 Both are less poison to my eyes and nature.
 He knows not I am I ; nor shall he see me,
 Till time has perfected a lab'ring thought,
 That rowls within my breast.

Ben. 'Twas my mistake :
 I guess'd indeed that time, and his misfortunes,
 And your returning duty, had effac'd
 The mem'ry of past wrongs ; they would in me,
 And I judg'd you as tame, and as forgiving.

Dor. Forgive him ! No : I left my foolish faith,
 Because it would oblige me to forgiveness.

Ben. I can't but grieve to find you obstinate :
 For you must see him ; 'tis our emp'ror's will,
 And strict command.

Dor. I laugh at that command. [him.

Ben. You must do more than see ; serve, and respect

Dor. See, serve him, and respect, and after all
 My yet uncancell'd wrongs, I must do this !
 But I forget myself.

Ben. Indeed you do.

Dor. The emp'ror is a stranger to my wrongs :
 I need but tell my story, to revoke
 This hard commission.

Ben. Can you call me friend,
 And think I could neglect to speak, at full,
 Th' affronts you had from your ungrateful master ?

Dor. And yet enjoin'd my service and attendance ?

Ben. And yet enjoin'd them both : would that were all ;
 He skrew'd his face into a harden'd smile,
 And said Sebastian knew to govern slaves.

Dor.

Dor. Slaves are the growth of Afric, not of Europe :
By Heav'n, I will not lay down my commission ;
Not at his foot, I will not stoop so low :
But if there be a part in all his face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.

Ben. You may : but then you lose all future means
Of vengeance on Sebastian, ' when no more
' Alcade of this fort.'

Dor. That thought escap'd me.

Ben. Keep your command, and be reveng'd on both :
' Nor sooth yourself ; you have no pow'r t'affront him ;
' The emp'ror's love protects him from insults.
' And he who spoke that proud, ill-natur'd word,
' Following the bent of his impetuous temper,
' May force your reconciliation to Sebastian :
' Nay, bid you kneel, and kiss the offending foot,
' That kick'd you from his presence.'

But think not to divide their punishment ;
You cannot touch a hair of loath'd Sebastian,
While Muley-Moluch lives.

Dor. What means this riddle ?

Ben. 'Tis out : there no needs to ~~Edipus~~ to solve it.
Our emp'ror is a tyrant, fear'd and hated ;
I scarce remember in his reign, one day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the sun is lost that sees no blood :
When none is shed we count it holiday,
We, who are most in favour, cannot call
This hour our own :—you know the younger brother,
Mild Muley-Zeydan ?——

Dor. Hold, and let me think.

Ben. The soldiers idolize you,
He trusts you with the castle,
The key of all his kingdom.

Dor. Well ; and he trusts you too.

Ben. Else I were mad,
To hazard such a daring enterprize.

Dor. He trusts us both ; mark that, shall we betray
' A master, who reposes life and empire [him :
' On our fidelity ? I grant he is a tyrant,
' That hated name my nature most abhors ;
' More, as you say, has loaded me with scorn,

- ‘ Ev’n with the last contempt, to serve Sebastian.
- ‘ Yet more I know he vacates my revenge :
- ‘ Which but by this revolt I cannot compass :
- ‘ But, while he trusts me, ’twere so base a part
- ‘ To fawn, and yet betray ; I should be hiss’d
- ‘ And whoop’d in hell for that ingratitude.’

Ben. Consider well what I have done for you.

Dor. Consider thou what thou would’st have me do.

Ben. You’ve too much honour for a renegade.

Dor. And thou too little faith to be a fav’rite.

- ‘ Is not the bread thou eat’st, the robe thou wear’st,
- ‘ Thy wealth and honours, all the pure indulgence
- ‘ Of him thou would’st destroy ?
- ‘ And would his creature, nay, his friend, betray him :
- ‘ Why then no bond is left on human kind :
- ‘ Distrusts, debates, immortal strifes ensue ;
- ‘ Children may murder parents, wives their husbands ;
- ‘ All must be rapine, wars and desolation,
- ‘ When trust and gratitude no longer bind.’

Ben. Well have you argued in your own defence ;
You, who have burst asunder all those bonds,
And turn’d a rebel to your native prince.

Dor. True, I rebell’d : but when did I betray ?
Indignities, which man could not support,
Provok’d my vengeance to this noble crime :
But he had stripp’d me first of my command,
Dismiss’d my service, and absolv’d my faith ;
And, with disdainful language, dar’d my worst.
I but accepted war, which he denounc’d.
Else had you seen, not Dorax, but Alonzo,
With his couch’d lance against your foremost Moors,
Perhaps too turn’d the fortune of the day ;
Made Afric mourn, and Portugal triumph.

Ben. Let me embrace thee.

Dor. Stand off, sycophant,
And keep infection distant.

Ben. Brave and honest.

Dor. In spite of thy temptations.

Ben. Galt them trials :

- There were no more : ‘ thy faith was held in balance,
- ‘ And nicely weigh’d by jealousy of pow’r ;
- ‘ Vast was the trust of such a royal charge,

‘ And

' And our wise emperor might justly fear
' Sebastian might be freed and reconcil'd,
' By new obligations, to thy former love.'

Dor. I doubt thee still; thy reasons were too strong,
And driven too near the head, to be but artifice:
And after all, I know thou art a statesman,
Where truth is rarely found.

Ben. Behold the emperor;
Ask him, I beg thee, to be justify'd,
If he employ'd me not to ford thy soul,
And try the footing whether false or firm.

Dor. Death to my eyes, I see Sebastian with him!
Must he be serv'd! Avoid him; if we meet,
It must be like the cross of heav'n and earth,
T'involve us both in ruin. [Exit.]

Ben. 'Twas a bare saving game I made with Dorar,
But better so than lost: he cannot hurt me,
That I precautioned; I must ruin him.
But now this love; ay, there's the gath'ring storm!
The tyrant must not wed Almeyda; no;
That ruins all the fabric I am raising.
Yet seeming to approve it gave me time,
And gaining time gains all.

[Benducar goes and waits behind the Emperor.]

Enter Emperor, Sebastian, and Almeyda, advancing to the front of the stage; guards and attendants.

Emp. [To Seb.] I bade them serve you, and if they
obey not,

I keep my lions keen within their dens,
To stop their maws with disobedient slaves.

Seb. If I had conquer'd,
They could not have with more observance waited:
' Their eyes, hands, feet,
' Are all so quick, they seem t'have but one motion,
' To catch my flying words.' Only the Alcade
Shuns me, and with a grim civility
Bows, and declines my walks.

Emp. A renegade!

I know no more of him: but that he's brave,
And hates your Christian sect. If you can frame
A farther wish, give wing to your desires,
And name the thing you want.

Seb. My liberty ;

For were ev'n Paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

Emp. Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquaint-
In former beings : or struck out together, [ed
One spark to Afric flew, and one to Portugal.
Expect a quick deliverance : [*Turning to Almeida.*] Here's
third,

Of kindred soul to both : pity our stars
Have made us foes ! I should not wish her death.

Alm. I ask no pity ; if I thought my soul
Of kin to thine, soon would I rend my heart-strings,
And tear out that alliance : but thou, viper,
Hast cancell'd kindred, made a rent in nature,
And through her holy bowels gnaw'd thy way,
Through thy own blood to empire.

Exp. This again :
And let she live, and only lives t'upbraid me.

Seb. What honour is there in a woman's death !
Wroth'd as she says, but helpless to revenge ;
' Strong in her passion, impotent of reason,'
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be destroy'd.
Mark her majestic fabrick ; she's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine ;
Her soul's the deity that lodges there :
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

Emp. She's all that thou canst say, or I can think.
But the perverseness of her clam'rous tongue
Strikes pity deaf.

Seb. Then only hear her eyes ;
Tho' they are mute, they plead ; nay more, command ;
For beauteous eyes have arbitrary power.

' All females have prerogative of sex,
' The shees even of the savage herd are safe :
' All, when they snarl or bite, have no return
' But courtship from the male.'

Emp. Were she not she, and I not Muley-Moluch,
She's mistress of inevitable charms,
For all but me ; not am I so exempt,
But that——I know not what I was to say——
But I am too obnoxious to my friends,
And sway'd by your advice.

Seb.

Seb. Sir, I advis'd not ;
By Heav'n, I never counsell'd love, but pity.

Emp. By Heav'n thou didst : deny it not, thou didst :
For what was all that prodigality
Of praise, but to enslave me !——

Seb. Sir——

Emp. No more :
Thou hast convinc'd me, that she's worth my love.

Seb. Was ever man so ruin'd by himself ? *[Aside.*

Alm. ' Thy love ! that odious mouth was never fram'd
' To speak a word so soft.'

Name death again, for that thou canst pronounce
With horrid grace, becoming of a tyrant.

Love is for human hearts, and not for thine,
Where the brute beast extinguishes the man.

Emp. Such if I were, yet rugged lions love,
And grapple, and compel their savage dames.——
Mark, my Sebastian, how that fullen frown, *[She frowns:]*
Like flashing lightning, opens angry heaven ;
And while it kills, delights. But yet, insult not
Too soon, proud beauty, I confess no love.

Seb. No, Sir, I said so, and I witness for you :
Not love, but noble pity mov'd your mind :
Int'rest might urge you too to save her life ;
For those who wish her party lost, might murmur
At shedding royal blood.

Emp. Right, thou instruct'st me :
Interest of state requires not death, but marriage,
T' unite the jarring titles of our line,

Seb. Let me dumb for ever, all I plead, *[Aside.*
Like wildfire thrown against the winds, returns
With double force to burn me.

Emp. Could I but bend, to make my beauteous foe
The partner of my throne, and of my bed——

Alm. Still thou dissemblest ; but I read thy heart,
And know the power of my own charms ; thou lov'st,
And I am pleas'd, for my revenge, thou dost.

Emp. And thou hast cause.

Alm. I have, for I have power to make thee wretched.
Be sure I will, and yet despair of freedom.

Emp. Well then, I love,——
And 'tis below my greatness to disown it.

Love

Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too :
 Would hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day sun,
 ' Through the parch'd deserts, and the scorching sands,'
 ' T' enjoy thy love, and once enjoy'd, to kill thee.

Alm. 'Tis a false courage, when thou threatest me ;
 Thou canst not stir a hand to touch my life :
 Do not I see thee tremble while thou speak'st ?
 Lay by thy lion's hide, vain conqueror,
 And take the distaff ; for thy soul's my slave.

Emp. Confusion ! How thou view'st my very heart !
 ' I could as soon
 ' Stop a spring tide, blown in, with my bare hand ;
 ' As this impetuous love : ' — Yes, I will wed thee :
 In spite of thee, and of myself, I will.

Alm. For what ? to people Africa with monsters,
 Which that unnatural mixture must produce ?

' No, were we join'd, ev'n though it were in death,
 ' Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
 ' The prodigy of Thebes would be renew'd,
 ' And my divided flame should break from thine.

' *Emp.* Serpent, I will engender poison with thee ;
 ' Join hate with hate, add venom to the birth ;
 ' Our off-spring, like the seed of dragon teeth,
 ' Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death.'

Alm. I'm calm again, thou canst not marry me.

' *Emp.* As gleams of sunshine soften storms to showers,
 ' So if you smile, the loudness of my rage
 ' In gentle whispers shall return, but this —
 ' That nothing can divert my love but death.

' *Alm.* See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Christian ;
 ' 'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new belief,
 ' Wrongs I resent, nor pardon yet with ease ;
 ' Those frosts come late, and are of slow increase,
 ' In haughty hearts, like mine : ' now, tell thyself
 If this one word destroy not thy design ;
 Thy law permits thee not to marry me.

' *Emp.* 'Tis but a specious tale, to blast my hopes,
 ' And baffle my pretensions. Speak, Sebastian,
 ' And as a king, speak true.

' *Seb.* Then, thus adjust'd
 ' On a king's word 'tis truth ; but truth ill-tim'd ;
 ' For her dear life is now expos'd away ;

' Unless

‘ Unless you wholly can put on divinity,
‘ And graciously forgive.

' *Alm.* Now learn by this,
' The little value I have left for life,
' And trouble me no more.'

Emp. I thank thee, woman ;
Thou hast restor'd me to my native rage ;
And I will seize my happiness by force.

Seb. Know, Muley-Moluch, when thou dar'st attempt—

Emp. Beware, I would not be provok'd to use
A conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy silence.
If thou would'st merit to be thought my friend,
I leave thee to persuade her to compliance;
If not, there's a new gust in ravishment,
Which I have ne'er yet try'd.

‘ Ben. They must be watch’d;
‘ For something I observ’d creates a doubt.’ [Aside.]

[Exit Emp. and Bend.]

Seb. I've been too tame, have basely borne my wrongs,
And not exerted all the king within me :
I heard him, Oh, sweet heav'n's, he threat'ned rape ;
Nay, insolently urg'd me to persuade thee,
Ev'n thee, thou idol of my soul and eyes ;
For whom I suffer life, and drag this being.

' *Alm.* You turn my prison to a Paradise;
 ' But I have turn'd your empire to a prison:
 ' In all your wars good fortune flew before you;
 ' Sublime you sat in triumph on her wheel;
 ' Till in my fatal cause your sword was drawn,
 ' The weight of my misfortunes dragg'd you down.

• *Seb.* And is't not strange, that heav'n should bless my
• In common causes, and desert the best? [arms
• Now in your greatest, last extremity,
• When I would aid you most, and most desire it,
• I bring but sighs, the succours of a slave.'

Alm. Leave then the luggage of your fate behind,
To make your flight more easy, leave Almeйда:
Nor think me left a base ignoble prey,
Expos'd to this inhuman tyrant's lust;
My virtue is a guard beyond my strength,
And death, my last defence, within my call.

‘ *Seb.* Death may be call’d in vain, and cannot come;
‘ *Ty.*

- ' Tyrants can tie him up from your relief :
- ' Nor has a Christian privilege to die.
- ' Alas, thou art too young in thy new faith ;
- ' Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
- ' And give them furlo's for another world :
- ' But we, like centries, are oblig'd to stand
- ' In starless nights, and wait th' appointed hour.

' *Alm.* If stunning ill be good

- ' To those who cannot shun it but by death,
- ' Divines but peep on undiscover'd worlds,
- ' And draw the distant landscape as they please :
- ' But who has e'er return'd from those bright regions,
- ' To tell their manners, and relate their laws ?
- ' I'll venture landing on that happy shore
- ' With an unsully'd body and white mind ;
- ' If I have err'd, some kind inhabitant
- ' Will pity a stray'd soul, and take me home.'

Seb. Beware of death, thou canst not die unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccomplish'd love behind.

' Thy vows are mine ; nor will I quit my claim ;
The tie of minds are but imperfect bands,
Unless the bodies join to seal the contract.

Alm. What joys can you possess, or can I give,
Where groans of death succeed the sighs of love ?
Our Hymen has not on his saffron robe ;
But muffled up in mourning, downward holds
His drooping torch, extinguish'd with his tears.

Seb. The God of Love stands ready to revive it
With his ætherial breath.

' *Alm.* 'Tis late to join, when we must part so soon.

' *Seb.* Nay, rather let us haste it, ere we part :
' Our souls for want of that acquaintance here,
' May wander in the starry walks above,
' And, forc'd on worse companions, miss ourselves.

' *Alm.* The tyrant will not long be absent hence ;
' And soon I shall be ravish'd from your arms.

' *Seb.* Wilt thou thyself become the greater tyrant,
' And give not love, while thou hast love to give ?
' In dangerous days, when riches are a crime,
' The wise betimes make over their estates ;
' Make o'er thy honour, by a deed of trust,
' And give me seizure of the mighty wealth.'

Alm.

Alm. What shall I do? Oh, teach me to refuse!

‘ I would, and yet I tremble at the grant :
 ‘ For dire presages fright my soul by day,
 ‘ And boding visions haunt my nightly dreams ;
 ‘ Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of ghosts,
 ‘ Thin, hollow sounds, and lamentable screams ;
 ‘ Then, like a dying echo, from afar,
 ‘ My mother’s voice, that cries, Wed not, Almeйда !
 ‘ Forewarn’d Almeйда, marriage is thy crime.

‘ *Seb.* Some envious dæmon, to delude our joys——

‘ Love is not sin, but where ’tis sinful love.

‘ *Alm.* Mine is a flame so holy and so clear,
 ‘ That the white taper leaves no foot behind,
 ‘ No smoke of lust : but chaste as sister’s love,
 ‘ When coldly they return a brother’s kiss,
 ‘ Without the zeal that meets at lovers mounths.

‘ *Seb.* Laugh, then, at fond presages ; I had some ;
 ‘ Fam’d Nostrodamus, when he took my horoscope,
 ‘ Foretold my father, I should wed with incest.
 ‘ Ere this unhappy war my mother dy’d,
 ‘ And sisters I had none : vain augury !
 ‘ A long religious life, a holy age,
 ‘ My stars assign’d me too—impossible ;
 ‘ For how can incest suit with holiness,
 ‘ Or priestly orders with a princely state ?’

Alm. Old venerable Alvarez !——

[Sighing.]

Seb. But why that sigh in naming that good man ?

‘ *Alm.* Your father’s counsellor and confident——

‘ *Seb.* He was ; and, if he lives, my second father.’

Alm. Mark’d our farewell, when, going to the fight,
 You gave Almeйда for the word of battle :

’Twas in that fatal moment he discover’d

The love that long we labour’d to conceal.

‘ I know it ; tho’ my eyes stood full of tears,

‘ Yet thro’ the mist I saw him stedfast gaze ;’

Then knock’d his aged breast, and inward groan’d,

Like some sad prophet, that foresaw the doom

Of those whom best he lov’d, and could not save. !

Seb. It startles me, and brings to my remembrance,
 That, when the shock of battle was begun,

‘ He would have much complain’d (but had not time)

‘ Of our hid passion ; then, with lifted hands,’

He

He begg'd me, by my father's sacred soul,
 Not to espouse you, if he dy'd in fight :
 For, if he liv'd, and we were conquerors,
 He had such things to urge against our marriage,
 As, now declar'd, would blunt my sword in battle,
 And dastardize my courage.

Alm. My blood curdles,
 And cakes about my heart.

Seb. I'll breathe a sigh so warm into thy bosom,
 Shall make it flow again. My love, he knows not
 'Thou art a Christian : that produc'd his fear,
 'Lest thou should sooth my soul with charms so strong,
 'That Heav'n might prove too weak.'

Alm. There must be more ;
 This could not blunt your sword.

Seb. Yes, if I drew it with a curs'd intent
 To take a misbeliever to my bed :
 It must be so.

Alm. Yet——

Seb. No, thou shalt not plead,
 With that fair mouth, against the cause of love.
 Within this castle is a captive priest,
 My holy confessor, whose free access
 Not ev'n the barb'rous victors have refus'd :
 This happy hour his hands shall make us one.

Alm. I go, with Love and Fortune, two blind guides,
 To lead my way, half loth, and half consenting.
 If, as my soul forebodes, some dire event
 Pursue this union, or some crime unknown,
 Forgive me, Heav'n ; and all ye blest'd above,
 Excuse the frailty of unbounded love. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *supposed a Garden, with Lodging Rooms behind
 it, or on the Side.*

*Enter Mufti, Antonio as a slave, and Johayma, the
 Mufti's wife.*

Muf. And how do you like him? Look upon him well ;
 he's a personable fellow, of a Christian dog. Now I
 think you are fitted for a gardener. Ha, what say'st thou,
 Johayma?

Job. He may make a shift to sow lettice, raise melons,
 and water a garden-plat ; but otherwise, a very filthy
 fellow.

‘ fellow. How odiously he smells of his country garlic!—Fugh, how he stinks of Spain!’

Muf. Why, honey-bird, I bought him on purpose for thee. Didst thou not say thou long’dst for a Christian slave?

Job. Ay, but ‘ the sight of that loathsome creature has almost cured me; and’ how can I tell that he’s a Christian? ‘ An he were well searched, he may prove a Jew,’ ‘ for ought I know.’ And besides, I have always longed for an eunuch; for they say that’s a civil creature, and almost as harmless as yourself, husband. Speak, fellow, are not you such a kind of peaceable thing?.

Ant. I never was taken for one in my own country; and not very peaceable neither, when I am well provoked.

‘ *Muf.* To your occupation, dog; bind up the jessamines in yonder arbour, and handle your pruning-knife with dexterity; tightly, I say, go tightly to your business. You have cost me much, and must earn it in your work: here’s plentiful provision for you, rascal, salading in the garden, and water in the tank, and, on holydays, the licking of a platter of rice, when you deserve it.’

Job. What have you been bred up to, firrah? And what can you perform, to recommend you to my service?

Ant. [*Making legs.*] Why, Madam, I can perform as much as any man, in a fair lady’s service. I can play upon the flute, and sing; I can carry an umbrella, and fan your ladyship, and cool you when you are too hot; in fine, no service, either by day or by night, shall come amiss to me; and besides, am of so quick an apprehension, that you need but wink upon me at any time, to make me understand my duty. [*She winks at him.*] ‘ Very fine; she has tipt the wink already.’ [*Aside.*]

‘ *Job.* The whelp may come to something in time, when I have entered him into his business.

‘ *Muf.* A very malapert cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning. You must be taught your distance, firrah. [*Strikes him.*]

‘ *Job.* Hold, hold—He has deserved it, I confess; but, for once, let his ignorance plead his pardon; we must not discourage a beginner. Your reverence has taught

' us charity, even to birds and beasts. Here, you filthy
' brute you, take this little alms to buy you plaisters.

' [*Gives him a piece of money.*

' *Ant.* Money, and a love-pinch in the inside of my
' palm into the bargain! [*Aside.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Benducar is coming to wait on you,
and is already at the palace-gate.

Muf. Come in, Johayma; regulate the rest of my
wives and concubines, and leave this fellow to his work.

' *Job.* How stupidly he stares about him, like a calf
' new come into the world! I shall teach you, firrah, to
' know your business a little better—This way, you
' awkward rascal; here lies the arbour: must I be shew-
' ing you eternally? [*Turning him about.*

' *Muf.* Come away, minion; you shall shew him no-
' thing.

' *Job.* I'll bring him into the arbour, where a rose-
' tree and a myrtle-tree are just falling, for want of a
' prop: if they were bound together, they would help to
' keep up one another. He's a raw gardener; and 'tis
' but charity to teach him.

' *Muf.* No more deeds of charity to-day. Come in,
' or I shall think you a little better disposed than I could
' wish you.

' *Job.* Well, go before; I will follow my pastor.

' *Muf.* So, you may cast a sheep's eye behind you.
' In before me.' And you, sauciness, mind your pruning-
knife; or I may chance to use it for you.

[*Exeunt Mufti and Johayma.*

Ant. I thank you for that; but I am in no such haste
to be made a Mussulman. For his wedlock, for all her
haughtiness, I find her coming. How far a Christian
should resist, I partly know; but how far a lewd young
Christian can resist, is another question. 'She's tolerable,
' and I am a poor stranger, far from better friends, and
' in a bodily necessity.' Now have I a strange tempta-
tion to try what other females are belonging to this fami-
ly—I am not far from the women's apartment, I am sure;
and if these birds are within distance, here's that will
chuckle them together. [*Pulls out his flute.*] 'If there
' be variety of Moor's flesh in this holy market, 'twere
' madness

'madness to lay out all my money upon the first bargain.
[He plays. A grate opens, and Morayma, the Musti's daughter, appears at it.]—Ay, there's an apparition! This is a morsel worthy of a Musti; 'this is a relishing bit in secret; this is the mystery of his Alcoran, that must be reserved from the knowledge of the profane vulgar;' this is the holiday devotion. See, she beckons too. *[She beckons to him.]*

Mor. Come a little nearer, and speak softly.

Ant. I come, I come; I warrant thee, the least twinkle had brought me to thee: such another kind syllable or two, would turn me to a meteor, and draw me up to thee.

Mor. I dare not speak, for fear of being overheard; but if you think my person worth your hazard, and can deserve my love—the rest this note shall tell you—
'[Throws down a handkerchief.]' No more; my heart goes with you. *[Exit from the grate.]*

Ant. 'Oh, thou pretty little heart! art thou flown hither? I'll keep it warm, I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new nest. But now upon my treasure trove, that's wrapped up in the handkerchief--No peeping here; tho' I long to be spelling her Arabic scrawls and pot-hooks—But I must carry off my prize, as robbers do, and not think of sharing the booty, before I am free from danger, and out of eye-shot from the other windows.' If her wit be as poignant as her eyes, I am a double slave. Our northern beauties are mere dough to these; insipid white earth, mere tobacco-pipe clay; with no more soul and motion in them, than a fly in winter.

Here the warm planet ripens and sublimes

The well-bak'd beauties of the southern climes:

Our Cupid's but a bungler in his trade;

His keenest arrows are in Afric made.

[Exit.]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Terrace-walk, or some other publick Place in the Castle of Alcazar.*

Enter the Emperor, and Benducar.

EMPEROR.

MARRY'D! I'll not believe it; 'tis imposture;
'Improbable they should presume t' attempt:
'Impossible they should effect their wish.'

Ben. Have patience, till I clear it.

Emp. I have none:

Go bid our moving plains of sand lie still,

'And stir not, when the stormy south blows high.

'From top to bottom thou hast toss'd my soul;

'And now 'tis in the madness of the whirl,

'Requir'st a sudden stop. Unsay thy lie,

'That may, in time, do somewhat.

Ben. I have done;

'For, since it pleases you it should be forg'd,

'Tis fit it should. Far be it from your slave,

'To raise disturbance in your sacred breast.

Emp. Sebastian is my slave as well as thou;

'Nor durst offend my love by that presumption.

Ben. Most sure he ought not.

Emp. Then all means are wanting;

'No priest, no ceremonies of their sex:

'Or, grant we these defects could be supply'd,

'How could our prophet do an act so base,

'So to resume his gifts, and curse my conquests,

'By making me unhappy.' No, the slave

That told thee so absurd a story, lied.

Ben. Yet till this moment I have found him faithful:

He said he saw it too.

Emp. Dispatch; what saw he?

Ben. Truth is, considering with what earnestness

Sebastian pleaded for Almeyda's life,

'Inhanc'd her beauty, dwelt upon her praise——

Emp. Oh, stupid and unthinking as I was!

'I might have mark'd it too; 'twas gross and palpable.

Ben. Methought I trac'd a love but ill disguis'd;

'And sent my spy, a sharp observing slave,

'T' in-

T' inform me better, if I guess'd aright.
 He told me, that he saw Sebastian's page
 Run cross the marble square, who soon return'd,
 And after him there lagg'd a puffing friar;
 Close wrapp'd he bore some secret instrument
 Of Christian superstition in his hand.
 My servant follow'd fast, and, thro' a chink,
 Perceiv'd the royal captives hand in hand,
 And heard the hooded father mumbling charms,
 That make those misbelievers man and wife;
 Which done, the spouses kiss'd with such a fervour,
 And gave such furious earnest of their flames,
 That their eyes sparkled, and their mantling blood
 Flew flushing o'er their faces. *You may guess the rest.*

Emp. Hell confound them!

Ben. The reverend father, with a holy leer,
 Saw he might well be spar'd, and soon withdrew:
 ' This forc'd my servant to a quick retreat,
 ' For fear to be discover'd. Guess the rest.'

Emp. I do. My fancy is too exquisite,
 And tortures me with their imagin'd blifs.
 Some earthquake should have risen, and rent the ground,
 Have swallow'd him, and left the longing bride
 In agony of unaccomplish'd love. [*Walks disorderly.*]

Enter the Musti.

Ben. In an unlucky hour [*Aside.*]
 That fool intrudes, raw in this great affair,
 And uninstructed how to stem the tide.

[*Coming up to the Musti aside.*]

The Emp'ror must not marry, nor enjoy;
 Keep to that point, stand firm; for all's at stake.

Emp. [*Seeing him.*] You druggerman of Heav'n, must
 I attend

Your droaning prayers? Why came ye not before?
 Dost thou not know the captive King has dar'd
 To wed Almeyda? Cancel me that marriage,
 And make her mine. About thy business, quick;
 Expound thy Mahomet, make him speak my sense,
 Or he's no prophet here, and thou no Musti;

' Unless thou know'st the trick of thy vocation,
 ' To wrest and rend the law to please thy prince.'

Mus. Why, verily, the law is monstrous plain:

There's not one doubtful text in all the Alcoran,
Which can be wrench'd in favour to your project.

Emp. Forge one, and foist it into some bye-place
Of some old rotten roll : do't, I command thee :
Must I teach thee thy trade ?

Muf. It cannot be ;
For matrimony being the dearest point
Of law, the people have it all by heart :
A cheat on procreation will not pass.

• Besides, th' offence is so exorbitant, [*In a higher tone.*
• To mingle with a misbelieving race,
• That speedy vengeance would pursue your crime,
• And holy Mahomet launch himself from Heav'n
• Before th' unready thunderbolt were form'd.]

Emp. [*Taking him by the throat with one hand, snatching
out his sword with the other, and pointing it to his breast.*]

Slave ! have I rais'd thee to this pomp and pow'r,
To preach against my will ? Know, I am law ;
And thou not Mahomet's messenger, but mine :
Make it, I charge thee, make my pleasures lawful ;
• Or first I'll strip thee of thy ghostly greatness,
• Then send thee post to tell thy tale above,
• And bring thy vain memorials to thy prophet,
• Of justice done below for disobedience.]

Muf. For Heaven's sake hold ; the respite of a moment,
To think for you——

Emp. And for thyself——

Muf. For both.

Ben. Disgrace, and death, and avarice have lost him !

[*Aside.*]

Muf. 'Tis true, our law forbids to wed a Christian ;
But it forbids you not to ravish her.

You have a conqueror's right upon your slave :
And then, the more despite you do a Christian,
You serve the prophet more, who loaths that sect.

Emp. Oh, now it mends, and you talk reason, Muffi !
But stay ; I promis'd freedom to Sebastian ;
Now, should I grant it, his revengeful soul
Would ne'er forgive his violated bed.

Muf. Kill him ; for then you give him liberty :
His soul is from his earthly prison freed.

Emp. How happy is the prince who has a churchman
So learn'd and pliant to expound his laws!

Ben. Two things I humbly offer to your prudence.

Emp. Be brief; but let not either thwart my love.

Ben. First, since our holy man has made rape lawful,
Fright her with that; proceed not yet to force:
Why should you pluck the green distasteful fruit
From the unwilling bough,
When it may ripen of itself, and fall?

Emp. Grant her a day; tho' that's too much to give
Out of a life which I devote to love.

Ben. Then next, to bar
All future hopes of her desir'd Sebastian,
Let Dorax be enjoin'd to bring his head.

Emp. [*To the Musti.*] Go, Musti, call him to receive
his orders. [*Exit Musti.*]

' I taste thy counsel; her desires, new rous'd,
' And yet unslak'd, will kindle in her fancy,
' And make her eager to renew the feast.'

Ben. [*Aside.*] Dorax, I know before, will disobey;
There's a foe's head well cropp'd——

But this hot love precipitates my plot,
And brings it to projection ere its time.

*Enter Sebastian and Almeyda, hand in hand; upon sight
of the Emperor they separate, and seem disturbed.*

Alm. He breaks at unawares upon our walks;
And, like a midnight wolf, invades the fold.

' Make speedy preparation of your soul,
' And bid it arm apace. He comes for answer;
' And brutal mischief sits upon his brow.'

Seb. Not the last sounding could surprise me more,
' That summons drousy mortals to their doom:
' When call'd in haste, they fumble for their limbs,
' And tremble, unprovided for their charge.
' My sense has been so deeply plung'd in joys,
' The soul out-slept her hour; and, scarce awake,
' Would think, too late, and cannot. But brave minds,
' At worst, can dare their fate.'

Emp. [*Coming up to them.*] Have you perform'd
Your embassy, and treated with success?

Seb. I had not time.

Emp.

Emp. No, not for my affairs ;
But for your own too much.

Seb. You talk in clouds. Explain your meaning, Sir.

Emp. Explain yours first. What meant you hand in
And when you saw me, with a guilty start, [hand ;
You loos'd your hold, affrighted at my presence ?

Seb. Affrighted !

Emp. Yes, astonish'd and confounded.

Seb. What mak'st thou of thyself, and what of me ?

' Art thou some ghost, some dæmon, or some god,
That I should stand astonish'd at thy sight ?
If thou couldst deem so meanly of my courage,
Why didst thou not engage me man for man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face,
To stare me into statue ?

Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd ! but, by Heav'n,
Thou wert amaz'd at first, as if surpriz'd
At unexpected baseness brought to light :
For, know, ungrateful man, that kings, like gods,
Are every where ; walk in th' abyfs of minds,
And view the dark recesses of the soul.

Seb. Base and ungrateful never was I thought ;
Nor, till this turn of fate, durst thou have call'd me.
But, since thou boast'st th' omniscience of a god,
Say, in what cranny of Sebastian's soul,
Unknown to me, so loath'd a crime is lodg'd ?

Emp. Thou hast not broke my trust repos'd in thee ?

Seb. Impos'd, but not receiv'd. Take back that falshood.

Emp. Thou art not marry'd to Almeyda ?

Seb. Yes.

Emp. And own'st the usurpation of my love ?

Seb. I own 'it, in the face of Heav'n, and thee ;
No usurpation, but a lawful claim,
Of which I stand possess'd.

Emp. Sh' has chosen well,
Betwixt a captive and a conqueror.

Alm. Betwixt a monster and the best of men.

' He was the envy of his neighb'ring kings ;
' For him their fighting queens despis'd their lords,
' And virgin daughters blush'd when he was nam'd.
To share his noble chanis is more to me,
Than all the savage greatness of thy throne.

Seb.

Seb. Were I to chuse again, and knew my fate,
 For such a night, I would be what I am.
 The joys I have possess'd are ever mine;
 Out of thy reach, behind eternity,
 Hid in the sacred treasure of the past;
 But blest'd remembrance brings them hourly back.

Emp. Hourly indeed, who hast but hours to live!
 Oh, mighty purchase of a boasted bliss!
 To dream of what thou hadst one fugitive night,
 And never shalt have more.

Seb. Barbarian, thou canst part us but a moment—
 We shall be one again in thy despite.
 Life is but air,
 That yields a passage to the whistling sword,
 And closes when 'tis gone.

Alm. How can we better die, than close embrac'd,
 Sucking each others souls while we expire;
 Which, so transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
 The faints, deceiv'd, shall by a sweet mistake,
 Hand up thy soul for mine, and mine for thine.

Emp. No, I'll untwist you;
 I have occasion for your stay on earth:
 Let him mount first, and beat upon the wing,
 And wait an age for what I here detain;
 Or sicken at immortal joys above,
 And languish for the Heav'n he left below.' [Join'd?

Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has

Emp. Not break the chain; but change a rotten link,
 And rivet one to last.

Think'st thou I come to argue right and wrong?

Why lingers Dorax thus? Where are my guards,

[Benducar goes out for the guards, and returns.

To drag that slave to death?

[Pointing to Sebastian.

Now storm and rage;

Call vainly on thy prophet, then defy him,

For wanting power to save thee.

Seb. That were to gratify thy pride. I'll shew thee
 How a man should, and how a king dare die:
 So even, that my soul shall walk with ease
 Out of its flesh, and shut out life as calmly
 As it does flesh; without a sigh to note
 One struggle in the smooth dissolving frame.

Alm.

Alm. [*To the Emp.*] Expect revenge from Heav'n, inhuman! Nor hope t' ascend Sebastian's holy bed. [man wretch! Flames, daggers, poisons, guard the sacred steps; Those are the promis'd pleasures of my love.

Emp. And these might fright another, but not me: Or me, if I design, to give you pleasure. I seek my own; and while that lasts, you live.

Enter two of the guards.

Go, bear the captive to a speedy death,
And set my soul at ease.

Alm. I charge you, hold, ye ministers of death! Speak, my Sebastian, Plead for thy life; Oh, ask it of the tyrant! 'Tis no dishonour; trust me, love, 'tis none. I would die for thee, but I cannot plead: My haughty heart disdains it, ev'n for thee. Still silent! Will the King of Portugal Go to his death like a dumb sacrifice? Beg him to save my life, in saving thine.

Seb. Farewel; my life's not worth another word.

Emp. [*To the guards.*] Perform your orders.

Alm. Stay, take my farewell too.

Farewel the greatness of Almeyda's soul!

Look, tyrant, what excess of love can do;
It pulls me down, thus low, as to thy feet; [*Kneels to him.* Nay, to embrace thy knees with loathing hands, Which blister when they touch thee. Yet ev'n thus, Thus far I can, to save Sebastian's life.

Emp. A secret pleasure trickles through my veins;
It works about the inlets of my soul,
To feel thy touch; and pity tempts the pass:
But the tough metal of my heart resists;
'Tis warm'd with the soft fire, not melted down.

Alm. A flood of scalding tears will make it run.
' Spare him, Oh, spare! Can you pretend to love,
' And have no pity? Love and that are twins.
' Here will I grow;
' Thus compass you with these supplanting cords,
' And pull so long till the proud fabric falls.'

Emp. Still kneel, and still embrace; 'tis double pleasure
So to be hugg'd, and see Sebastian die.

Alm. Look, tyrant, when thou nam'st Sebastian's death,
Thy

Thy very executioners turn pale.
 Rough as they are, and harden'd in their trade
 Of death, they start at an anointed head,
 And tremble to approach—He hears me not,
 ' Nor minds th' impressi'on of a god on kings ;
 ' Because no stamp of Heav'n was on his soul ;
 ' But the resisting mass drove back the seal.
 ' Say, tho' thy heart be rock of adamant,
 ' Yet rocks are not impregnable to bribes :
 ' Instruct me how to bribe thee—Name thy price ;'
 Lo, I resign my title to the crown ;
 Send me to exile with the man I love ;
 And banishment is empire.

Emp. ' Here's my claim ;

' [*Clapping his hand to his sword.*

' And this extinguish'd thine—thou giv'st me nothing.
 ' *Alm.* My father's, mother's, brother's deaths I pardon :
 ' That's somewhat, sure ; a mighty sum of murder,
 ' Of innocent and kindred blood struck off.
 ' My prayers and penance shall discount for these,
 ' And beg of Heav'n to charge the bill on me.
 ' Behold what price I offer, and how dear,
 ' To buy Sebastian's life.

Emp. Let after-reck'nings trouble fearful fools ;
 ' I'll stand the trial of those trivial crimes.
 ' But, since thou begg'st me to prescribe my terms,
 ' The only I can offer are thy love ;
 ' And this one day of respite to resolve.'
 Grant or deny ; for thy next word is fate,
 And fate is deaf to pray'r.

Alm. May Heav'n be so,

[*Rising up.*

At thy last breath, to thine. ' I curse thee not ;
 ' For who can better curse the plague or devil,
 ' Than to be what they are ? That curse be thine.'
 Now, do not speak, Sebastian ; for you need not :
 But die ; for I resign your life. Look, Heav'n,
 Almeyda dooms her dear Sebastian's death !
 ' But is there Heav'n ? For I begin to doubt :
 ' The skies are hush'd, no grumbling thunders roll.
 ' Now take your swing, ye impious ; sin unpunish'd,
 ' Eternal Providence seems over-watch'd,
 ' And with a slumb'ring nod assents to murder.'

Enter

Enter Dorax, attended by three soldiers.

Emp. Thou mov'st a tortoise-pace to my relief.
Take hence that once-a-king, that sullen pride
That swells to dumbness, lay him in the dungeon,
And sink him deep with irons; 'that, when he would,
'He shall not groan to hearing. When I send,'
The next commands are death.

Alm. Then prayers are vain as curses.

Emp. Much at one

In a slave's mouth, against a monarch's pow'r.
This day thou hast to think;
At night, if thou wilt curse, thou shalt curse kindly.
'Then I'll provoke thy lips, lay siege so close,
'That all thy fallying breath shall turn to blessings.'
Make haste, seize, force her, bear her hence.

Alm. Farewel, my lost Sebastian!

I do not beg, I challenge justice now.
Oh, Pow'rs! if kings be your peculiar care,
Why plays this wretch with your prerogative?
Now flash him dead, now crumble him to ashes;
'Or henceforth live confin'd in your own palace,
'And look not idly out upon a world
'That is no longer yours.'

*[She is carried off struggling: Emp. and Ben. follow.
[Sebastian struggles in his Guards arms, and shakes off one
of them; but two others come in and hold him; he speaks
not all the while.]*

Dor. I find I'm but a half-strain'd villain yet; *[Aside.*
But mongrel-mischievous; for my blood boil'd
To view this brutal act, and my stern soul
Tugg'd at my arm to draw in her defence.
Down thou rebelling Christian in my heart;
Redeem thy fame on this Sebastian first; *[Walks a turn.*
Then think on others wrongs, when thine are righted.
But how to right them? On a slave, disarm'd,
Defenceless, and submitted to my rage?
A base revenge is vengeance on myself — *[Walks again.*
I have it—and I thank thee, honest head,
Thus present to me at my great necessity—

[Comes up to Sebastian.]

You know me not?

Seb. I hear men call thee Dorax.

Dor.

Dor. 'Tis well; you know enough for once; you speak,
You were struck mute before. [too:]

Seb. Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine—

Dispatch thy work, good executioner. [falshood]

Dor. None of my blood were hangmen. Add that
To a long bill that yet remains unreckoned.

Seb. A king and thou can never have a reck'ning.

Dor. A greater sum, perhaps, than you can pay.
Mean time, I shall make bold t' increase your debt.

[Gives him his sword.]

Take this, and use it at your greatest need.

Seb. This hand and this have been acquainted well.

[Looks on it.] It should have come before into my grasp,
To kill the ravisher.

Dor. Thou heard'st the tyrant's orders; guard thy life;
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a man.

Seb. I'm still without thy meaning; but I thank thee.

Dor. Thank me when I ask thanks; thank me with

Seb. Such surly kindness did I never see. [that.]

Dor. [To the Captain of his Guards.] Muza, draw out
a file, pick man by man,

Such who dare die, and dear will sell their deaths.

Guard him to th' utmost—Now, conduct him hence,
And treat him as my person.

Seb. Something like

That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard;
But floods of woes have hurry'd it far off,

Beyond my ken of soul. [Exit Seb. with the soldiers.]

Dor. But I shall bring him back, ungrateful man!

I shall, and set him full before thy fight,
When I shall front thee, like some staring ghost,
With all my wrongs about me—What, so soon
Return'd? This haste is boding.

Enter to him Emperor, Benducar, and Mufti.

Emp. She's still inexorable, still imperious,
And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder.
Be quick, ye false physicians of my mind,
Bring speedy death, or cure.

Ben. What can be counsell'd while Sebastian lives?
The vine will cling, while the tall poplar stands;

But that cut down, creeps to the next support,
And twines as closely there.

Emp. That's done with ease; I speak him dead. Proceed.

Muf. Proclaim your marriage with Almeyda next,
That civil wars may cease. This gains the crowd:
Then you may safely force her to your will:

For people side with violence and injustice,
When done for public good.

Emp. Preach thou that doctrine.

Ben. Th' unreasonable fool has broach'd a truth [*Aside.*
That blasts my hopes: but since 'tis gone so far,
He shall divulge Almeyda is a Christian.
If that produce no tumult, I despair.

Emp. Why speaks not Dorax?

Dor. Because my soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly say, you went too far,
To trust the preaching pow'r on state affairs
To him, or any heav'nly demagogue.
'Tis a limb lopp'd from your prerogative;
And so much of Heaven's image blotted from you.

Muf. Sure thou hast never heard of holy men
(So Christians call them) fam'd in state affairs;
Such as in Spain, Ximenes, Albornes,
In England, Wolsey: match me these with laymen.

Dor. How you triumph in one or two of these,
Born to be statesmen, happ'ning to be churchmen!
Thou call'st them holy; so their function was:
But, tell me, Musti, which of them were saints?
Next, Sir, to you; the sum of all is this,
Since he claims pow'r from Heaven, and not from kings,
When 'tis his int'rest, he can int'rest Heav'n
To preach you down; and ages oft depend
On hours, uninterrupted, in the chair.

Emp. I'll trust his preaching, while I rule his pay;
And I dare trust my Africans to hear
Whatever he dare preach.

Dor. You know them not.
The genius of your Moors is mutiny;
They scarcely want a guide to move their madness.
Prompt to rebel on every weak pretence;
Blustering when courted, crouching when oppress'd;
Wise to themselves, and fools to all the world;

Restless

DON SEBASTIAN.

* Restless in change, and perjur'd to a proverb;
 * They love religion sweeten'd to the sense;
 * A good, luxurious, palatable faith.
 * Thus Vice and Godliness, prepos't'rous pair!
 * Ride cheek by jowl: but churchmen hold the reins.
 * And whene'er kings would lower clergy greatness,
 * They learn, too late, what power the preachers have,
 * And whose the subjects are. The Musti knows it;
 * Nor dares deny what pass'd betwixt us two.'

Emp. No more; whate'er he said was my command.

Dor. Why, then, no more, since you will bear no more.
Some kings are resolute to their own ruin.

Emp. Without your meddling where you are not ask'd,
Obey your orders, and dispatch Sebastian.

Dor. Trust my revenge; be sure I wish him dead.

Emp. What mean'st thou? What's thy wishing to my
Dispatch him: rid me of the man I loath. [will?

Dor. I hear you, Sir: I'll take my time, and do't.

Emp. Thy time! what's all thy time? What's thy
To my one hour of ease? No more replies; [whole life,
But see thou dost it; or——

Dor. Choak in that threat. I can say Or, as loud.

Emp. 'Tis well; I see my words have no effect.

But I may send a message to dispose you. [Is going off.

Dor. Expect an answer worthy of that message.

Mus. The Prophet ow'd him this: [Aside.

And, thank'd be Heaven, he has it.

Ben. By holy Alha, I conjure you, stay,
And judge not rashly of so brave a man.

[Draws the Emperor aside, and whispers him]

I'll give you reasons why he cannot execute
Your orders now, and why he will hereafter.

Mus. Benducar is a fool to bring him off: [Aside.
I'll work my own revenge, and speedily.

Ben. The fort is his, the soldiers hearts are his;
A thousand Christian slaves are in the castle,
Which he can free to reinforce his pow'r;
* Your troops far off, beleaguering Larache,
* Yet in the Christian hands.'

Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he must die.

Ben. He shall, by poison;

'Tis here, the deadly drug prepar'd in powder,
Hot as hell fire—then, to prevent his soldiers
From rising to revenge their general's death,
While he is struggling with his mortal pangs,
The rabble on the sudden may be rais'd
To seize the castle.

Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.

Ben. Yet more—but clear your brow; for he observes.

[They whisper again.]

Dor. What, will the fav'rite prop my falling fortunes?

Oh, prodigy of court!

[Aside.]

[Emp. and Ben. return to Dor.]

Emp. Your friend has fully clear'd your innocence:
I was too hasty to condemn unheard;
And you, perhaps, too prompt in your replies.
As far as fits the majesty of kings,
I ask excuse.

Dor. I'm sure I meant it well.

Emp. I know you did—this to our love renew'd.

[Emp. drinks.]

Benducar, fill to Dorax.

[Ben. turns, and mixes a powder in it.]

Dor. Let it go round; for all of us have need
To quench our heats: 'tis the King's health, Benducar,
[He drinks.]

And I would pledge it, tho' I knew 'twere poison.

Ben. Another bowl; for what the King has touch'd,
And you have pledg'd, is sacred to your loves.

[Drinks out of another bowl.]

Mus. Since charity becomes my calling, thus
Let me provoke your friendship: and Heaven bless it,
As I intend it well—

[Drinks, and, turning aside, pours some drops out of a little vial into the bowl, then presents it to Dorax.]

Dor. I'll ear'n make thee honest;

On that condition we shall soon be friends. *[Drinks.]*

Mus. Yes, at our meeting in another world; *[Aside.]*
For thou hast drunk thy passport out of this.

'Not the Nonacrian font, nor Lethe's lake,

'Could sooner numb thy nimble faculties

'Than this, to sleep eternal.'

Emp.

Emp. Now, farewell, Dorax; this was our first quarrel;
And I dare prophecy, will prove our last.

[*Exit Emp. with Ben. and the Musti.*]

Dor. It may be so—I'm strangely compos'd;
Quick shootings thro' my limbs, and pricking pains,
Qualms at my heart, convulsions in my nerves,
Shiv' rings of cold, and burnings of my entrails,
Within my little world make medley-war:
Lose and regain, beat, and are beaten back,
As momentary victors quit their ground,
Can it be poison? Poison's of one tenour,
Or hot, or cold; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly draught, some enemy of life
Boils in my bowels, and works out my soul.
Ingratitude's the growth of every crime;
Afric, the scene remov'd, is Portugal.
Of all court-service learn the common lot;
To-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh, were that all!—my honest corpse must lie
Expos'd to scorn and public infamy:
My shameful death will be divulg'd alone;
The worth and honour of my soul unknown. [*Exit.*]

*A NIGHT-SCENE of the Musti's Garden, where an
Arbour is discovered.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. She names herself Morayma, the Musti's only
daughter, and a virgin. This is the time and place that
she appointed in her letter, yet she comes not. 'Why,
' thou sweet, delicious creature, why to torture me with
' thy delay? Dar'st thou be false to thy assignation?
' What, in the cool and silence of the night, and to a
' new lover? Pox on the hypocrite, thy father, for in-
' structing thee so little in the sweetest point of his reli-
' gion. Hark! I hear the rustling of her silk mantle.
' Now she comes! now she comes!—No, hang it, that
' was but the whistling of the wind through the orange-
' trees. Now again, I hear the pit-a-pat of a pretty
' foot thro' the dark alley—No, 'tis the son of a mare
' that's broken loose, and munching upon the melons.—
Oh, the misery of an expecting lover! Well, I'll e'en
despair,

despair, go into my arbour, and try to sleep; in a dream I shall enjoy her in despite of her.

[Goes to the arbour, and lies down.]

Enter Johayma, wraps up in a Moorish Mantle.

Job. Thus far my love has carried me, almost without my knowledge whither I was going: 'shall I go on, shall I discover myself?—What an injury am I doing to my old husband!—Yet what injury, since he's old and has three wives, and six concubines besides me! 'tis but stealing my own tythe from him.'

[She comes a little nearer the arbour,

Ant. [Raising himself a little, and looking.] At last 'tis she, this is no illusion I am sure; 'tis a true she-devil of flesh and blood; and she could never have taken a fitter time to tempt me—

Job. He's young and handsome—

Ant. Yes, well enough, I thank nature. *[Aside.]*

Job. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: sure he will not refuse me.

Ant. No, thou may'st pawn thy maidenhead upon't he wonnot. *[Aside.]*

Job. The Musti would feast himself upon other women, and keep me fasting.

Ant. Oh, the holy curmudgeon! *[Aside.]*

Job. Would preach abstinence, and practise luxury; but I thank my stars, I have edified more by his example than his precept.

Ant. Most divinely argued: she's the best casuist in all Afric. *[Aside.]*

[He rushes out and embraces her.] I can hold no longer from embracing thee, my dear Morayma; 'the old unscrupulous whore son thy father, could he expect cold chastity from a child of his begetting?'

Job. What nonsense do you talk! Do you take me for the Musti's daughter?

Ant. Why are you not, Madam?

[Throwing off her mantle.]

Job. I find you had an appointment with Morayma.

Ant. By all that's good, the nauseous wife, *[Aside.]*

Job. What, you are confounded, and stand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonplust I confess; to hear you deny your name so positively: why, are not you Morayma, the

the Musi's daughter? Did not I see you with him, did not he present me to you? Were you not so charitable as to give me money? Ay, and to tread upon my foot, and squeeze my hand too, if I may be so bold to remember you of past favours?"

Job. And you see I am come to make them good; but I am neither Morayma nor the Musi's daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that: but I am sure he is old enough to be your father; and either father, or reverend father I heard you call him.

Job. Once again, how came you to name Morayma?

Ant. Another damned mistake of mine: for asking one of my fellow-slaves, who were the chief ladies about the house, he answered me, Morayma and Johayma; but she, it seems, is his daughter, with a pox to her, and you are his beloved wife.

Job. Say your beloved mistress, if you please; for that's the title I desire. This moon-shine grows offensive to my eyes: come, shall we walk into the arbour? there we may rectify all mistakes.

Ant. That's close and dark.

Job. And are those faults to lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot please myself with the sight of your beauty.

Job. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a breath of air stirring.

Job. The breath of lovers is the sweetest air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am considering indeed, that if am taken with you—

Job. The best way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be discovered.

Ant. Where lodges your husband?

Job. Just against the face of this open walk.

Ant. Then he has seen us already, for ought I know.

Job. You make so many difficulties, I fear I am displeasing to you.

Ant. [*Aside.*] If Morayma comes, and takes me in the arbour with her, I have made a fine exchange of that diamond for this pabble.

Job. You are much fallen off, let me tell you, from the fury of your first embrace.

Ant.

Ant. I confess, I was somewhat too furious at first, but you will forgive the transport of my passion; now I have considered it better, I have a qualm of conscience.

Job. Of conscience! why, what has conscience to do with two young lovers that have opportunity?

Ant. Why truly, conscience is something to blame for interposing in our matters: but how can I help it, if I have a scruple to betray my master?

Job. There must be something more in't? for your conscience was very quiet when you took me for Morayna.

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his daughter; for then I might have made you an honourable amends by marriage.

Job. You, Christians, are such pecking sinners, you tremble at a shadow in the moonshine.

Ant. And you, Africans, are such termagants, you stop at nothing. I must be plain with you, you are married, and to a holy man, the head of your religion. Go back to your chamber, go back, I say, and consider of it for this night; as I will do on my part: I will be true to you; and invent all the arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next meeting, the sweet devil may have more power over me? I am true flesh and blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Job. 'Flesh without blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of fishes.' But I'll teach thee, to thy cost, what vengeance is in store for refusing a lady, who has offered thee her love—Help, help, there! will nobody come to my assistance?

Ant. What do you mean, Madam? for heaven's sake peace; your husband will hear you; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

Job. Ingrateful wretch, thou deservest no pity: help, help, husband, or I shall be ravished: the villain will be too strong for me. Help, help, for pity of a poor distressed creature.

Ant. Then I have nothing but impudence to assist me: I must drown her clamour, whatever comes on't.

[He takes out his flute, and plays as loud as he can possibly, and she continues crying out.]

Enter

Enter the Musti in his night-gown, and two servants.

Muf. Oh, thou villain, what horrible impiety art thou committing? What! ravishing the wife of my bosom? Take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the world of such a monster. *[Servants seize him.]*

Ant. Mercy, dear master, mercy: hear me first, and after, if I have deserved hanging, spare me not. What have you seen to provoke you to this cruelty?

Muf. I have heard the outcries of my wife; the bleatings of the poor innocent lamb: 'seen nothing' sayest thou? If I see the lamb lie bleeding, and the 'butcher by her with his knife drawn, and bloody,' is not that evidence sufficient of the murder? I come too late, and the execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in reason, Sir, is a man to be put to death for a similitude? 'No violence has been committed; none intended: the lamb's alive; and if I durst tell you so, no more a lamb than I am a butcher.'

Job. How's that, villain, darest thou accuse me?

Ant. Be patient, Madam, and speak but truth, and I'll do any thing to serve you: 'I say again, and swear' it too, I'll do any thing to serve you.'

Job. *[Aside.]* I understand him; but, I fear, 'tis now too late to save him.—Pray hear him speak, husband; perhaps he may say something for himself; I know not.

Muf. Speak thou, has he not violated my bed, and thy honour?

Job. I forgive him freely, for he has done nothing. What he will do hereafter, to make me satisfaction, himself best knows.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, sweet Madam: I shall refuse no drudgery.

Muf. But did he mean no mischief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Job. In my conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muf. 'Tis impossible; then what meant all these outcries?

Job. I heard music in the garden, and at an unseasonable time of night, and I stole softly out of my bed, as imagining it might be he.

Muf. How's that, Johayma? Imagining it was he, and yet you went?

Job.

Joh. Why not, my Lord, am not I the mistress of the family? and is it not my place to see good orders kept in it? I thought he might have allured some of the she-slaves to him; and was resolved to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them: when, on the sudden, he rushed out upon me, caught me in his arms with such a fury——

Muf. I have heard enough, away with him.

Joh. Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of his fellow-slaves: with that, affrighted as I was, I discovered myself, and cried aloud: but as soon as ever he knew me, the villain let me go, and I must needs say, he started back, as if I were some serpent; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Muf. Oh, thou corrupter of my family, that's cause enough of death; once again, away with him.

Joh. What, for an intended trespass? No harm has been done, what'er may be. He cost you five hundred crowns, I take it.

Muf. Thou sayest true, a very considerable sum: he shall not die, though he had committed folly with a slave; 'tis too much to lose by him.

Ant. My only fault has ever been to love playing in the dark, and the more she cried, the more I played; that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your kennel, firrah, mortify your flesh, and consider in whose family you are.

Joh. And one thing more, remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf. [*Aside.*] For all her smoothness, I am not quite cured of my jealousy; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts.

[*Exit Musti with Joh. and servants.*]

Ant. I am mortified sufficiently already, without the help of his ghostly counsel. Fear of death has gone farther with me in two minutes, than my conscience would have gone in two months. I find myself in a very dejected condition, all over me; poor sin lies dormant; 'concupiscence is retired to his winter quarters;' and if Morayma should now appear, I say no more, but, alas, for her and me!

[*Morayma comes out of the arbour, she steals behind him, and claps him on the back.*]

Mor.

Mor. And if Morayma should appear, as she does appear, alas, you say for her and you!

Ant. Art thou there, my sweet temptation! my eyes, my life, my soul, my all!

Mor. A mighty compliment, when all these, by your own confession, are just nothing.

Ant. Nothing, till thou camest to new create me; thou dost not know the power of thy own charms: let me embrace thee, and thou shalt see how quickly I can turn wicked.

Mor. [*Stepping back.*] Nay, if you are so dangerous, 'tis best keeping you at a distance; I have no mind to warm a frozen snake in my bosom; he may chance to recover, and sting me for my pains.

Ant. Consider what I have suffered for thy sake already; and make me some amends: two disappointments in a night! Oh, cruel creature!

Mor. And you may thank yourself for both: I came eagerly to the charge, before my time, thro' the back-walk behind the arbour; and you, like a fresh-water soldier, stood guarding the pass before: if you missed the enemy, you may thank your own dulness.

Ant. Nay, if you will be using stratagems, you shall give me leave to make use of my advantages, now I have you in my power: we are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no quarter.

Mor. By your favour, Sir, we meet upon treaty now and not upon defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you shall have *carte blanche* immediately; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already entered into articles with my enemy Johayma: any thing to serve you, Madam; I shall refuse no drudgery: whose words were those, gentleman? Was that like a cavalier of honour?

Ant. Not very heroic; but self-preservation is a point above honour and religion too—Antonio was a rogue, I must confess; but you must give me leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your life so basely; and to present your sword to your enemy: Oh, recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my fame indeed would have sounded loud; but I should never have heard the

‘blast. Come, don’t make yourself worse-natured than you are; to save my life, you would be content I should promise any thing.

‘*Mor.* Yes, if I were sure you would perform nothing.’

‘*Ant.* Can you suspect I would leave you for Johanna?’

‘*Mor.* No, but I can expect you would have both of us: love is covetous, I must have all of you; heart for heart is an equal truck: in short, I am younger; I think handsomer, and am sure I love you better; she has been my step-mother these fifteen years; you think that’s her face you see, but ’tis only a daubed vizard: she wears an armour of proof upon’t; an inch thick of paint, besides the wash: her face is so fortified, that you can make no approaches to it, without a shovel. But for her constancy, I can tell you for your comfort, she will love till death, I mean till yours; for when she has worn out, she will certainly dispatch you to another world, for fear of telling tales; as she has already served three slaves, your predecessors of happy memory in her favours.’ She has made my pious father a three-piled cuckold to my knowledge; and now she would be robbing me of my single sheep too.

‘*Ant.* Br’thres prevent her then; and at least take the shearing of me first.

‘*Mor.* No, I’ll have a butcher’s pen’worth of you; first secure the carcass, and then take the fleece into the bargain.

‘*Ant.* Why sure, you did not put yourself and me to all this trouble, for a dry come-off:’ by this hand—

[*Taking it.*

‘*Mor.* Which you shall never touch, but upon better assurances than you imagine.’ [*Pulling her hand away.*

‘*Ant.* I’ll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee, thou pretty damned infidel.

‘*Mor.* I mean you shall; but no earnest, till the bargain be made before witness; there’s love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn you to, never doubt, but all upon honourable terms.

‘*Ant.* I vow and swear by Love; and he’s a deity in all religions.

‘*Mor.* But never to be trusted in any: he has another name too, of a worse sound. Shall I trust an oath, when I see

I see your eyes languishing, your cheeks flushing, and can hear your heart throbbing? No, I'll not come near you: he's a foolish physician who will feel the pulse of a patient, that has the plague spots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little moppet argue so perversely against so good a cause! Come, pr'ythee let me anticipate a little of my revenue.

Mor. You would fain be fingering your rents before-hand; but that makes a man an ill husband ever after. Consider, marriage is a painful vocation, as you shall prove it: manage your incomes as thriftily as you can, you shall find a hard task on't to make even at the year's end, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Christian intention to revenge myself upon thy father, for being the head of a false religion.

Mor. And so you shall; I offer you his daughter for your second: but since you are so pressing, meet me under my window to-morrow night, body for body, about this hour; I'll slip down out of my lodging, and bring my father in my hand.

Ant. How! thy father!

Mor. I mean, all that's good of him; his pearls, and jewels, his whole contents, his heart and soul; as much as ever I can carry! I'll leave him his Alcoran; that's revenue enough for him: every page of it is gold and diamonds. He has the turn of an eye, a demure smile, and a godly cant, that are worth millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a slave prepared at the postern gate, with two horses ready saddled: no more, for I fear I may be missed; and think I hear them calling for me—if you have constancy and courage—

Ant. Never doubt it: and love in abundance, to wander with thee all the world over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thousand crowns in a casket!

Ant. A heavy burden, heaven knows! but we must pray for patience to support it.

Mor. Besides a willing tit that will venture her corps with you:—come, I know you long to have a parting blow with me; and therefore to shew I am in charity—

[He kisses her.

Ant.

Ant. Once more for pity ; that I may keep the flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

Mor. No : frequent charities make bold beggars : and besides, I have learned of a falconer, never to feed up a hawk when I would have him fly : that's enough——but if you would be nibbling, here's a hand to stay your stomach. *[Kissing her hand.]*

Ant. Thus conquered infidels, that wars may cease, Are forc'd to give their hands, and sign the peace.

Mor. Thus Christians are outwitted by the foe ; You had her in your pow'r, and let her go. If you release my hand, the fault's not mine ; You shou'd have made me seal as well as sign.

[She runs off, he follows her to the door ; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, Benducar's Palace in the Castle of Alcazar.

Enter Benducar.

BENDUCAR.

MY future fate, the colour of my life,
My all depends on this important hour :
This hour my lot is weighing in the scales,
And heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a crown have push'd me forward :
'Tis fix'd, the tyrant must not ravish her ;
He and Sebastian stand betwixt my hopes ;
He most ; and therefore first to be dispatch'd.
These and a thousand things are to be done
In the short compass of this rowling night,
And nothing yet perform'd,
' None of my emissaries yet return'd.

' Enter Haly, first servant.

' Oh, Haly, thou hast held me long in pain.

' What hast thou learn'd of Dorax ? Is he dead ?

' *Haly.* Two hours I warily have watch'd his palace ;

' All doors are shut, no servant peeps abroad ;

' Some

' Some officers with striding haste pass'd in,
 ' While others outward went on quick dispatch;
 ' Sometimes hush'd silence seem'd to reign within;
 ' Then cries confus'd, and a joint clamour follow'd;
 ' Then lights went gliding by, from room to room,
 ' And shot like thwarting meteors cross the house.
 ' Not daring further to enquire, I came
 ' With speed, to bring you this imperfect news.

' *Bend.* Hence I conclude him either dead or dying:
 ' His mournful friends, summon'd to take their leaves,
 ' Are throng'd about his couch, and sit in council.
 ' What those caballing captains may design,
 ' I must prevent, by being first in action.
 ' To Muley Zeydan fly with speed; desire him
 ' To take my last instructions; tell the importance,
 ' And haste his presence here. [*Exit Haly.*]
 ' How has this poison lost its wonted way?
 ' It should have burnt its passage, not have linger'd
 ' In the blind labyrinths and crooked turnings
 ' Of human composition; now it moves
 ' Like a slow fire that works against the wind,
 ' As if his stronger stars had interpos'd.

' *Enter Hamet.*

' Well, Hamet; are our friends the rabble rais'd?
 ' From Mustapha what message?

' *Ham.* What you wish:
 ' The streets are thicker in this noon of night,
 ' Than at the mid-day sun: a drouzy horror
 ' Sits on their eyes, like Fear, not well awake:
 ' All croud in heaps, as at a night-alarm
 ' The bees drive out upon each others backs,
 ' T' imbosc their hives in clusters: all ask news:
 ' Their busy captain runs the weary round
 ' To whisper orders, and commanding silence,
 ' Makes not noise cease but deafens it to murmurs.

' *Bend.* Night wastes apace: when, when will he ap-

' *Ham.* He only waits your summons. [*pear?*]

' *Bend.* Haste their coming.

' Let secrecy and silence be enjoind
 ' In their close march. What news from the lieutenant?

' *Ham.* I left him at the gate firm to your interest,

' T' admit the townsmen at their first appearance.

* *Bend.* Thus far 'tis well. Go hasten Mustapha.

[*Exit Hamet.*]

Enter Orchan, the third servant.

* O, Orchan, did I think thy diligence
 * Would lag behind the rest? What from the Musti?
 * *Orc.* I sought him round his palace; made enquiry
 * Of all the slaves: in short I used your name,
 * And urg'd the importance home; but had for answer,
 * That since the shut of evening none had seen him.

Bend. O the curst fate of all conspiracies!

* They move on many springs; if one but fail,
 * The restiff machine stops—In an ill hour he's absent;
 * 'Tis the first time, and sure will be the last
 * That e'er a Musti was not in the way,
 * When tumults and rebellion should be broach'd.
 * Stay by me: thou art resolute and faithful;
 * I have employment worthy of thy arm.

[*Walks.*]

Enter Muley-Zeydan.

M. Zeyd. You see me come impatient of my hopes,
 And eager as the courser for the race.
 Is all in readiness?

Bend. All but the Musti.

M. Zeyd. We must go on without him.

Bend. True, we must;

For 'tis ill stopping in the full career,
 Howe'er the leap be dangerous and wide.

Orc. [*Looking out.*] I see the blaze of torches from afar;
 And hear the trampling of thick-beating feet;
 This way they move.

Bend. No doubt, the Emperor.

We must not be surpriz'd in conference.
 Trust to my management the tyrant's death;
 And haste yourself to join with Mustapha.

* The officer who guards the gate is yours:
 * When you have gain'd that pass, divide your force;
 * Yourself in person head one chosen half,
 * And march to oppress the faction in consult
 * With dying Dorax: Fate has driven 'em all
 * Into the net: you must be bold and sudden:
 * Spare none, and if you find him struggling yet
 * With pangs of death, trust not his rowling eyes

* And

' And heavy gasps ; for poison may be false,
' The home thrust of a friendly sword is sure.'

M. Zeyd. Doubt not my conduct : they shall be sur-
Mercy may wait without the gate one night, [priz'd ;
At morn I'll take her in——

Bend. Here lies your way,
You meet your brother there.

M. Zeyd. May we ne'er meet :
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
He gallops down the skies—— [Exit *M. Zeyd.*

Bend. He comes ; now heart
Be ribb'd with iron for this one attempt ;
' Set ope thy sluices, send thy vigorous blood
' Through every active limb for my relief ;'
Then take thy rest within thy quiet cell,
For thou shalt drum no more.

Enter Emperor, and guards attending him.

Emp. What news of our affairs, and what of Dorax ?
Is he no more ? Say that, and make me happy.

Bend. May all your enemies be like that dog,
Whose parring soul is labouring at the lips.

Emp. The people, are they rais'd ?

Bend. And marshall'd too ;
Just ready for the march.

Emp. Then I'm at ease.

Bend. The night is yours, the glittering host of Heav'n
Shines but for you ; but most the star of love,
That twinkles you to fair Almeyda's bed.
Oh ! there's a joy, to melt in her embrace,
Dissolve in pleasure,
And make the gods curse immortality,
That so they could not die.
But haste and make 'em yours.

Emp. I will ; and yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart ;
My flagging soul flies under her own pitch ;
Like fowl in air too damp, and lugs along,
As if she were a body in a body,
And not a mounting substance made of fire.
' My senses too are dull and stupify'd,
' Their edge rebated ;' sure some ill approaches,

And some kind spirit knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me Fate's at hand.

Bend. Mere fancies all.

' Your soul has been before-hand with your body,
' And drunk so deep a draught of promis'd bliss;
' She slumbers o'er the cup ;' no danger's near,
But of a surfeit at too full a feast.

Emp. It may be so ; ' it looks so like the dream
' That overtook me at my waking hour
' This morn ; and dreams they say are then divine,
' When all the balmy vapours are exhal'd,
' And some o'erpow'ring god continues sleep.
' 'Twas then methought Almeyda, smiling, came
' Attended with a train of all her race,
' Whom in the rage of empire I had murder'd.
' But now, no longer foes, they gave me joy
' Of my new conquest, and with helping hands
' Heav'd me into our holy prophet's arms,
' Who bore me in a purple cloud to Heav'n.

' *Bend.* Good omen, Sir ; I wish you in that heav'n
' Your dreams portend you,
' Which presages death——

[*Aside.*

' *Emp.* Thou too wert there ;
' And thou methought didst push me from below,
' With thy full force to Paradise.

' *Bend.* Yet better.

' *Emp.* Ha ! what's that grizly fellow that attends thee ?

' *Bend.* Why ask you, Sir ?

' *Emp.* For he was in my dream ;
' And help'd to heave me up.

' *Bend.* With prayers and wishes ;
' For I dare swear him honest.

' *Emp.* That may be ;
' But yet he looks damnation.

' *Bend.* You forget

The face would please you better : do you love,
And can you thus forbear ?

Emp. I'll heed my people ;
Then think of dalliance when the danger's o'er.

' My warlike spirits work now another way ;

' And my soul's tun'd to trumpets.'

Bend.

Bend. You debase yourself,
To think of mixing with th' ignoble herd.
Let such perform the servile work of war,
Such who have no Almeyda to enjoy.
' What, shall the people know their god-like prince
' Skulk'd in a nightly skirmish? Stole a conquest,
' Headed a rabble, and profan'd his person,
' Shoulder'd with filth, borne in a tide of ordure,
' And stifled with their rank offensive sweat?
' *Emp.* I am off again: I will not prostitute
' The regal dignity so far, to head 'em.'

Bend. ' There spoke a king.'
Dismiss your guards to be employ'd elsewhere
In ruder combats: you will want no seconds
' In those alarms you seek.'

Emp. Go join the crowd. [To the Guards.]
Benducar, thou shalt lead 'em in my place. [Ex. Guards.]
The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul; and my whole heart receives him.
Almeyda now returns with all her charms;
I feel her as she glides along my veins,
And dances in my blood. So when our prophet
Had long been hamm'ring in his lonely cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by;
Passing, she cast at him a side-long glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd:
He took the hint, embrac'd the flying fair:
And having found his heav'n, he fix'd it there. [Exit,

Bend. That Paradise thou never shalt possess.
His death is easy now, his guards are gone;
And I can sin but once to seize the throne.

' All after-acts are sanctify'd by power.

' *Orc.* Command my sword and life.

' *Bend.* I thank thee, Orchan,
' And shall reward thy faith: this master-key
' Frees every lock, and leads us to his person:
' And should we miss our blow, as Heav'n forbid,
' Secures retreat: leave open all behind us;
' And first set wide the Musti's garden gate,
' Which is his private passage to the palace:
' For there our mutineers appoint to meet,

' And

' And thence we may have aid.' Now sleep ye stars,
That silently o'erwatch the fate of kings;
Be all propitious influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous planets mount the guard.

[*Exeunt.*]

A NIGHT-SCENE of the Mufti's Garden.

Enter the Mufti alone, in a Slave's Habit, like that of Antonio's.

Muf. This 'tis to have a sound head-piece ; by this I have got to be chief of my religion ; that is, honestly speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe myself. For what's Mahomet to me, but that I get by him ? Now for my policy of this night : I have mew'd up my suspected spouse in her chamber. No more embassies to that lusty young stallion of a gard'ner. Next, my habit of a slave ; I have made myself as like him as I can, all but his youth and vigour ; which when I had, I pass'd my time as well as any of my holy predecessors. Now, walking under the windows of my seraglio - if Johayma look out, she will certainly take me for Antonio, and call to me ; and by that I shall know what concupiscence is working in her ; she cannot come down to commit iniquity, there's my safety ; but if she peep, if she put her nose abroad, there's demonstration of her pious will : and I'll not make the first precedent for a churchman to forgive injuries.

Enter Morayma running to him with a casket in her hand, and embracing him.

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good conscience ; here are the pearls and jewels, here's my father.

Muf. I am indeed thy father ; but how the devil didst thou know me in this disguise ? And what pearls and jewels dost thou mean ?

Mor. [*Going back.*] What have I done, and what will now become of me !

Muf. Art thou mad, Morayma ?

Mor. I think you'll make me so.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee ? Recollect thyself, and speak sense to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worst of fathers.

Muf.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten such a monster? Proceed, my dutiful child, proceed, proceed.

Mor. You have been raking together a mass of wealth, by indirect and wicked means: the spoils of orphans are in these jewels, and the tears of widows in these pearls.

Muf. Thou amazest me!

Mor. I would do so. This casket is loaded with your sins; 'tis the cargo of rapines, simony, and exortions; the iniquity of thirty years Mustiship converted into diamonds.

Muf. Would some rich, railing rogue would say as much to me, that I might squeeze his purse for scandal.

Mor. No, Sir; you get more by pious fools than railers, when you insinuate into their families; manage their fortunes whilst they live, and beggar their heirs by getting legacies when they die. And do you think I'll be the receiver of your theft? I discharge my conscience of it: here; take again your filthy memento, and restore it, you had best, to the true owners.

Muf. I am finely documented by my own daughter.

Mor. And a great credit for me to be so. Do but think how decent a habit you have on, and how becoming your function to be disguised like a slave, and eves-dropping under the women's windows, to be satuted; as you deserve it richly, with a piss-pot. If I had not known you casually by your shambling gait, and a certain reverend awkwardness that is natural to all of your function, here you had been exposed to the laughter of your own servants; who have been in search of you thro' the whole Seraglio, peeping under every petticoat to find you.

Muf. Pr'ythee, child, reproach me no more of human failings; they are but a little of the pitch and spots of the world that are still sticking on me; but I hope to scour 'em out in time: I am better at bottom than thou thinkest; I am not the man thou takest me for.

Mor. No; to my sorrow, Sir, you are not.

Muf. It was a very odd beginning tho' methought, to see thee come running in upon me with such a warm embrace:

‘ embrace : pr’ythee what was the meaning of that violent hot hug ?

‘ *Mor.* I am sure I meant nothing by it, but the zeal and affection which I bear to the man of the world whom I may love lawfully.

‘ *Muf.* But thou wilt not teach me at this age the nature of a close embrace ?

‘ *Mor.* No indeed : for my mother-in law complains, you are past teaching ; but if you mistook my innocent embrace for sin, I wish heartily it had been given where it should have been more acceptable.

‘ *Muf.* Why this is as it should be now : take the treasure again, it can never be put into better hands.

‘ *Mor.* Yes to my knowledge but it might. I have confessed my soul to you, if you can understand me rightly ; I never disobeyed you till this night ; and now since thro’ the violence of my passion, I have been so unfortunate, I humbly beg your pardon, your blessing, and your leave, that upon the first opportunity I may go for ever from your sight ; for Heav’n knows, I never desire to see you more.

‘ *Muf.* [*Wiping his eyes.*] Thou makest me weep at thy unkindness ; indeed, dear daughter, we will not part.

‘ *Mor.* Indeed, dear daddy, but we will.’

Muf. Why, if I have been a little pilfering or so, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it, since it was to make thee rich ; and I hope a man may make bold with his own soul, without offence to his own child : here, take the jewels again, take ’em I charge thee upon thy obedience.

Mor. Well then, in virtue of obedience I will take ’em ; but on my soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

Muf. Meaning mine, I know it.

Mor. Meaning his whom I love better than my life.

Muf. That’s me again.

Mor. I would have you think so.

Muf. How thy good-nature works upon me ; ‘ well, I can do no less than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the rabble be ordered to raise to-night.’

Enter

Enter Antonio in an African rich habit.

Ant. What do you mean, my dear, to stand talking in this suspicious place, just underneath Johayma's window? [*To the Mufti.*] You are well met, comrade, I know you are the friend of our flight; are the horses ready at the Postern Gate;

Muf. Antonio, and in disguise? Now I begin to smell a rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-stinks it; false Morayma, hast thou thus betrayed me to thy father?

Mor. Alas! I was betrayed myself: he came disguised like you, and I, poor innocent, ran into his hands!

Muf. In a good time you did so; 'I laid a trap for a bitch-fox, and a worse vermin has caught himself in it:' you would fain break loose now, though you left a limb behind you; but I am yet in my own territories and in call of company, that's my comfort.

Ant. [*Taking him by the throat.*] No; I have a trick left to put thee past thy squeeking: I have given thee the quinzey; that ungracious tongue shall preach no more false doctrine.

Mor. What do you mean? You will not throttle him? Consider he's my father.

Ant. Pr'ythee let us provide first for our own safety: if I do not consider him, he will consider us with a vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my sake give him back a little cranny of his windpipe, and some part of speech.

Ant. Not so much as one single interjection. Come away, father-in-law, this is no place for dialogues; when you are in the Mosque you talk by hours, and there no man must interrupt you; this is but like for like, good father-in-law; now I am in the pulpit, 'tis your turn to hold your tongue.' [*He struggles.*] 'Nay, if you will be hanging back, I shall take care you shall hang forward.'

[Pulls him along the stage with his sword at his reins.]

Mor. T'other way to the harbour with him; and make haste before we are discovered.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil usage; he deserves not so much favour by any action of his life.

Mor.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your mistress.

Ant. I would, if he had not thought more of thy mother than of thee: once more come along in silence, my Pythagorean father-in-law.

Job. [*At the balcony.*]—A bird in a cage may peep at least, tho' she must not fly. What bustle's there beneath my window? Antonio, by all my hopes! I know him by his habit; but what makes that woman with him, and a friend, a sword drawn, and hastening hence? This is no time for silence: who's within call there? where are the servants? Why, Omar, Abedin, Hassan, and the rest, make haste and run into the garden; there are thieves and villains; arm all the family, and stop 'em.

Ant. [*Turning back.*] O that screech owl at the window! we shall be pursued immediately; which way shall we take?

Mor. [*Giving him the casket.*] 'Tis impossible to escape them: for the way to our horses lies back again by the house; and then we shall meet 'em full in the teeth. Here, take these jewels; thou mayest leap the walls and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then, poor kind soul?

Mor. I must take my fortune. 'When you have got safe into your own country, I hope you will bestow a sigh on the memory of her who loved you.

Ant. It makes me mad, to think how many a good night will be lost betwixt us! Take back thy jewels; 'tis an empty casket without thee; besides, I should never leap well with the weight of all thy father's sins about me; thou and they had been a bargain.

Mor. Pr'ythee take 'em, 'twill help me to be revenged on him.

Ant. No; they'll serve to make thy peace with him.

Mor. I hear 'em coming: shift for yourself at least; remember I am yours for ever.

Servants crying, This way, this way, *behind the scenes.*

Ant. And but the empty shadow of myself without thee! Farewel, father-in-law, that should have been,

* if I had not been curst in my mother's belly—Now,
* which way, Fortune?"——

[Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.

Servants. [Within.] Follow, follow! yonder are the
villains.

Ant. Oh, here's a gate open! but it leads into the
castle; yet I must venture it. [Going out. A shout behind
the scenes.] There's the rabble in a mutiny—What, is
the devil up at midnight?—However, 'tis good herding
in a crowd.

[Runs out.

* [Musti runs to Morayma, and lays hold on her; then
* snatches away the casket.

* Musf. Now, to do things in order, first I seize upon
* the bag, and then upon the baggage: for thou art but
* my flesh and blood; but these are my life and soul.

* Mor. Then let me follow my flesh and blood, and
* keep to yourself your life and soul.

* Musf. Both or none—Come away to durance.

* Mor. Well, if it must be so, agreed; for I have ano-
* ther trick to play you, and thank yourself for what
* shall follow.

* Enter Servants.

* Job. [From above.] One of them took through the
* private way into the castle: Follow him, be sure: for
* these are yours already.

* Mor. Help here, quickly! Omar, Abedin! I have
* hold on the villain that stole my jewels; but 'tis a lusty
* rogue, and he will prove too strong for me. What,
* help, I say! Do you not know your master's daughter?

* Musf. Now, if I cry out, they will know my voice;
* and then I am disgraced for ever. Oh, thou art a ve-
* nomous cockatrice!

* Mor. Of your own begetting. [The Servants seize him.

* 1 Serv. What a glorious deliverance have you had,
* Madam, from this bloody-minded Christian!

* Mor. Give me back my jewels, and carry this noto-
* rious malefactor to be punish'd by my father. I'll hunt
* the other dry-foot.

* [Takes the jewels, and runs out after Antonio at the same
* passage.

* 1 Serv. I long to be handfelling his hide, before we
* bring him to my master.

H

* 2 Serv.

‘ 2 *Serv.* Hang him for an old covetous hypocrite, he deserves a worse punishment himself, for keeping us so hardly.

‘ 1 *Serv.* Ay, would he were in this villain’s place : thus would I lay him on, and thus. [*Beats him.*]

‘ 2 *Serv.* And thus would I revenge myself of my last beating. [*He beats him too, and then the rest.*]

‘ *Muf.* Oh, ho, ho !

‘ 1 *Serv.* Now, supposing you were the Musti, Sir—

‘ [*Beats him again.*]

‘ *Muf.* The devil’s in that supposing-rascal : I can bear no more ; and I am the Musti. Now, suppose yourselves my servants, and hold your hands : an anointed halter take you all.

‘ 1 *Serv.* My master ! You will pardon the excess of our zeal for you, Sir : indeed we all took you for a villain ; and so we used you.’

Muf. ‘ Ay, so I feel you did ; my back and sides are abundant testimonies of your zeal.’ Run, rogues, and bring me back my jewels, and my fugitive daughter : run, I say.

‘ [*They run to the gate, and the first Servant runs back again.*]

‘ 1 *Serv.* Sir, the castle is in a most terrible combustion ; you may hear them hither.

‘ *Muf.* ’Tis a laudable commotion : the voice of the mobile is the voice of Heaven. I must retire a little, to strip me of the slave, and to assume the Musti ; and then I will return : for the pety of the people must be encouraged, that they may help me to recover my jewels and my daughter. [*Exeunt Musti and Servants.*]

SCENE changes to the Castle-Yard,

And discovers Antonio, Mustapha, and the Rabble shouting.

They come forward.

Ant. And so, at length, as I informed you, I escaped out of his covetrous clutches ; and now fly to your illustrious feet for my protection.

Muf. Thou shalt have it : and now defy the Musti. ’Tis the first petition that has been made to me since my exaltation to tumult—‘ In this second night of the month Abib, and in the year of the Hegira—the lord knows what year : but ’tis no matter ; for when I am settled,

the learned are always bound to find it out for me; for
 'I am resolved to date my authority over the rabble
 'like other monarchs,'

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again, tho' I could not compass it before: and had designed you a casket of my master's jewels too; 'for I knew the casket torn, and would not have appeared before a great person, as you are, without a present;' but he has defrauded my good intentions, and basely robbed you of them. 'Tis a prize worth a million of crowns; and you carry your letters of marque about you.'

Must. I shall make bold with his treasure, for the support of my new government. [*The people gather about him.*]
 'What do these vile raggamuffins so near our person?' Your favour is offensive to us—Bear back there, and make room for honest men to approach us. 'These fools and knaves are always impudently crowding next to princes, and keeping off the more deserving—Bear back, I say. [*They make a wider circle.*] That's dutifully done. Now, shout to shew your loyalty. [*A great shout.*] Hear'st thou that, slave Antonio? These obstreperous villains shout, and know not for what they make a noise. You shall see me manage them, that you may judge what ignorant beasts they are. For whom do you shout now? Who's to live and reign? Tell me that, the wisest of you.'

1 *Rabble.* Even who you please, Captain.

Must. La you there! I told you so.

2 *Rabble.* We are not bound to know who is to live and reign; our business is only to rise upon command, and plunder.

3 *Rabble.* Ay, the richest of both parties; for they are our enemies.

Must. This last fellow is a little more sensible than the rest; he has entered somewhat into the merits of the cause.

1 *Rabble.* If a poor man may speak his mind, I think, Captain, that yourself are the fittest to live and reign, 'I mean not over, but next, and immediately under the people:' and thereupon I say, a Mustapha, a Mustapha!

All. A Mustapha, a Mustapha!

Must. I must confess the sound is pleasing, and tickles the ears of my ambition: 'but, alas, good people, it must

‘ not be ! I am contented to be a poor simple viceroy ;
 ‘ but Prince Muley-Zeydan is to be the man—I shall
 ‘ take care to instruct him in the arts of government, and
 ‘ in his duty to us all ; and therefore, mark my cry—A
 ‘ Muley-Zeydan, a Muley-Zeydan !

‘ *All.* A Muley-Zeydan, a Muley-Zeydan !

‘ *Mus.* You see, slave Antonio, what I might have
 ‘ been.

‘ *Ant.* I observe your modesty.

‘ *Mus.* But for a foolish promise I made once to my
 ‘ Lord Benducar, to set up any one he pleased.’

Re-enter the Musti, with his Servants.

Ant. Here’s the old hypocrite again. Now, stand your
 ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the jewels,
 the rich and glorious jewels ; they are designed to be
 yours by virtue of prerogative.

Mus. Let me alone to pick a quarrel ; I have an old
 grudge to him upon thy account.

Mus. [*Making up to the Mobile.*] Good people, here
 you are met together.

1 *Rabble.* Ay, we know that without your telling ; but
 why are we met together, Doctor ? For that’s it which
 nobody here can tell.

2 *Rabble.* Why, to see one another in the dark, and to
 make holiday at midnight.

Mus. You are met, as becomes good Mussulmen, to
 settle the nation ; for I must tell you, that tho’ your ty-
 rant is a lawful emperor, yet your lawful emperor is but a
 tyrant.

Ant. What stuff he talks !

Mus. ‘ This is excellent fine matter, indeed, slave An-
 ‘ tonio.’ He has a rare tongue. Oh, he would move a
 rock or elephant !

Ant. [*Aside.*] What a block have I to work upon !
 ‘ But still remember the jewels, Sir, the jewels. [*To him.*

‘ *Mus.* Nay that’s true on the other side ; the jewels
 ‘ must be mine ; but he has a pure fine way of talking ;
 ‘ my conscience goes along with him ; but the jewels
 ‘ have set my heart against him.

‘ *Mus.* That your emperor is a tyrant, is most mani-
 ‘ fest ; for you were born to be Turks, but he has played
 ‘ the Turk with you, and is taking your religion away.’

2 *Rabble.*

2 *Rabble*. We find that in our decay of trade: I have seen, for these hundred years, that religion and trade always go together.'

Muf. He is now upon the point of marrying himself, without your sovereign consent; and what are the effects of marriage?

3 *Rabble*. A scolding domineering wife, if she prove honest; and if a whore, a fine gaudy minx, that robs our counters every night, and then goes out, and spends it upon our cuckold-makers.

Muf. No, the natural effects of marriage are children. Now, on whom would he beget these children? Even upon a Christian! Oh, horrible! how can you believe me, tho' I am ready to swear it upon the Alcoran? Yes, true believers, you may believe, that he is going to beget a race of misbelievers.

Muf. That's fine, in earnest: I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting tongue.

Ant. But yet remember—

Muf. Ay, ay, the jewels—Now again I hate him; but yet my conscience makes me listen to him.'

Muf. Therefore, to conclude all, believers, pluck up your hearts, and pluck down the tyrant. Remember the courage of your ancestors; remember the majesty of the people; remember yourselves, your wives and children; and lastly, above all, remember your religion, and our holy Mahomet; all these require your timely assistance; shall I say, they beg it? No, they claim it of you, by all the nearest and dearest ties of these three P's, self-preservation, our property, and our prophet. Now, answer me with an unanimous, cheerful cry, and follow me, who am your leader, to a glorious deliverance. [*All cry, A Musti, A Musti! and are following him off the stage.*]

Ant. Now you see what comes of your foolish qualms of conscience: the jewels are lost, and they are all leaving you.'

Muf. What, am I forsaken of my subjects? Would the rogue purloin my liege people from me? I charge you, in my own name, come back, ye deserters, and hear me speak.

1 *Rabble*. What, will he come with his balderdash, after the Mufti's eloquent oration?

2 *Rabble*. He's our Captain, lawfully picked up, and elected upon a stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak, Captain; for we will hear you.

Muft. Do you remember the glorious rapines and robberies you have committed; your breaking open and gutting of houses, your rummaging of cellars, your demolishing of Christian temples, and bearing off in triumph the superstitious plate and pictures, the ornaments of their wicked altars, when all rich moveables were sentenced for idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was seized? Answer first for your remembrance of all these sweetnesses of mutiny; for upon those grounds I shall proceed.

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

Muft. Then make much of your retentive faculties. And who led you to those honey-combs? Your Mufti? No, believers, he only preached you up to it, but durst not lead you; he was but your counsellor, but I was your captain; he only loo'd you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his figures.

Muft. I think I was, slave Antonio. Alas, I was ignorant of my own talent!—Say, then, believers, will you have a Captain for your Mufti, or a Mufti for your Captain? And further, to instruct you how to cry, will you have a Mufti, or no Mufti?

Omnes. No, Mufti, no Mufti.

Muft. That I laid in for them, slave Antonio—Do I then spit upon your faces? Do I discourage rebellion, mutiny, rapine, and plundering? You may think I do, believers; but, Heaven forbid! No, I encourage you to all these laudable undertakings; you shall plunder, you shall pull down the government; but you shall do this upon my authority, and not by his wicked instigation.

3 *Rabble*. May, when his turn is served, he may preach up loyalty again, and restitution, that he might have another smack among us.

1 *Rabble*. He may, indeed; for 'tis but his saying 'tis so, and then we must restore: and therefore I would

would have a new religion, where half the commandments should be taken away, the rest mollified, and there should be little or no sin remaining.

Omnes. Another religion, a new religion, another religion.

Must. And that may easily be done, with the help of a little inspiration: for I must tell you I have a pigeon at home, of Mahomet's own breed; and when I have learned her to pick pease out of my ear, rest satisfied till then, and you shall have another. But now I think on't, I am inspired already, that 'tis no sin to depose the Musti.

Ant. And good reason; for when kings and queens are to be discarded, what should knaves do any longer in the pack?

Omnes. He is deposed, he is deposed, he is deposed!

Must. Nay, if he and his clergy will needs be preaching up rebellion, and giving us their blessing, 'tis but justice they should have the first-fruits of it—Slave Antonio, take him into custody; and, dost thou hear, boy? be sure to secure the little transitory box of jewels—If he be obstinate, put a civil question to him upon the rack, and he squeaks, I warrant him.

Ant. [Seizing the Musti.] Come, my quondam master; you and I must change qualities.

Must. I hope you will not be so barbarous to torture me; we may preach suffering to others; but, alas, holy flesh is too well pampered to endure martyrdom!

Must. Now, late Musti, not forgetting my first quarrel to you, we will enter ourselves with the plunder of your palace. 'Tis good to sanctify a work, and begin a God's name.

Rabbi. Our prophet let the devil alone with the last mob.

Mod. But he takes care of this himself.

As they are going out, enter Benducar leading Almeyda; he with a sword in one hand; Benducar's slave follows, with Muley-Moluch's head upon a spear.

Must. 'Not so much haste, masters; come back again: You are so bent upon mischief, that you take a man upon the first word for plunder.' Here's a fight for you! the Emperor is come upon his head to visit you.
[Bowling.]

[*Bowing.*] Most noble Emperor, now I hope you will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pulled you down; for we can tell you to your face, that we have exalted you. [*They all shout.*]

Ben. [*To Almeyda, apart.*] Think what I am, and what yourself may be
In being mine: refuse not proffer'd love
That brings a crown.

Alm. [*To him.*] I have resolv'd;
And these shall know my thoughts.

Ben. [*To her.*] On that I build—
[*He comes up to the Rabble.*]

Joy to the people for the tyrant's death!
' Oppression, rapine, banishment, and blood
' Are now no more; but speechless as that tongue,
' That lies for ever still.
' How is my grief divided with my joy,
' When I must own I kill'd him! Bid me speak;
' For not to bid me, is to disallow
' What for your sakes is done.'

Must. In the name of the people, we command you speak. But that pretty lady shall speak first; for we have taken somewhat of a liking to her person. Be not afraid, lady, to speak to these rude raggamuffins: there's nothing shall offend you; unless it be their stink, an't please you.

[*Making a leg.*]
Alm. Why should I fear to speak, who am your queen?

My peaceful father sway'd the sceptre long;
And you enjoy'd the blessings of his reign,
While you deserv'd the name of Africans.
Then, not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearless I speak—Know me for what I am.

Ben. How she assumes! I like not this beginning.
[*Aside.*]

Alm. I was not born so base to flatter crowds,
' And move your pity by a whining tale.
' Your tyrant would have forc'd me to his bed;
' But in th' attempt of that foul brutal act,
' These loyal slaves secur'd me by his death.

[*Pointing to Ben.*]
Ben. Makes she no more of me than of a slave! [*Aside.*]
Madam, I thought I had instructed you [*To Alm.*]

' To

' To frame a speech more suiting to the times :
 ' The circumstances of that dire design,
 ' Your own despair, my unexpected aid,
 ' My life endanger'd by his bold defence,
 ' And after all, his death, and your deliverance;
 ' Were themes that ought not to be slighted o'er.

' *Mist.* She might have pass'd over all your petty
 ' businesses, and no great matter— But the raising of my
 ' rabble is an exploit of consequence, and not to be mum-
 ' bled up in silence, for all her portness.

' *Alm.* When force invades the gift of nature, life,
 ' The eldest law of nature, bids defend ;
 ' And if, in that defence, a tyrant fall,
 ' His death's his crime, not ours.

' Suffices that he's dead ; all wrongs die with him ;
 ' When he can wrong no more, I pardon him :
 ' Thus I absolve myself, and him excuse
 ' Who sav'd my life and honour ; but praise neither.

' *Ben.* 'Tis cheap to pardon whom you would not pay ;
 ' But what speak I of payment or reward ?
 ' Ungrateful woman ! you are yet no queen ;
 ' Nor more than a proud, haughty Christian slave :
 ' As such I seize my right. [Going to lay hold of her.

' *Alm.* [Drawing a dagger.] Dare not to approach me.
 ' Now, Africans,
 ' He shows himself to you ; to me he stood
 ' Confess'd before, and own'd his insolence
 ' T' espouse my person, and assume the crown,
 ' Claim'd in my right. For this he slew your tyrant ;
 ' Oh, no, he only chang'd him for a worse ;
 ' Embas'd your slavery by his own vileness,
 ' And loaded you with more ignoble bonds.
 ' Then think me not ungrateful, not to share
 ' Th' imperial crown with a presuming traitor.
 ' He says I am a Christian : true, I am ;
 ' But yet no slave. If Christians can be thought
 ' Unfit to govern those of other faith,
 ' 'Tis left for you to judge.

' *Ben.* I have no patience ; she consumes the time
 ' In idle talk, and owns her false belief.
 ' Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.'

Alm.

Alm. [*To the people.*] ' No, let me rather die your sacri-
 • Than live his triumph. [*See*]

I throw myself into my people's arms :
 As you are men, compassionate my wrongs,
 And as good men, protect me.

• *Ant.* Something must be done to save her. — [*Aside*
 • to Must.] This is all addressed to you, Sir : she singled
 • you out with her eye, as commander in chief of the
 • mobility.

• *Must.* Think'st thou so, slave Antonio ?

• *Ant.* Most certainly, Sir ; and you cannot in honour
 • but protect her. Now, look to your hits, and make
 • your fortune.

• *Must.* Methought, indeed, she cast a kind leer to-
 • wards me. Our prophet was but just such another
 • scoundrel as I am, till he raised himself to power, and
 • consequently to holiness, by marrying his master's
 • widow. I am resolved I'll put forward for myself ;
 • for why should I be my Lord Benducan's fool and slave,
 • when I may be my own fool, and his master ?

Ben. Take her into possession, Mustapha.

Must. That's better counsel than you meant it. Yes,
 I do take her into possession, and into protection too —
 What say you, masters, will you stand by me ?

Omnes. One and all, one and all !

• *Ben.* Hast thou betray'd me, traitor ? Musti, speak,
 • And mind them of religion. [*Musti shakes his head.*

• *Must.* Alas, poor gentleman ! he has gotten a cold,
 • with a sermon of two hours long, and a prayer of
 • four ; and, besides, if he durst speak, mankind is grown
 • wiser, at this time of day, than to cut one another's
 • throats about religion. Our Musti's is a green coat, and
 • the Christian's is a black coat ; and we must wisely go to-
 • gether by the ears, whether green or black shall sweep
 • our spoils. [*Drums within, and shouts.*

Ben. Now we shall see whose numbers will prevail :
 The conquering troops of Muley-Zeydan come,
 To crush rebellion, and espouse my cause.

Must. We will have a fair trial of skill for it, I can
 tell him that. When we have dispatched with Muley-
 Zeydan, your Lordship shall march in equal proportions
of

of your body, to the four gates of the city, and every tower shall have a quarter of you.

[Antonio draws them up, and takes Alm. by the band. Shouts again, and drums.]

Enter Dorax and Sebastian, attended by African Soldiers and Portugueses. Almeyda and Sebastian run into each other's Arms, and both speak together.

Seb. and Alm. My Sebastian! My Almeyda?

Alm. Do you then live?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Ecn. How! Dorax and Sebastian still alive!

The Moors and Christians join'd! I thank thee, prophet.

Dor. The citadel is ours; and Muley-Zeydan

Safe under guard, but as becomes a prince.

Lay down your arms: such base plebeian blood

Would only stain the brights of my sword,

And blunt it for some nobler work behind.

Musf. I suppose you may put it up without offence to any man here present. For my part, I have been loyal to my sovereign lady; though that villain, Benducar, and that hypocrite, the Musti, would have corrupted me; but if those two 'scape public justice, then I, and all my latest honest subjects here, deserve hanging.

Ben. *[To Dor.]* I'm sure I did my part to poison thee, What saint soe'er has fodder'd thee again:

A dose less hot had burst through ribs of iron.

Musf. Not knowing that, I poison'd him once more, And drench'd him with a draught so deadly cold, That, had'st not thou prevented, had congeal'd The channel of his blood, and froze him dry.

Ben. Thou interposing fool, to mangle mischief, And think to mend the perfect work of hell.

Dor. Thus, when heav'n pleases, double poisons cure, I will not tax thee of ingratitude

To me thy friend, who hast betray'd thy prince:

Death he deserv'd indeed, but not from thee.

But Fate, it seems, reserv'd the worst of men

To end the worst of tyrants.

Go, bear him to his fate,

And send him to attend his master's ghost.

Let

Let some secure my other poisoning friend,
Whose double diligence preserv'd my life.

Ant. You are fallen into good hands, father-in-law;
Your sparkling jewels, and Morayma's eyes may prove
A better bail than you deserve.

Mus. The best that can come of me, in this condition,
Is to have my life begged first, and then to be
Begged for a fool afterwards.

[*Exit Antonio with the Musti, and at the same time Benducar is carried off.*]

Dor. [*To Must.*] You and your hungry herd depart
For justice cannot stoop so low, to reach [untouch'd;
The groveling sin of crouds; but curst be they
Who trust revenge with such mad instruments,
Whose blindfold business is but to destroy;
And like the fire commission'd by the winds,
Begins on sheds, but rowling in a round,
On palaces returns. Away, ye skum,
That still rise upmost when the nation-boils:
Ye mongrel work of heav'n, with human shapes,
Not to be damn'd or sav'd, but breathe and perish,
That have but just enough of sense, to know
The master's voice when rated, to depart.

[*Exeunt Mustapha and rabble.*]

Alm. With gratitude as low, as knees can pay

[*Kneeling to him*]

To those blest holy fires, our guardian angels,
Receive these thanks; till altars can be rais'd.

Dor. Arise, fair excellence, and pay no thanks,

[*Raising her up*]

Till time discover what I have deserv'd.

Seb. More than reward can answer.

If Portugal and Spain were join'd to Africa,
And the main ocean crusted into land,
If universal monarchy were mine,
Here should the gift be plac'd.

Dor. And from some hands I should refuse that gift:
Be not too prodigal of promises;
But stint your bounty to one only grant,
Which I can ask with honour.

Seb. What I am

Is but thy gift, make what thou canst of me,
Secure of no repulse.

Dor. [To Seb.] Dismiss your train.

[To Alm.] You, Madam, please one moment to retire.

[Sebastian signs to the Portugueses to go off: Almeyda bow-
ing to him, goes off also: the Africans follow her.]

Dor. [To the Captain of the Guard.] With you one
word in private. [Goes out with the Captain.]

Seb. [Solus.] Reserv'd behaviour, open nobleness,
A long mysterious track of stern bounty.
But now the hand of Fate is on the curtain,
And draws the scene to fight.

*Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his turban, and put on a
peruke, hat, and cravat.*

Dor. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou should'st be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian:

But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,

I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?

' Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries

' Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;

' And death should give you back to answer me.

' A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings

' Over these eyes, but ever when they clos'd,

' Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,

' And dry'd the dews they brought.

' The long-expected hour is come at length,

' By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:

' And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

' *Seb.* I have not yet forgot I am a king;

' Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:

' If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;

' I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

' *Dor.* 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;

' Then though I loath this woman's war of tongues,

Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;

And, Honour, be thou judge.

Seb. ' Honour befriend us both.'

Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear :

- ‘ I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
- ‘ Is insolent and haughty to superiors :
- ‘ How often hast thou brav’d my peaceful court,
- ‘ Fill’d it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts ;
- ‘ And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
- ‘ Reproach’d ev’n me thy prince ?’

Dor. ‘ And well I might, when you forgot reward,
‘ The part of heav’n in kings : for punishment
‘ Is hangman’s work, and drudgery for devils.’
I must, and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant (it irks me so to call my prince)
But just resentment and hard usage coin’d
Th’ unwilling word ; and grating as it is,
Take it, for ’tis thy due.

Seb. How, tyrant !

Dor. Tyrant.

Seb. Traitor ; that name thou can’st not echo back :
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim the traitor :
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, ’tis renegade.

Dor. If I’m a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betray’d me into treason,
Effac’d my loyalty, unhing’d my faith,
And hurry’d me from hopes of heaven to hell,
‘ All these, and all my yet unfinish’d crimes,
‘ When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
‘ I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.’

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn’d, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more :
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg’d
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts ;
Where thy gull’d eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face ;
‘ And the gross flattery of a gaping croud,
‘ Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
‘ The stuff or royal nonsense : when I spoke,’

My

My honest homely words were carp'd, and censur'd,
For want of courtly stile : related actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts :
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
' And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.'

Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

Seb. ' What say'st thou of Henriquez ?' Now by heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile ; [him,
That woman, but more daub'd ; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman ; thy man mistress.

Seb. All false as hell or thou.

Dor. Yes ; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in these foreign fields :
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st, but tell me first ;
If those great acts were done alone for me ;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest ?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below :
But all th' advantage of that love was thine :
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
(For Violante's vows were mine before :)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke ;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

' *Seb.* I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

' *Dor.* Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd ?
' Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
' From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first ?

' *Seb.* He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.

' *Dor.* My services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it.'

Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service ;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts ;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my despoight,

Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd !

Dor. Ev'n in the face of heav'n, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love :
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou should'st make a coward's cause thy own ?

Seb. He durst : nay, more, desir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly : 'twas thy fault
To make it public ; but my duty, then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd.

Seb. Th' indignity thou didst was meant to me :
• Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
• As who should say, the blow was there intended ;
But that thou did'st not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power :—so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself :
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live ;
• And live to hear it boasted to my face.
• All my long avarice of honour lost,
• Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age ;
• Has honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream ?
• He has ; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
• And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour ; give them back—
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it—

Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it—
• Nor shall the sacred character of king
• Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
• If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal :
• The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude ;
Hast thou not charg'd me ? Speak.

Dor.

Dor. Thou know'st I have :
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No ; to disprove that lie I must not draw :
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence :
To fight thee, after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest ?
That Isthmus stands between two rushing seas ;
Which mounting, view each other from afar :
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that Isthmus,
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprove it, for my own revenge.
' I sav'd thee out of honourable malice :'
Now draw ; I should be loth to think thou dar'st not :
Beware of such another vile excuse.

Seb. Oh, patience, heav'n ?

Dor. Beware of patience too ;
That's a suspicious word : ' it had been proper,
' Before thy foot had spurn'd me ; now 'tis base :
' Yet to disarm thee of thy last defence,'
I have thy oath for my security :
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat :
Fight or be perjur'd now ; that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou would'st be thank'd :
[Drawing.

Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
' The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
' More gladly enters not the lists of love.
' Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.'
Go ; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost ;
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His ghost ! then is my hated rival dead ?

Seb. The question is beside our present purpose :
Thou seest me ready ; we delay too long.

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us ; ' throw it in,
' And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead : make haste, and thou may'st yet
o'ertake him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'd'st me longer.
 ' I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
 ' Into thy promise : ' for thy life preserv'd,
 Be kind ; and tell me how that rival dy'd,
 Whose death next thine I wish'd.

Seb. ' If it would please thee, thou should'st never
 ' But thou, like jealousy, enquir'st a truth, [know :
 ' Which sound will torture thee : he dy'd in fight :
 Fought next my person ; as in comfort fought :
 Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow ;
 Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence ;
 And on his naked side receiv'd my wound :
 Then when he could no more, he fell at once,
 But rowl'd his falling body cross their way ;
 And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death !

Seb. I prophesy'd thy proud soul could not bear it.
 Now judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
 I knew you both ; and (durst I say) as heav'n
 Foreknew among the shining angel host
 Who should stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n ;
 And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown ; what is, appears ;
 ' Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
 ' My fortune had been his, and his been mine,'
 Oh, worse than hell ! what glory have I lost,
 And what has he acquir'd by such a death !
 I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
 My corps had been the bulwark of my king,
 His glorious end was a patch'd work of Fate,
 Ill sort'd with a soft effeminate life :
 It suited better with my life than his
 So to have dy'd : mine had been of a piece,
 Spent in your service dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
 ' The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
 And meet his glorious fate : confess, proud spirit,
 (For I will have it from thy very mouth)
 ' That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

Dor. Oh, whither would you drive me ! I must grant,
 Henriquez

Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
 Henriquez had your love with more desert :
 For you he fought and dy'd ; I fought against you ;
 Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
 Hunted your sacred life ; which that I mis'd
 Was the propitious error of my fate,
 Not of my soul ; my soul's a regicide.

Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name :
 Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king. [*More calmly.*]
 Speak, did'st thou not, Alonzo ?

Dor. Can I speak !

Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo :

No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo :

Alonzo was too kind a name for me.

' Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
 ' In that blest age I was the man you nam'd :
 ' Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax ;
 ' And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.'

Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you : there's my grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent :
 Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou wouldst :
 Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast err'd ;
 And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

Dor. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness :
 It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
 Half drown'd in tears before ; spare my confusion :
 For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
 For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,
 To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

[*Falls at his feet.*]

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade :
 'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first,
 But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.

[*Taking him up.*]

Yes, I will raise thee up with better news :
 Thy Violante's heart was ever thine ;
 Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
 Her soul was absent when she gave her hand :
 Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
 Effect the consummation of his love :

So,

So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.

Dor. Have I been cursing Heav'n, while Heaven blest
' I shall run mad with extasy of joy : ' me !

What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my king, and to my love !
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez !

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him ?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms ; [*Embracing him.*
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace :
Be what Henriquez was : be my Alonzo.

Dor. What, my Alonzo, said you ? My Alonzo !
Let my tears thank you ; for I cannot speak ;
' And if I could,

' Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.'

Seb. 'Thou can'st not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.'
Some strange reverse of Fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heav'n to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away :
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign ; -
But, let my love, and friend, be ever mine. [*Exeunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

' *The SCENE is a Room of State.*

' *Enter Dorax and Antonio.*

' *DORAX.*

' **J**OY is on every face, without a cloud :
' As, in the scene of opening Paradise,
' The whole creation danc'd at their new being ;
' Pleas'd to be what they were ; pleas'd with each other.
' Such joy have I, both in myself, and friends ;
' And double joy that I have made them happy.

' *Ant.*

- *Ant.* Pleasure has been the business of my life;
- And every change of fortune easy to me,
- Because I still was easy to myself.
- The loss of her I lov'd wou'd touch me nearest;
- Yet, if I found her, I might love too much,
- And that's uneasy pleasure.

- *Dor.* If she be fated
- To be your wife, your fate will find her for you:
- Predestinated ills are never lost.

- *Ant.* I had forgot
- T' enquire before, but long to be inform'd;
- How, poison'd and betray'd, and round beset,
- You could unwind yourself from all these dangers;
- And move so speedily to our relief!

- *Dor.* The double poisons, after a short combat,
- Expell'd each other in their civil war,
- By nature's benefit; and rous'd my thought
- To guard that life which now I found attack'd.
- I summon'd all my officers in haste,
- On whose experienc'd faith I might rely:
- All came resolv'd to die in my defence,
- Save that one villain who betray'd the gate.
- Our diligence prevented the surprize
- We justly fear'd: So Muley-Zeydan found us
- Drawn up in battle, to receive the charge,

- *Ant.* But how the Moors and Christian slaves were
- You have not yet unfolded. [join'd,

- *Dor.* That remains.
- We knew their interest was the same with ours:
- And though I hated more than death, Sebastian;
- I could not see him die by vulgar hands;
- But prompted by my angel, or by his,
- Freed all the slaves, and plac'd him next myself,
- Because I would not have his person known.
- I need not tell the rest, th' event declares it.

- *Ant.* Your conquests came of course; their men
- were raw,
- And yours were disciplin'd: one doubt remains,
- Why you industriously conceal'd the king,
- Who, known, had added courage to his men?
- *Dor.* I would not hazard civil broils betwixt
- His friends and mine; which might prevent our combat.
- Yet, had he fall'n, I had dismiss'd his troops;

• Or,

- ' Or, if victorious, order'd his escape.
 ' But I forgot a new increase of Joy,
 ' To feast him with surprize; I must about it:
 ' Expect my swift return. [Exit Dorax.]

Enter a Servant to Antonio.

Ser. Here's a lady at the door, that bids me tell you, she is come to make an end of the game, that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of woman is she? Does she not want two of the four elements? Has she any thing about her but air and fire?

- ' *Ser.* Truly, she flies about the room, as if she had
 ' wings instead of legs; I believe she's just turning into
 ' a bird: a house-bird, I warrant her: and so hasty to fly
 ' to you, that rather than fail of entrance, she would
 ' come tumbling down the chimney, like a swallow.'

Enter Morayma.

Ant. [Running to her, and embracing her.] Look if she be not here already! What, no denial, it seems, will serve your turn? Why, thou little dun, is thy debt for pressing?

Mor. Little devil, if you please: your lease is out, good Mr. Conjurer; and I am come to fetch your soul and body; not an hour of leudness longer in this world for you.

Ant. Where the devil hast thou been? and how the devil didst thou find me here?

Mor. I followed you into the castle-yard: but there was nothing but tumult and confusion; and I was bodily afraid of being picked up by some of the rabble: considering I had a double charge about me——my jewels, and my maiden-head.

' *Ant.* Both of them intended for my worship's sole use and property.

' *Mor.* And what was poor little I among them all?

' *Ant.* Not a mouthful a-piece: 'twas too much odds in conscience.

' *Mor.* So seeking for shelter, I naturally ran to the old place of assignation, the garden-house; where, for want of instinct, you did not follow me.'

Ant. Well, for thy comfort, I have secured thy father; and, I hope, thou hast secured his effects for us.

' *Mor.*

Mor. Yes, truly, I had the prudent foresight to consider, that when we grow old, and weary of solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithal to make merry with the world; and take up with a worse pleasure of eating and drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

Ant. Thy fortune will be even too good for thee: for thou art going into the country of serenades and gallantries; where thy street will be haunted every night with thy foolish lovers, and my rivals; who will be fighting, and singing under thy inexorable windows, lamentable ditties, and call thee cruel, and goddess, and moon, and stars, and all the poetical names of wicked rhyme. While thou and I are minding our business, and jogging on, and laughing at them, at leisure minutes; which will be very few, take that by way of threatening.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff so much beforehand. But they say, your churches are fine places for love-devotion: many a she saint is there worshipped.

Ant. Temples are there as they are in all other countries, good conveniences for dumb interviews: I hear the Protestants are not much reformed in that point neither; for their sectaries call their churches by the natural name of meeting-houses. Therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of devotion than needs must, good future spouse; and always in a veil; for those eyes of thine are damned enemies to mortification.

Mor. The best thing I have heard of Christendom, is, that we women are allowed the privilege of having souls; and I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine upon some lover, whenever you begin to go astray; and if I find no convenience in a church, a private chamber will serve the turn.

Ant. When that day comes, I must take my revenge, and turn gardener again: for, I find, I am much given to planting.

Mor. But take heed in the mean time, that some young Antonio does not spring up in your own family; as false as his father, though of another man's planting.

Re-

Re-enter Dorax with Sebastian and Almeyda. Sebastian enters speaking to Dorax, while in the mean time Antonio presents Morayna to Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our royal pris'ner, Muley-Zeydan?

Dor. Dispos'd to grant whatever I desire,
To gain a crown, and freedom: 'well I know him,
' Of easy temper, naturally good,
' And faithful to his word.'

Seb. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the measure of my happiness;
I'm still in pain for poor Alvarez' life.

Dor. Release that fear, the good old man is safe;
I paid his ransom;
And have already order'd his attendance.

Seb. Oh, bid him enter, for I long to see him.
Enter Alvarez with a Servant, who departs when Alvarez is entered.

Alv. Now by my soul, and by these hoary hairs,
[*Falling down, and embracing the King's knees.*
I'm so o'er-whelm'd with pleasure, that I feel
A latter spring within my with'ring limbs,
That shoots me out again.

Seb. Thou good old man! [Raising him.
Thou hast deceiv'd me into more, more joys;
Who stood brim-full before.

' *Alv.* Oh, my dear child!
' I love thee so, I cannot call thee king,
' Whom I so oft have dandled in these arms!
' What, when I gave thee lost, to find thee living!
' 'Tis like a father who himself had scap'd
' A falling house, and after anxious search,
' Hears from afar, his only son within;
' And digs through rubbish, till he drags him out
' To see the friendly light.
' Such is my haste, so trembling is my joy,
' To draw thee forth from underneath thy fate.'

Seb. The tempest is o'er-blown; the skies are clear,
And the sea charm'd into a calm so still,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.

Alv. Just such she shows before a rising storm:
And therefore am I come with timely speed,
To warn you into port.

Alm. My soul forbodes
Some dire event involv'd in those dark words;
And just disclosing in a birth of fate.

Alv. Is there not yet an heir of this vast empire,
Who still survives, of Muley-Moluch's branch?

Dor. Yes, such a one there is, a captive here,
And brother to the dead.

Alv. The Pow'rs above
Be prais'd for that: my prayers for my good master
I hope are heard.

Seb. 'Thou hast a right in heav'n;
And why these prayers for me?

Alv. A door is open yet for your deliverance.
Now you, my countrymen, and you, Almeйда,
Now all of us, and you (my all in one)
May yet be happy in that captive's life.

Seb. We have him here an honourable hostage
For terms of peace: what more he can contribute
To make me blest, I know not.

Alv. Vastly more:
Almeйда may be settled in the throne;
And you review your native clime with fame:
A firm alliance, and eternal peace,
(The glorious crown of honourable war)
Are all included in that prince's life:
Let this fair queen be given to Muley-Zeydan:
And make her love the sanction of your league.

Seb. No more of that; his life's in my dispose;
And pris'ners are not to insist on terms,
Or if they were, yet he demands not these.

Alv. You should exact them.

Alm. Better may be made;
These cannot; I abhor the tyrant's race;
My parents' murderers, my throne's usurpers.
But, at one blow, to cut off all dispute,
Know this, thou busy, old, officious man,
I am a Christian. Now be wise no more;
Or if thou wouldst be still thought wise, be silent.

Alv. Oh, I perceive you think your int'rest touch'd:
'Tis what before the battle I observ'd:
But I must speak, and will.

K

Seb.

Seb. I pr'ythee peace:
Perhaps she thinks they are too near of blood.

Alv. I wish she may not wed to blood more near.

Seb. What if I make her mine?

Alv. Now Heav'n forbid!

Seb. With rather Heav'n may grant.

• For, if I could deserve, I have deserv'd her;

• My toils, my hazards, and my subjects lives;

• (Provided she consent) may claim her love;

• And, that once granted, I appeal to these,

• If better I could chuse a beauteous bride.

• *Ant.* The fairest of her sex.

• *Mor.* The pride of nature.

• *Dor.* He only merits her; she only him.

• So pair'd, so suited in their minds and persons,

• That they were fram'd the tallies for each other.

• If any alien love had interpos'd,

It must have been an eye-sore to beholders,

And to themselves a curse.

Alv. And to themselves

The greatest curse that can be, were to join.

Seb. Did not I love thee, past a change to hate;

That word had been thy ruin; but no more,

I charge thee, on thy life, perverse old man.

Alv. Know, Sir, I would be silent if I durst:

But, if on shipboard, I should see my friend

Grown frantic in a raging calenture,

And he, imagining vain flow'ry fields,

Would headlong plunge himself into the deep;

Should I not hold him from that mad attempt,

Till his sick fancy were by reason cur'd?

Seb. I pardon thee th' effects of doting age;

Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;

The second non-age of a soul, more wise;

But now decay'd, and sunk into the socket,

Peeping by fits, and giving feeble light.

Alv. Have you forgot?

Seb. Thou mean'st my father's will;

In bar of marriage to Almeyda's bed:

• Thou seest my faculties are still entire,

• Though thine are much impair'd. I weigh'd that will,

• And found 'twas ground on our diff'rent faiths;

• But,

‘ But, had he liv’d to see her happy change,
 ‘ He would have cancell’d that harsh interdiction,
 ‘ And join’d our hands himself.

‘ *Alv.* Still had he liv’d and seen this change,
 ‘ He still had been the same.

‘ *Seb.* I have a dark remembrance of my father;
 ‘ His reasonings and his actions both were just;
 ‘ And, granting that, he must have chang’d his measures.

‘ *Alv.* Yes, he was just, and therefore could not change.

‘ *Seb.* ’Tis a base wrong thou offer’st to the dead.

‘ *Alv.* Now Heav’n forbid,
 ‘ That I should blast his pious memory:

‘ No, I am tender of his holy fame:

‘ For dying he bequeath’d it to my charge.

‘ Believe, I am; and seek to know no more,

‘ But pay a blind obedience to his will.

‘ For to preserve his fame I would be silent.

‘ *Seb.* Craz’d fool, who would’st be though an oracle,

‘ Come down from off the tripod, and speak plain:

‘ My father shall be justify’d, he shall:

‘ ’Tis a son’s part to rise in his defence;

‘ And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.’

Alv. ‘ It does not grieve me that you hold me craz’d:

‘ But, to be clear’d at my dead master’s cost,

‘ Oh, there’s the wound! but let me first adjure you,’

I do; and

By all you owe that dear departed soul,
 No more to think of marriage with Almeyds.

Seb. Not heav’n and earth combin’d can hinder it.

Alv. Then witness heav’n and earth, how loth I am
 To say, you must not, nay you cannot wed.

And since not only a dead father’s fame,

But more, a lady’s honour must be touch’d,

Which nice as ermine will not bear a soil;

Let all retire: that you alone may hear

What ev’n in whispers I would tell you ear.

[*All are going out.*

Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you stay.

‘ And were my voice a trumpet loud as fame,

‘ To reach the round of heav’n, and earth, and sea,

‘ All nations should be summon’d to this place.

- So little do I fear that fellow's charge :
- So should my honour, like a rising swan,
- Brush with her wings the falling drops away,
- And proudly plough the waves.
- *Seb.* This noble pride becomes thy innocence :
- And I dare trust my father's memory,
- To stand the charge of that foul forging tongue.'

Alv. ' It will soon be discover'd if I forge.'

Have you not heard your father in his youth,
When newly marry'd, travell'd into Spain,
And made a long abode in Philip's court ?

- *Seb.* Why so remote a question ? ' which thyself
- Can answer to thyself, for thou wert with him,
- His fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boast,
- And nearest to his soul.

Alv. ' Too near indeed ; forgive me, gracious Heav'n,
That ever I should boast I was so near :

- The confident of all his young amours.'

And have not you, unhappy beauty, heard, [To Alm.]
Have you not often heard, your exil'd parents
Were refug'd in that court, and at that time ?

Alm. 'Tis true : and often since, my mother own'd
How kind that prince was, to espouse her cause ;
She counsell'd, nay, enjoin'd me on her blessing,
To seek the sanctuary of your court :
Which gave me first encouragement to come,
And with my brother, beg Sebastian's aid.

- *Seb.* Thou help'st me well, to justify my war.
- [To Alm.] My dying father swore me, then a boy,
- And made me kiss the cross upon his sword,
- Never to sheath it, till that exil'd queen
- Were by my arms restor'd.'

Alv. And can you find
No myst'ry couch'd in this excess of kindness ?

- Were kings e'er known, in this degenerate age,
- So passionately fond of noble acts,
- Where interest shar'd not more than half with honour ?'
- *Seb.* Base groveling soul, who know'st not honour's
- But weigh'st it out in mercenary scales ; [worth,
- The secret pleasure of a generous act,
- Is the great mind's great bribe.

Alv.

Alv. Shew me that king, and I'll believe the phœnix.
 ' But knock at your own breast, and ask your soul,
 ' If those fair fatal eyes edg'd not your sword,
 ' More than your father's charge, and all your vows ?
 ' If so, and to your silence grants it is,
 ' Know, King, your father had, like you, a soul ;
 ' And love is your inheritance from him.
 ' Almeyda's mother too had eyes, like her,
 ' And not less charming ; and were charm'd no less
 ' Than yours are now with her, and hers with you.

Alm. Thou ly'st, impostor ; perjur'd fiend, thou ly'st.

Seb. Was't not enough to brand my father's fame,
 ' But thou must load a lady's memory ?
 ' O infamous, O base, beyond repair !
 ' And to what end this ill-concerted lie,
 ' Which palpable and gross, yet granted true,
 ' It bars not my inviolable vows ?

Alv. Take heed, and double not your father's crimes ;
 To his adult'ry do not add your incest.
 Know, she's the product of unlawful love,
 And 'tis your carnal sister you would wed.

Seb. Thou shalt not say thou wert condemn'd unheard ;
 Else, by my soul, this moment were thy last.

Alm. But think not oaths shall justify thy charge ;
 ' Nor imprecations on thy cursed head.
 ' For who dares lie to Heav'n, thinks Heaven a jest.
 ' Thou hast confess'd thyself the conscious pandar
 ' Of that pretended passion ;
 ' A single witness, infamously known,
 ' Against two persons of unquestion'd fame.

Alv. What interest can I have, or what delight
 To blaze their shame, or to divulge my own ?
 ' If prov'd, you hate me ; if unprov'd condemn.
 ' Not racks or tortures could have forc'd this secret,
 ' But too much care to save you from a crime,
 ' Which would have sunk you both : for let me say,
 Almeyda's beauty well deserves your love.

Alm. Out, base impostor ! I abhor thy praise.

Dor. It looks not like impostor ; but a truth,
 On utmost need reveal'd.

Seb. Did I expect from Dorax this return ?
 Is this the love renew'd ?

Dor. Sir, I am silent ;
Pray Heaven my fears prove false.

Seb. Away ; you all combine to make me wretched.

Alv. But hear the story of that fatal love ;
Where every circumstance shall prove another :
And Truth so shine by her own native light,
That if a lie were mixt, it must be seen.

Seb. No ; all may still be forg'd and of a piece.
No ; I can credit nothing thou canst say.

Alv. One proof remains ; and that's your father's hand ;
Firm'd with his signet ; both so fully known,
That plainer evidence can hardly be,
' Unless his soul would want her heav'n a while,
' And come on earth to swear.'

Seb. Produce that writing.

Alv. [*To Dor.*] Alonzo has it in his custody.
The same, which when his nobleness redeem'd me,
And in a friendly visit own'd himself
For what he is, I then deposited ;
And had his faith to give it to the King.

Dor. Untouch'd, and seal'd, as when intrusted with me.

[*Giving a sealed paper to Seb.*
Such I restore it with a trembling hand,
Lest ought within disturb your peace of soul.

Seb. Draw near, Almeyda ; thou art most concern'd :

For I am most in thee.

Alonzo, mark the characters :

Thou know'st my father's hand, observe it well ;
And if th' impostor's pen have made one slip,
That shews it counterfeit, mark that and save me.

Dor. It looks indeed too like my master's hand :
So does the signet : more I cannot say ;
But wish 'twere not so like.

Seb. Methinks it owns
The black adul'try, and Almeyda's birth :
But such a mist of grief comes o'er my eyes,
I cannot, or I would not read it plain.

Alm. Heav'n cannot be more true, than this is false.

Seb. O couldst thou prove it with the same assurance !
Speak, hast thou ever seen thy father's hand ?

Alm. No ; but my mother's honour has been read
By me, and by the world, in all her acts,

In characters more plain and legible
Than this dumb evidence, this blotted lie.

Oh! that I were a man, as my soul's one,
To prove thee traitor and assassinate
Of her fame: thus mov'd I'd tear thee, thus: —

[Tearing the paper.]

And scatter o'er the field thy coward limbs,
Like this foul off-spring of thy forging brain.

[Scattering the paper.]

Alv. Just so shalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.
For know, proud woman, know in thy despite,
The most authentic proof is yet behind;
Thou wear'st it on thy finger; 'tis that ring,
Which match'd to that on his, shall clear the doubt.
'Tis no dumb forgery: for that shall speak;
And sound a rattling peal to either's conscience.

Seb. This ring indeed, my father, with a cold
And shaking hand, just in the pangs of death,
Put on my finger; with a parting sigh,
And would have spoke; but falter'd in his speech
With undistinguish'd sound.

Alv. I know it well;
For I was present. Now, Almeyda, speak:
And truly tell us, how you came by yours.

Alm. My mother, when I parted from her sight
To go to Portugal, bequeath'd it to me,
Pretending she should never see me more:
She pull'd it from her finger, shed some tears,
Kiss'd it, and told me 'twas a pledge of love,
And hid a mystery of great importance
Relating to my fortunes.

Alv. Mark me now,
While I disclose that fatal mystery.
Those rings, when you were born and thought another's,
Your parent glowing yet in sinful love,
Bid me bespeak: a curious artist wrought 'em,
With joints so close, as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart:
Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
(You know those names are theirs) and in the midst,
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the rivets of those rings inclos'd,

14 DON SEBASTIAN.

Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie :

But if they join, you must for ever part.

[Sebastian pulling off his ring ; Almeyda does the same, and gives it to Alvarez, who unfastens both the rings, and fits one half on the other.

Seb. Now life or death.

Alm. And either thine or ours,
I'm lost for ever.——

[Sequesters.

[The women and Morayma take her up, and carry her off.

[Sebastian here stands amazed without motion, his eyes fixed upwards.

Seb. Look to the queen my wife ; for I am past
All pow'r of aid to her or to myself.

Alv. His wife, said he, his wife ! O fatal sound !
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news
Had never reach'd their ears.

So they had still been blest in ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.

Dor. I knew it but too late, and durst not speak.

Seb. [Spurning out of his amazement.] I will not live ;
no not a moment more ;

I will not add one moment more to incest ;

I'll cut it off, and end a wretched being,

' For, should I live, my soul's so little mine,

' And so much hers, that I should still enjoy,

' Ye cruel powers,

' Take me as you have made me, miserable ;

' You cannot make me guilty ; 'twas my fate,

' And you made that, not I.

[Draws his sword.

[Ant. and Alv. lay hold on him, and Dorax wrests the
sword out of his hand.

' Ant. For Heav'n's sake hold, and recollect your
mind.

' Alv. Consider whom you punish, and for what ;

' Yourself unjustly : you have charg'd the fault

' On Heav'n, that best may bear it.

' Tho' incest is indeed a deadly crime,

' You are not guilty, since unknown 'twas done,

' And known, had been abhorr'd.

' Seb. By Heav'n you're traitors all that hold my
If death be but cessation of our thought, [hands.

' Then let me die, for I would think no more.

' I'll boast my innocence above :

' And

‘ And let ’em see a soul they could not fully :
 ‘ I shall be there before my father’s ghost ;
 ‘ That yet may languish long in frosts and fires,
 ‘ For making me unhappy by his crime.

‘ *[Struggling again.]*

‘ Stand off, and let met ake my fill of death :
 ‘ For I can hold my breath in you despite,
 ‘ And swell my heaving soul out when I please.

‘ *Alv.* Heav’n comfort you !

‘ *Seb.* What, art thou giving comfort !

‘ Wouldst thou give comfort, who hast giv’n despair ?

‘ Thou seest Alonzo silent ; he’s a man.

‘ He knows, that men abandon’d of their hopes,

‘ Should ask no leave, nor stay for suing out

‘ A tedious writ of ease from ling’ring Heav’n ;

‘ But help themselves, as timely as they could,

‘ And teach the Fates their duty.

‘ *Dor.* *[To Alv. and Ant.]* Let him go.

‘ He is our king ; and he shall be obey’d.

‘ *Alv.* What, to destroy himself ? O parricide !

‘ *Dor.* Be not injurious in your foolish zeal,

‘ But leave him free ; or, by my sword I swear,

‘ To hew that arm away, that stops the passage

‘ To his eternal rest.”

‘ *Ant.* *[Letting go his hold.]* Let him be guilty of his
 ‘ own death if he pleases ; for I’ll not be guilty of mine
 ‘ by holding him.

[Seb. shakes off Alv.]

‘ *Alv.* *[To Dor.]* Infernal fiend,

‘ Is this a subject’s part ?

‘ *Dor.* ’Tis a friend’s office.

‘ He has convinc’d me that he ought to die ;

‘ And rather than he should not, here’s my sword

‘ To help him on his journey.

‘ *Seb.* My last, my only friend, how kind art thou,

‘ And how inhuman these !

‘ *Dor.* To make the trifle death a thing of moment !

‘ *Seb.* And not to weigh th’ important cause I had

‘ To rid myself of life !

‘ *Dor.* True ; for a crime

‘ So horrid in the face of men and angels,

‘ As wilful incest is !

‘ *Seb.* Not wilful neither.

‘ *Dor.*

- ' *Dor.* Yes, if you liv'd, and with repeated acts
 ' Refresh'd your sin, and loaded crimes with crimes,
 ' To swell your scores of guilt.
 ' *Seb.* True; if I liv'd.
 ' *Dor.* I said so, if you liv'd.
 ' *Seb.* For hitherto was fatal ignorance,
 ' And no intended crime.
 ' *Dor.* That you best know:
 ' But the malicious world will judge the worst.
 ' *Alv.* Oh, what a sophister has hell procur'd,
 ' To argue for damnation!
 ' *Dor.* Peace, old dotard!
 ' Mankind, that always judge of kings with malice,
 ' Will think he knew this incest, and pursu'd it.
 ' His only way to rectify mistakes,
 ' And to redeem her honour, is to die.
 ' *Seb.* Thou hast it right, my dear, my best Alonso!
 ' And that but petty reparation too.
 ' But all I have to give.
 ' *Dor.* Your pardon, Sir;
 ' You may do more, and ought.
 ' *Seb.* What, more than death?
 ' *Dor.* Death! why, that's children's sport; a stage-
 ' We act it every night we go to bed. [play, death
 ' Death to a man in misery is sleep.
 ' Would you, who perpetrated such a crime
 ' As frighten'd nature, made the saints above
 ' Shake heaven's eternal pavement with their trembling
 ' To view that act, would you but barely die?
 ' But stretch your limbs, and turn on t'other side,
 ' To lengthen out a black voluptuous slumber,
 ' And dream you had your sister in your arms?
 ' *Seb.* To expiate this, can I do more than die?
 ' *Dor.* Oh, yes, you must do more; you must be
 ' You must be damn'd to all eternity; [damn'd;
 ' And sure self-murder is the readiest way.
 ' *Seb.* How, damn'd!
 ' *Dor.* Why, is that news?
 ' *Alv.* Oh, horror, horror!
 ' *Dor.* What, thou a statesman,
 ' And make a business of damnation
 ' In such a world as this! Why, 'tis a trade:
 ' The scrivener, usurer, lawyer, shopkeeper,

- And soldier, cannot live but by damnation.
- The politician does it by advance,
- And gives all gone before-hand.
- *Seb.* Oh, thou hast giv'n me such a glimpse of hell,
- So push'd me forward, even to the brink
- Of that irremeable burning gulf,
- That, looking in th' abyss, I dare not leap.
- And now I see what good thou mean'st my soul;
- And thank thy pious fraud. Thou hast, indeed,
- Appear'd a devil, but didst an angel's work.

Dor. 'Twas the last remedy, to give you leisure;
 For, if you could but think, I knew you safe.

Seb. I thank thee, my Alonzo. I will live;

But never more to Portugal return:

For to go back and reign, that were to show
 Triumphant incest, and pollute the throne.

• *Ala.* Since ignorance——

• *Seb.* Oh, palliate not my wound!

- When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis incest.
- No, 'tis resolv'd; I charge you, plead no more:
- I cannot live without Almeyda's sight,
- Nor can I see Almeyda, but I sin.
- Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sacred thought,
- To live alone to Heav'n, and die to her.

• *Dor.* Mean you to turn an anchorit?

• *Seb.* What else?

- The world was once too narrow for my mind;
- But one poor little nook will serve me now,
- To hide me from the rest of human kind.
- Afric has desarts wide enough to hold
- Millions of monsters, and I am, sure, the greatest.

Dor. You may repent, and wish your crown too late.

• *Seb.* Oh, never, never! I am past the boy:

- A sceptre's but a play-thing, and a globe
- A bigger bounding stone. He who can leave
- Almeyda, may renounce the rest with ease.

Dor. Oh, truly great!

A soul fix'd high, and capable of heav'n.

Old as he is, your uncle Cardinal

Is not so far enamour'd of a cloyster,

But he will thank you for the crown you leave him.

Seb. To please him more, let him believe me dead;
 That he may never dream I may return.

Alonzo,

Alonzo, I am now no more thy king,
 But still thy friend; and, by that holy name,
 Adjure thee, to perform my last request:
 Make our conditions with yon captive king:
 Secure me but my solitary cell;
 'Tis all I ask him for a crown restor'd.

'Dor. I will do more.

'But fear not Muley-Zeydan; his soft metal
 Melts down with easy warmth, runs in the mold,
 And needs no further forge.' [Exit Dor:
*Re-enter Almeyda, led by Morayma, and followed by
 her Attendants.*

Seb. 'See where she comes again!

'By Heav'n,' when I behold those beauteous eyes,
 Repentance lags, and sin comes hurrying on.

Alm. This is too cruel!

'Seb. Speak'st thou of love, of fortune, or of death,
 Or double death; for we must part, Almeyda?

'Alm. I speak of all;

'For all things that belong to us are cruel:
 But what's most cruel, we must love no more.
 Oh, 'tis too much that I must never see you;
 But not to love you is impossible:
 No, I must love you—Heav'n may bate me that,
 And charge that sinful sympathy of souls
 Upon our parents, when they lov'd too well.

'Seb. Good Heav'n! thou speak'st my thought, and I
 Nay, then there's incest in our very souls; [speak thine.
 For we were form'd too like.

'Alm. Too like, indeed;

'And yet not for each other.

'Sure, when we part, (for I resolv'd it too,
 Tho' you propos'd it first) however distant,
 We shall be ever thinking of each other;
 And, the same moment, for each other pray.

'Seb. But if a wish should come athwart our prayers—

'Alm. It would do well to curb it, if we could.

'Seb. We cannot look upon each other's face;

'But when we read our love we read our guilt:
 And yet, methinks, I cannot chuse but love.

'Alm. I would have ask'd you, if I durst, for shame,
 If still you lov'd? You give it air before me.

'Ah, why were we not born both of a sex?

'For then we might have lov'd without a crime.

'Why

- Why was not I your brother? Tho' that wish
- Involv'd our parents guilt, we had not parted :
- We had been friends, and friendship is no incest.
- *Seb.* Alas, I know not by what name to call thee !
- Sister and wife are the two dearest names,
- And I would call thee both ; and both are sin.
- Unhappy we ! that still we must confound
- The dearest names into a common curse.'

Alm. To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched !

- *Seb.* To have but one poor night of all our lives !
- It was, indeed, a glorious, guilty night ;
- So happy, that, forgive me, Heaven ! I wish,
- With all its guilt, it were to come again.
- Why did we know so soon, or why at all,
- That sin could be conceal'd in such a bliss ?

- *Alm.* Men have a larger privilege of words,
- Else I should speak—But we must part, Sebastian,
- That's all the name that I have left to call thee.
- I must not call thee by the name I would ;
- But when I say, Sebastian, dear Sebastian,
- I kiss the name I speak.'

Seb. We must make haste, or we shall never part.

- I would say something that's as dear as this.:
- Nay, would do more than say—One moment longer,
- And I should break thro' laws divine and human,
- And think them cobwebs, spread for little man,
- Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks.
- The vigorous young world was ignorant
- Of these restrictions ; 'tis decrepit now :
- Not more devout, but more decay'd and cold.
- All this is impious ; therefore we must part :
- For, gazing thus, I kindle at thy sight,
- And once, burnt down to tinder, light again
- Much sooner than before.'

Re-enter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the sad denouncer of my fate,
To toll the mournful knell of separation ;
While I, as on my death-bed, hear the sound,
That warns me hence for ever.

Seb. [*To Dor.*] Now, be brief,
And I will try to listen,

- And share the minute that remains, betwixt
- The care I owe my subjects, and my love.'

Dor. Your fate has gratify'd you all she can ;

L

Gives

Gives easy misery, and makes exile pleasing.
 I trusted Muley-Zeydan, as a friend ;
 But swore him first to secrecy. He wept
 Your fortune, and with tears not squeez'd by art,
 But shed from nature, like a kindly shower.
 In short, he proffer'd more than I demanded,
 A safe retreat, a gentle solitude,
 ' Unvex'd with noise, and undisturb'd with fears :'
 I chose you one——

Alm. Oh, do not tell me where !
 For if I knew the place of his abode,
 I should be tempted to pursue his steps,
 And then we both were lost.

' *Seb.* Ev'n past redemption :
 ' For, if I knew thou wert on that design,
 ' (As I must know, because our souls are one)
 ' I should not wander, but by sure instinct,
 ' Should meet thee just half-way in pilgrimage,
 ' And close for ever : for I know my love
 ' More strong than thine, and I more frail than thou.

' *Alm.* Tell me not that ; for I must boast my crime,
 ' And cannot bear that thou shouldst better love.'

Dor. I may inform you both ; for you must go
 Where seas, and winds, and desarts will divide you.
 Under the ledge of Atlas lies a cave,
 Cut in the living rock, by Nature's hands ;
 The venerable seat of holy hermits,
 Who there, secure in separated cells,
 ' Sacred ev'n to the Moors,' enjoy devotion ;
 And from the purling streams, and savage fruits,
 Have wholesome bev'rage, and unbloody feasts.

Seb. 'Tis penance too voluptuous for my crime.

' *Dor.* Your subjects conscious of your life are few ;
 ' But all desirous to partake your exile,
 ' And to do office to your sacred person.
 ' The rest, who think you dead, shall be dismiss'd,
 ' Under safe convoy, till they reach your fleet.'

Alm. But how am wretched I to be dispos'd ?
 A vain enquiry, since I leave my Lord ;
 For all the world beside is banishment.

Dor. I have a sister, abbess in Terceras,
 Who lost her lover on her bridal day.

Alm. There fate provided me a fellow-turtle,
 To mingle sighs with sighs, and tears with tears.

Dor.

Dor. Last, for myself, if I have well fulfill'd
My sad commission, let me beg the boon,
To share the sorrows of your last recess,
And mourn the common losses of our loves.

Alv. And what becomes of me? Must I be left
'(As age and time had worn me out of use)?
'These sinews are not yet so much unstrung,
'To fail me when my master should be serv'd :
'And when they are, then I will steal to death,
'Silent and unobserv'd, to save his tears.'

Seb. 'I've heard you both. Alvarez, have thy wish ;
'But thine, Alonzo, thine is too unjust.'

I charge thee, with my last commands, return,
And bless thy Violante with thy vows.

Antonio, be thou happy, too, in thine.

Last, let me swear you all to secrecy ;

And to conceal my shame, conceal my life,

Dor. Ant. Mor. We swear to keep it secret.'

Alm. Now, I would speak the last farewell, I cannot.

'It would be still farewell, a thousand times ;

'And, multiply'd in echo's, still farewell.

'I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand.

'And be thou silent too, my last Sebastian ;

'So, let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.'

My heart's too great, or I would die this moment ;

But Death, I thank him, in an hour, has made

A mighty journey, and I haste to meet him.

[She staggers, and her women hold her up.]

Seb. Help to support this feeble, drooping flower,

This tender sweet, so shaken by the storm ;

For these fond arms must thus be stretch'd in vain,

And never, never must embrace her more——

'Tis past——my soul goes in that word——farewell !

[Alv. goes with Seb. to one end of the stage ; Women, with

Alm. to the other.]

Dor. *[Coming up to Ant. and Mor. who stand on the middle of the stage.]* 'Haste to attend Almeyda.' For

Your father is forgiven ; 'but to Antonio *[your sake,*

'He forfeits half his wealth.' Be happy both ;

And let Sebastian and Almeyda's fate,

This dreadful sentence to the world relate,

That unrepented crimes of parents dead,

Are justly punish'd on their children's head.

[Exeunt.]

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ANTONIO and MORAYMA.

MORAYMA.

I Quak'd at heart, for fear the royal fashion,
Should have seduc'd us two to separation.
To be drawn in against our own desire,
Poor I to be a nun, poor you a friar.

Ant. I trembled, when the old man's hand was in,
He would have prov'd we were too near of kin :
Discovering old intrigues of love, like t'other,
Betwixt my father and thy sinful mother,
To make us sister Turk, and Christian brother.

Mor. Excuse me there ; that league should have been rather
Betwixt your mother and my Musli father :
'Tis for my own, and my relations credit.

Your friends should bear the bastard, mine should get it.

Ant. Suppose us two Almeyda and Sebastian,
With incest prov'd upon us——

Mor. Without question
Their conscience was too queazy of digestion.

Ant. Thou wouldst have kept the counsel of thy brother,
And sinn'd till we repented of each other.

Mor. Beast as you are, on nature's laws to trample !
'Twere fitter that we follow'd their example.
And since all marriage in repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are friends.
To save a maid's remorse and confusions,
E'en leave me now, before we try conclusions.

Ant. To copy their example, first make certain
Of one good hour, like theirs, before our parting ;
Make a debauch, o'er night, of love and madness ;
And marry, when we wake, in sober sadness.

Mor. I'll follow no new sects of your inventing :
One night might cost me nine long months repenting.
First wed, and if you find that life a fetter,
Die when you please, the sooner, Sir the better.
My wealth would get me love ere I could ask it :
Oh, there's a strange temptation in the casket !
All these young sharpers would my grace importune,
And make me thund'ring votes of lives and fortune.







Roberts del.

Published for Wells's British Theatre, June 7th 1776.

Bentley sc.

*M^r. SHERIDAN in the Character of OEDIPUS.
 What mean these exclamations on my Name?*

BELL'S EDITION.



OE D I P U S.

A TRAGEDY,

As written by DRYDEN and LEE.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

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By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS.

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem,
Ni teneant*_____

VIRG.

*Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

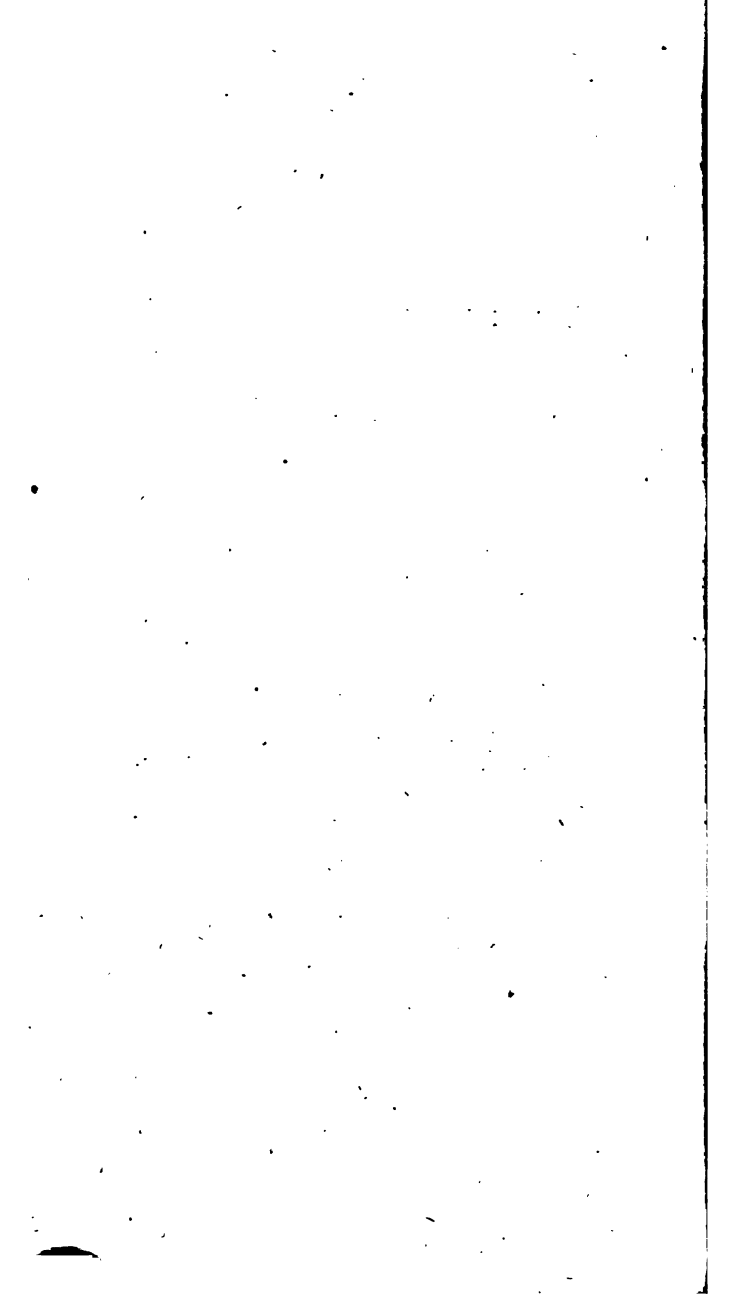
HORAT.



L O N D O N :

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THE

P R E F A C E.

THOUGH it be dangerous to raise too great an expectation, especially in works of this nature, where we are to please an insatiable audience; yet 'tis reasonable to prepossess them in favour of an author, and therefore both the prologue and epilogue informed you that *OEdipus* was the most celebrated piece of all antiquity: that *Sophocles*, not only the greatest wit, but one of the greatest men in Athens, made it for the stage at the public cost, and that it had the reputation of being his master-piece, not only amongst the seven of his which are still remaining, but of the greater number which are perished. *Aristotle* has more than once admired it in his book of poetry; *Horace* has mentioned it; *Lucullus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and other noble Romans, have written on the same subject, though their poems are wholly lost; but *Seneca's* is still preserved. In our own age, *Corneille* has attempted it, and it appears by his preface, with great success: but a judicious reader will easily observe how much the copy is inferior to the original. He tells you himself, that he owes a great part of his success to the happy episode of *Theseus* and *Dirce*; which is the same thing as if we should acknowledge, that we were indebted for our good fortune to the underplot of *Adrastus*, *Eurydice*, and *Creon*. The truth is, he miserably failed in the character of his hero. If he desired that *OEdipus* should be pitied, he should have made him a better man. He forgot that *Sophocles* had taken care to shew him in his first entrance, a just, a merciful, a successful, a religious prince: and, in short, a father of his country: instead of these, he has drawn him suspicious, designing, more anxious of keeping the Theban crown, than solicitous for the safety of his people; hector'd by *Theseus*, contemned by *Dirce*, and scarce maintaining a second part in his own tragedy. This was an error in the first concoction: and therefore never to be mended in the second or third. He introduced a greater hero than *OEdipus* himself; for when *Theseus* was once there, that companion of *Hercules* must yield to none. The poet was oblig'd to furnish him with business, to make him an equipage suitable to his dignity, and, by following him too close, to lose his other King of Brentford in the crowd. *Seneca*, on the other side, as if there were no such thing as nature to be minded in a play, is always running after pompous expression, pointed sentences, and philosophical notions, more proper for the study than the stage. The

Frenchman followed a wrong scent, and the Roman was absolutely at cold hunting. All we could gather out of Corneille was, that an episode must be, but not his way; and Seneca supplied us with no new hint, but only a relation which he makes of his Tiresias raising the ghost of Laius; which is here performed in view of the audience; the rites and ceremonies so far his, as he agreed with antiquity, and the religion of the Greeks: but he himself was beholden to Homer's Tiresias in the *Odyssees* for some of them, and the rest have been collected from Heliodore's *Æthiopiques*, and Lucan's *Eriotho*. Sophocles, indeed, is admirable every where; and therefore we have followed him as close as possibly we could. But the Athenian theatre (whether more perfect than ours, is not now disputed) had a perfection differing from ours. You see there in every act a single scene, (or two at most) which manage the business of the play, and after that succeeds the chorus, which commonly takes up more time in singing, than there has been employed in speaking. The principal person appears almost constantly through the play; but the inferior parts seldom above once in the whole tragedy. The conduct of our stage is much more difficult, where we are obliged never to lose any considerable character which we have once presented. Custom likewise has obtained, that we must form an under-plot of second persons, which must be depending on the first, and their bye-walks must be like those in a labyrinth, which all of them lead into the great parterre; or like so many several lodging chambers, which have their outlets into the same gallery. Perhaps, after all, if we could think so, the ancient method, as it is the easiest, is also the most natural, and the best. For variety, as it is managed, is too often subject to breed distraction; and while we would please too many ways, for want of art in the conduct, we please in none. But we have given you more already than was necessary for a preface, and, for ought we know, may gain no more by our instructions, than that politic nation is like to do, who have taught their enemies to fight so long, that at last they are in a condition to invade them.



P R O L O G U E.

WHEN Athens all the Grecian states did guide,
 And Greece gave laws to all the world beside,
 Then Sophocles and Socrates did sit,
 Supreme in wisdom one, and one in wit;
 And wit from wisdom differ'd not in those,
 But as 'twas sung in verse, or said in prose.
 Then OEdipus, on crowded theatres,
 Drew all admiring eyes, and list'ning ears:
 The pleas'd spectators shouted every line,
 The noblest, manliest, and the best design!
 And every critick of each learned age,
 By this just model has reform'd the stage.
 Now, should it fail, (as Heav'n avert our fear!)
 Damn'd is its silence; lest the world should hear.
 For were it known this poem did not please,
 You might set up for perfect savages:
 Your neighbours would not look on you as men;
 But think the nation all turn'd Picts again.
 Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit,
 You should suspect yourselves of too much wit.
 Drive not the jest too far, but spare this piece:
 And, for this once, be not more wise than Greece.
 See twice; do not pell-mell to damning fall,
 Like true-born Britons, who ne'er think at all.
 Pray, be advis'd; and though at Mons you won,
 On pointed cannon do not always run.
 With some respect to ancient wits proceed:
 You take the four first councils for your creed,
 But when you lay tradition wholly by,
 And on the private spirit alone rely,
 You turn fanatics in your poetry.
 If, notwithstanding all that we can say,
 You needs will have your penn'worths of the play,
 And come resolv'd to damn, because you pay,
 Record it, in memorial of the fact,
 The first play bury'd since the woollen act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN.

OEdipus,
Adrastus,
Creon,
Tiresias,
Hæmon,
Alcander.

Diocles,
Pyracmon,
Phorbas,
Dymas,
Ægeon,
Ghost of Laius.

WOMEN.

Jocasta,
Eurydice,
Manto.

Priests, Citizens, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, THEBES.

OE D I P U S.

OE D I P U S.

* * The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I.

The curtain rises to a plaintive tune, representing the miseries of Thebes; dead bodies appear at a distance in the streets; some faintly go over the stage, others drop.

Enter Alcander, Diocles, and Pyracmon.

ALCANDER.

METHINKS we stand on ruins; nature shakes
About us, and the universal frame
So loose, that it but wants another push
To leap from off its hinges.

Dioc. 'No sun to cheer us; but a bloody globe
'That rolls above; a bald and beamless fire;
'His face o'er-grown with scurf.' The Sun's sick too;
Shortly he'll be an earth.

Pyr. Therefore the seasons
Lie all confus'd; and, by the Heav'ns neglected,
Forget themselves. 'Blind winter meets the summer
'In his mid-way, and, seeing not his livery,
'Has driv'n him headlong back: and the raw damps
'With saggy wings fly heavily about,
'Scattering their pestilential colds and rheums
'Through all the lazy air.'

Alc. Hence murrains follow'd
On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds:
At last, the malady
Grew more domestic, and the faithful dog
Dy'd at his master's feet.

Dioc. And next his master:
'For all those plagues which earth and air had brooded;
'First on inferior creatures try'd their force;
'And last they seiz'd on man.'

Pyr.

Pyr. ' And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd,
 ' And every dart took place. — All was so sudden,
 ' That scarce a first man fell — One but began
 ' To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too ;
 ' A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,
 ' Dropp'd in the pious act.' — Heard you that groan ?

[Groan within.]

Dioc. A troop of ghosts took flight together there :
 ' Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
 ' For single stakes ; but families and tribes.
 How are we sure we breathe not now our last,
 And that, next minute,
 Our bodies, cast into some common pit,
 Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
 By half a people ?

Alc. There's a chain of causes
 Link'd to effects ; invincible necessity,
 That whate'er is, could not but so have been ;
 That's my security.

Enter Creon.

Cre. So had it need, when all our streets lie cover'd
 With dead and dying men ;
 And Earth exposes bodies on the pavements
 More than she hides in graves.
 Betwixt the bride and bridegroom have I seen
 The nuptial torch do common offices
 Of marriage and of death.

Dioc. Now OEdipus
 (If he returns from war, our other plague)
 Will scarce find half he left, to grace his triumphs.

Pyr. A feeble Paean will be sung before him.

Alc. He would do well to bring the wives and children
 Of conquer'd Argians, to renew his Thebes.

Cre. May funerals meet him at the city gates,
 With their detested omen.

Dioc. Of his children.

Cre. Nay, though she be my sister, of his wife.

Alc. Oh, that our Thebes might once again behold
 A monarch Theban born !

Dioc. We might have had one.

Pyr. Yes, had the people pleas'd.

Cre. Come, you're my friends—
 The Queen, my sister, after Laius' death,

Fear'd

Fear'd to lie fingle, and supply'd his place
With a young fucceffor.

Dioc. He much refembles
Her former husband too.

Alc. I always thought fo.

Pyr. When twenty winters more have grizzl'd his black
He will be very Laius. [locks,

Cre. So he will :
Mean time ſhe ſtands provided of a Laius
More young and vigorous too, by twenty ſprings.
Theſe women are ſuch cunning purveyors !
Mark, where their appetites have once been pleas'd,
The ſame reſemblance in a younger lover
Lies brooding in their fancies the ſame pleaſures,
And urges their remembrance to deſire.

Dioc. Had merit, not her dotage, been conſider'd,
Then Creon had been king : but OEdipus !
A ſtranger ! —

Cre. That word, ſtranger, I confeſs,
Sounds harſhly in my ears.

Dioc. We are your creatures.
The people prone, as in all general ills,
To ſudden change ; the King in wars abroad ;
The Queen a woman weak and unregarded ;
Euridice, the daughter of dead Laius,
A princeſs young, and beauteous, and unmarried.
Methinks, from theſe diſjointed propoſitions
Something might be produc'd.

Cre. The gods have done
Their part, by ſending this commodious plague.
But, Oh, the Princeſs ! her hard heart is ſhut,
By adamantine locks, againſt my love.

Alc. Your claim to her is ſtrong ; you are betroth'd.

Pyr. True, in her nonage.

Alc. But that let's remov'd.

Dioc. I heard the Prince of Argos, young Adraſtus,
When he was hoſtage here —

Cre. Oh, name him not ! the bane of all my hopes ;
That hot-brain'd, headlong warrior, has the charms
Of youth, and ſomewhat of a lucky raſhneſs,
To pleaſe a woman yet more fool than he.
That thoughtleſs ſex is caught by outward form,
And empty noiſe, and loves itſelf in man.

Alc.

Alc. But since the war broke out about our frontiers,
He's now a foe to Thebes.

Cre. But is not so to her. See, she appears ;
Once more I'll prove my fortune : you insinuate
Kind thoughts of me into the multitude ;
Lay load upon the court ; gull them with freedom ;
And you shall see them toss their tails, and gad,
As if the breeze had stung them.

Dioc. We'll about it. [*Exeunt Alc. Dioc. and Pyr.*

Enter Eurydice.

Cre. Hail, royal maid ; thou bright Eurydice !
A lavish planet reign'd when thou wert born ;
And made thee of such kindred-mold to heav'n,
Thou seem'st more heav'n's than ours.

Eur. Cast round your eyes ;
Where late the streets were so thick sown with men,
Like Cadmus brood, they jostled for the passage :
Now look for those erected heads, and see them
Like pebbles paving all our public ways :
When you have thought on this, then answer me,
If these be hours of courtship.

Cre. Yes, they are ;
For when the gods destroy so fast, 'tis time
We should renews the race.

Eur. What, in the midst of horror ?

Cre. Why not then ?
There's the more need of comfort.

Eur. Impious Creon !

Cre. Unjust Eurydice ! can you accuse me
Of love, which is Heav'n's precept, and not fear
That vengeance which you say pursues our crimes,
Should reach your perjuries ?

Eur. Still th' old argument.

I bade you cast your eyes on other men,
Now cast them on your self : think what you are.

Cre. A man.

Eur. A man !

Cre. Why doubt you ? I'm a man.

Eur. 'Tis well you tell me so, I should mistake you
For any other part o'th' whole creation,
Rather than think you man. Hence from my sight,
Thou poison to my eyes.

Cre. 'Twas you first poison'd mine ; and yet methinks
My face and person should not make you sport.

Eur.

Eur. You force me, by your importunities,
To shew you what you are.

Cre. A prince, who loves you :
And since your pride provokes me, worth your love,
Ev'n at its highest value.

Eur. Love from thee !
Why love renounc'd thee ere thou saw'st the light :
Nature herself start back when thou wert born ;
And cry'd, the work's not mine——
The midwife stood aghast ; and when she saw
Thy mountain back, and thy distorted legs,
Thy face itself,
Half-minted with the royal stamp of man,
And half o'ercome with beast, stood doubting long,
Whose right in thee were more ;
And knew not, if to burn thee in the flames,
Were not the holier work.

Cre. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my body
In so perverse a mould ? Yet when she cast
Her envious hand upon my supple joints,
Unable to resist, and rumbled them
On heaps in their dark lodging, to revenge
Her bungled work, she stamp'd my mind more fair ;
And as from chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The god struck fire, and lighted up the lamps
That beautify the sky, so he inform'd
This ill-shap'd body with a daring soul ;
And making less than man, he made me more.

Eur. No ; thou art all one error ; soul and body,
The first young trial of some unskill'd pow'r ;
Rude in the making art, and ape of Jove.
Thy crooked mind within hunch'd out thy back ;
And wander'd in thy limbs : to thy own kind
Make love, if thou can'st find it in the world ;
And seek not from our sex to raise an off-spring,
Which, mingled with the rest, would tempt the gods
To cut off human-kind.

Cre. No ; let them leave
The Argian prince for you ; that enemy
Of Thebes has made you false, and break the vows
You made to me.

Eur. They were my mother's vows,
Made in my nonage,

Cre.

Cre. But hear me, maid :

This blot of nature, this deform'd, loath'd Creon,
Is master of a sword, to reach the blood
Of your young minion, spoil the gods' fine work,
And stab you in his heart.

Eur. This when thou dost,
Then may'st thou still be curs'd with loving me ;
And, as thou art, be still unpitied, loath'd ;
And let his ghost—No, let his ghost have rest :
But let the greatest, fiercest, foulest fury,
Let Creon haunt himself.

[*Exit Eur.*]

Cre. 'Tis true, I am
What she has told me, an offence to-sight :
My body opens inward to my soul,
And lets in day to make my vices seen
By all discerning eyes, but the blind vulgar.
I must make haste ere *OEdipus* return,
To snatch the crown and her ; for I still love ;
But love with malice ; as an angry cur
Snarls while he feeds, so will I seize and stanch
The hunger of my love on this proud beauty,
And leave the scraps for slaves.

Enter Tiresias, leaning on a staff, and led by his daughter Manto.

What makes this blind prophetic fool abroad !
Would his *Apollo* had him ; he's too holy
For earth and me ; I'll shun his walk ; and seek
My popular friends.

[*Exit Creon.*]

Tir. A little farther ; yet a little farther,
Thou wretched daughter of a dark old man,
Conduct my weary steps : and thou, who seest
For me and for thyself, beware thou tread not
With impious steps upon dead corps ;—now stay ;
Methinks I draw more open, vital air.
Where are we ?

Man. Under covert of a wall :
The most frequented once, and noisy part
Of *Thebes*, now midnight silence reigns ev'n here ;
And grass untrodden springs beneath our feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this place a sunny bank,
There let me rest a-while : a sunny bank !
Alas, how can it be, where no sun shines !
But a dim winking taper in the skies,

That nods, and scarce holds up his drowzy head
To glimmer through the damps!

[*A noise within.* Follow, follow, follow! A Creon,
a Creon, a Creon!

Hark! a tumultuous noise, and Creon's name
Thrice echo'd.

Man. Fly! the tempest drives this way.

Tir. Whither can age and blindness take their flight?
If I could fly, what could I suffer worse,
Secure of greater ills!

[*Noise again,* Creon, Creon, Creon!

Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon; *followed*
by the crowd.

Cre. I thank ye, countrymen; but must refuse
The honours you intend me; they're too great;
And I am too unworthy; think again,
And make a better choice.

1st Cit. Think twice! I ne'er thought twice in all my
life: that's double work.

2d Cit. My first word is always my second; and there-
fore I'll have no second word; and therefore once again,
I say, a Creon.

All. A Creon, a Creon, a Creon!

Cre. Yet hear me, fellow-citizens.

Dioc. Fellow-citizens! there was a word of kindness.

Alc. When did OEdipus salute you by that familiar

1st Cit. Never, never; he was too proud. [name]

Cre. Indeed he could not, for he was a stranger:

But under him our Thebes is half destroy'd.

Forbid it, Heav'n, the residue should perish

Under a Theban born.

'Tis true, the gods might send this plague among you,

Because a stranger rul'd: but what of that,

Can I redress it now?

3d Cit. Yes, you or none.

'Tis certain that the gods are angry with us,

Because he reigns.

Cre. OEdipus may return: you may be ruin'd.

1st Cit. Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd
already.

2d Cit. Half of us that are here present, were living
men but yesterday, and we that are absent do but drop
and drop, and no man knows whether he be dead or

O E D I P U S.

living. And therefore while we are sound and well, let us satisfy our consciences, and make a new king.

3d Cit. Ha, if we were but worthy to see another coronation, and then, if we must die, we'll go merrily together.

All. To the question, to the question.

Dioc. Are you content, Creon should be your king?

All. A Creon, a Creon, a Creon!

Tir. Hear me, ye Thebans, and thou, Creon, hear me.

1st Cit. Who's that would be heard? We'll hear no man: we can scarce hear one another.

Tir. I charge you, by the gods, to hear me.

2d Cit. Oh, 'tis Apollo's priest, we must hear him; 'tis the old blind prophet that sees all things.

3d Cit. He comes from the gods too, and they are our betters; and in good manners we must hear him. Speak, prophet.

2d Cit. For coming from the gods that's no great matter, they can all say that; but he's a great scholar; he can make almanacks, an he were put to't, and therefore, I say, hear him.

Tir. When angry Heav'n scatters its plagues among you, Is it for nought, ye Thebans? Are the gods Unjust for punishing? Are there no crimes Which pull this vengeance down?

1st Cit. Yes, yes, no doubt there are some sins stirring, that are the cause of all.

3d Cit. Yes, there are sins; or we should have no taxes.

2d Cit. For my part, I can speak it with a safe conscience, I ne'er sinned in all my life.

1st Cit. Nor I.

3d Cit. Nor I.

2d Cit. Then we are all justified, the sin lies not at our

Tir. All justified alike, and yet all guilty; [doors.
Were every man's false dealing brought to light,
His envy, malice, lying, perjuries,
His weights and measures, th' other man's extortions,
With what face could you tell offended Heav'n,
You had not sinn'd?

2d Cit. Nay, if these be sins, the case is altered; for my part I never thought any thing but murder had been a sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all these were less than nothing,
You

You add rebellion to them, impious Thebans !
 Have you not sworn before the gods to serve
 And to obey this OEdipus, your King
 By public voice elected ? Answer me,
 If this be true !

2d Cit. This is true ; but it's a hard world, neighbours,
 If a man's oath must be his master.

Cre. Speak, Diocles ; all goes wrong.

Dioc. How are you traitors, countrymen of Thebes ?
 This holy fire, who presses you with oaths,
 Forgets your first ; were you not sworn before
 To Laius and his blood ?

All. We were ; we were,

Dioc. While Laius has a lawful successor,
 Your first oath still must bind : Eurydice
 Is heir to Laius ; let her marry Creon :
 Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd
 While OEdipus pollutes the throne of Laius,
 A stranger to his blood.

All. We'll no OEdipus, no OEdipus.

1st Cit. He puts the prophet in a mouse-hole.

2d Cit. I knew it would be so ; the last man ever speaks
 the best reason.

Tir. Can benefits thus die, ungrateful Thebans !
 Remember yet, when after Laius' death,
 The monster Sphinx laid your rich country waste,
 Your vineyards spoil'd, your labouring oxen slew ;
 Yourself for fear mew'd up within your walls,
 She, taller than your gates, o'er-look'd your town ;
 But when she rais'd her bulk to sail above you,
 She drove the air around her like a whirlwind,
 And shaded all beneath ; till stooping down,
 She clapp'd her leathern wing again your tow'rs,
 And thrust out her long neck, ev'n to your doors.

Dioc. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.

Tir. You durst not meet in temples
 To invoke the gods for aid, the proudest he
 Who leads you now, then cower'd, like a dar'd lark :
 This Creon shook for fear,
 The blood of Laius curdled in his veins ;
 'Till OEdipus arriv'd.
 Call'd by his own high courage and the gods,
 Himself to you a god : ye offer'd him

Your queen and crown; (but what was then your crown?)
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his success.
Speak then, who is your lawful king?

All. 'Tis OEdipus.

Tir. 'Tis OEdipus indeed: your king more lawful
Than yet you dream; for something still there lies
In heav'n's dark volume, which I read through mists:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful birth,
Of wond'rous fate; and now, just now disclosing.
I see, I see, how terrible it dawns:
And my soul sickens with it.

1st Cit. How the god shakes him! [*trump!*]

Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conquest! Tri-
But, Oh, guiltless and guilty! Murder! Parricide!
Incest! Discovery! Punishment——'tis ended,
And all your sufferings o'er.

A trumpet within: enter Hæmon.

Hæm. Rouse up, you Thebans; tune your Io Pæans!
Your king returns; the Argians are o'ercome;
Their warlike prince in single combat taken,
And led in bands by godlike OEdipus.

All. OEdipus, OEdipus, OEdipus!

Cre. Furies confound his fortune!——

Haste, all haste.

And meet with blessings our victorious king;
Decree processions; bid new holy-days;
Crown all the statues of our gods with garlands;
And raise a brazen column, thus inscrib'd:
To OEdipus, now twice a conqueror: deliverer of his
Trust me, I weep for joy to see this day. [Thebes.]

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows how thou weep'st:—Go, coun-
And, as you use to supplicate your gods—— [trymen,
So meet your king with bayes, and olive-branches:
Bow down, and touch his knees, and beg from him
An end of all your woes; for only he
Can give it you. [*Exit Tiresias, the people following.*]

Enter OEdipus in triumph; Adrastus prisoner; Dymas,
train.

Cre. All hail, great OEdipus;
Thou mighty conqueror, hail; welcome to Thebes;
To thy own Thebes; to all that's left of Thebes;
For half thy citizens are swept away,
And wanting for thy triumphs:

And

And we, the happy remnant, only live
To welcome thee, and die.

OEdip. Thus pleasure never comes sincere to man ;
But lent by Heav'n upon hard usury ;
And, while Jove holds us out the bowl of joy,
Ere it can reach our lips, it's dash'd with gall
By some left-handed god. Oh, mournful triumph !
Oh, conquest gain'd abroad, and lost at home !
Oh, Argos ! now rejoice, for Thebes lies low ;
Thy slaughter'd sons now smile, and think they won ;
When they can count more Theban ghosts than theirs.

Adr. No ; Argos mourns with Thebes ; you temper'd so
Your courage while you fought, that mercy seem'd
The manlier virtue, and much more prevail'd.
While Argos is a people, think your Thebes
Can never want for subjects. Every nation
Will crowd to serve where OEdipus commands.

Cre. [*To Hæm.*] How mean it shows to fawn upon the
victor !

Hæm. Had you beheld him fight, you had said other-
Come, 'tis brave bearing in him, not to envy [*wise :*
Superior virtue.

OEdip. This indeed is conquest,
To gain a friend like you : why were we foes ?

Adr. 'Cause we were kings, and each disdain'd an equal.
I fought to have it in my pow'r to do
What thou hast done ; and so to use my conquest.
To shew thee, honour was my only motive,
Know this, that were my army at thy gates,
And Thebes thus waste, I would not take the gift,
Which, like a toy dropt from the hands of fortune,
Lay for the next chance-comer.

OEdip. [*Embracing.*] No more captive,
But brother of the war : 'tis much more pleasant,
And safer, trust me, thus to meet thy love,
Than when hard gantlets clench'd our warlike hands,
And keep them from soft use.

Adr. My conqueror !

OEdip. My friend ! that other name keeps enmity alive.
But longer to detain thee were a crime :
To love, and to Eurydice, go free :
Such welcome as a ruined town can give,
Expect from me ; the rest let her supply.

Adr. I go without a blush, though conquer'd twice,
By you, and by my princeſs. [Exit Adraſtus.]

Cre. [*Aſide.*] Then I am conquer'd thrice; by Œdipus,
And her, and ev'n by him, the ſlave of both:
Gods, I'm beholden to you, for making me your image,
Would I could make you mine!

*Enter the people with branches in their hands, holding them
up, and kneeling: two prieſts before them.*

Alas, my people!

What means this ſpeechleſs ſorrow, down-caſt eyes,
And liſted hands? If there be one among you
Whom grief has left a tongue, ſpeak for the reſt.

1ſt Pr. Oh, father of thy country!

To thee theſe knees are bent, theſe eyes are liſted,
As to a viſible divinity.

A prince on whom heav'n ſafely might reſoſe
The buſineſs of mankind: for Providence
Might on thy 'careful' boſom ſleep ſecure,
And leave her taſk to thee.

But where's the glory of thy former acts?
Ev'n that's deſtroy'd, when none ſhall live to ſpeak it.
Millions of ſubjects ſhalt thou have; but mute.
A people of the dead; a crowded deſart;
A midnight ſilence at the noon of day.

Œdip. Oh, were our gods as ready with their pity,
As I with mine, this preſence ſhould be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my ſad eyes
Not ſearch in vain for friends, whoſe promis'd fight
Flatter'd my toils of war.

1ſt Pr. Twice our deliverer.

Œdip. Nor are now your vows
Addreſs'd to one who ſleeps.

When this unwelcome news firſt reach'd my ears,
Dymas was ſent to Delphos, to enquire
The cauſe and cure of this contagious ill:
And is this day return'd? But ſince his meſſage
Concerns the public, I reſus'd to hear it,
But in this general preſence: let him ſpeak.

Dym. A dreadful answer from the hallow'd urn,
And ſacred Tripoſ did the prieſteſs give,
In theſe myſterious words.

THE ORACLE. "Shed in a curſed hour, by curſed hand,
Blood-royal unreveng'd has curſ'd the land.

When

When Laius' death is expiated well,
Your plague shall cease. The rest let Laius tell."

OEdip. Dreadful indeed! Blood! and a king's blood
And such a king's, and by his subjects shed! [too;
(Else why this curse on Thebes?) no wonder then
If monsters, wars, and plagues, revenge such crimes!
If Heav'n be just, its whole artillery,
All must be empty'd on us: not one bolt
Shall err from Thebes; but more be call'd for, more:
New moulded thunder of a larger size;
Driv'n by whole Jove. What, touch anointed pow'r!
Then, gods, beware; Jove would himself be next;
Could you but reach him too.

2d Pr. We mourn the sad remembrance.

OEdip. Well you may:
Worse than a plague infects you: y'are devoted
To mother earth, and to th' infernal pow'rs:
Hell has a right in you: I thank you, gods,
That I'm no Theban born. How my blood curdles!
As if this curse touch'd me, and touch'd me nearer
Than all this presence! — Yes, 'tis a king's blood,
And I, a king, am ty'd in deeper bonds
To expiate this blood — But where, from whom,
Or how must I atone it? Tell me, Thebans,
How Laius fell; for a confus'd report
Pass'd through my ears, when first I took the crown:
But full of hurry, like a morning dream,
It vanish'd in the business of the day.

1st Pr. He went in private forth; but thinly follow'd;
And ne'er return'd to Thebes.

OEdip. Nor any from him? Came there no attendant?
None to bring the news?

2d Pr. But one; and he so wounded,
He scarce drew breath to speak some few faint words.

OEdip. What were they? Something may be learn'd
from thence.

1st Pr. He said a band of robbers watch'd their passage;
Who took advantage of a narrow way
To murder Laius and the rest: himself
Left too for dead.

OEdip. Made you no more enquiry,
But took this bare relation?

2d Pr. 'Twas neglected:

For then the monster Sphinx began to rage ;
And present cares soon buried the remote ;
So was it hush'd, and never since reviv'd.

OEdip. Mark, Thebans, mark !

Just then, the Sphinx began to rage among you ;
The gods took hold ev'n of th' offending minute,
And dared thence your woes : thence will I trace them.

1st Pr. 'Tis just thou should'st it.

OEdip. Hear then this dreadful imprecation ; hear it :
'Tis laid on all ; not any one exempt :
Bear witness, Heav'n, avenge it on the perjurd.
If any Theban born, if any stranger
Reveal this murder, or produce its author,
Ten Attick talents be his just reward :
But, if for fear, for favour, or for hire,
The murd'rer he conceal, the curse of Thebes
Fall heavy on his head : unite our plagues,
Ye gods, and place them there : from fire and water,
Converse, and all things common, be he banish'd.
But for the murderer's self, unfound by man,
Find him, ye pow'rs celestial and infernal ;
And the same fate or worse than Laius met,
Let be his lot : his children be accurst ;
His wife and kindred, all of his be curs'd.

Both Pr. Confirm it, Heav'n !

Enter Jocasta, attended by women.

Joc. At your devotions ! Heav'n succeed your wishes ;
And bring th' effect of these your pious pray'rs
On you, on me, and all.

Pr. Avert this omen, Heav'n !

OEdip. Oh, fatal sound, unfortunate Jocasta !
What hast thou said ? An ill hour hast thou chosen
For these foreboding words ! Why, we were cursing !

Joc. Then may that curse fall only where you laid it.

OEdip. Speak no more !

For all thou say'st is ominous : we were cursing ;
And that dire imprecation hast thou fasten'd
On Thebes, and thee and me, and all of us.

Joc. Are then my blessings turn'd into a curse ?
Oh, unkind OEdipus ! My former Lord
Thought me his blessing : be thou like my Laius.

OEdip. What yet again ? The third time hast thou
curs'd me :

This

This imprecation was for Laius' death,
And thou hast wish'd me like him.

Joc. Horror seizes me !

OEdip. Why dost thou gaze upon me ? Pr'ythee, love,
Take off thy eye ; it burdens me too much.

Joc. The more I look, the more I find of Laius :
His speech, his garb, his action ; nay, his frown ;
(For I have seen it ;) but ne'er bent on me.

OEdip. Are we so like ?

Joc. In all things but his love.

OEdip. I love thee more : so well I love, words cannot speak how well.

No pious son e'er lov'd his mother more
Than I my dear Jocasta.

Joc. I love you too

The self-same way ; and when you chid, methought
A mother's love start up in your defence ;
And bade me not be angry : be not you :
For I love Laius still, as wives should love :
But you more tenderly ; as part of me ;
And when I have you in my arms, methinks
I lull my child asleep.

OEdip. Then we are blest :

And all these curses sweep along the skies
Like empty clouds ; but drop not on our heads.

Joc. I have not joy'd an hour since you departed,
For public miseries, and for private fears ;
But this blest meeting has o'er-paid 'em all.
Good fortune that comes seldom comes more welcome.
All I can wish for now, is your consent
To make my brother happy.

OEdip. How, Jocasta ?

Joc. By marriage with his niece, Eurydice ?

OEdip. Uncle and niece ; there are too near, my love :
'Tis too like incest : 'tis offence to kind :
Had I not promis'd, were there no Adrastus,
No choice but Creon left her of mankind,
They should not marry ; speak no more of it ;
The thought disturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never bless.

A vow so broken, which I made to Creon ;
Remember he's my brother.

OEdip. That's the bar ;

And

And she thy daughter : nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon herself,
And like a whirlpool swallow her own streams.

Joc. Be not displeas'd : I'll move the suit no more.

OEdip. No, do not ; for, I know not why, it shakes me
When I but thin' on incest ; move we forward
To thank the gods for my success, and pray
To wash the guilt of royal blood away. [*Ex. omnes.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *an open Gallery. A Royal Bedchamber being supposed behind.*

The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.

Enter Hæmon, Alcander, and Pyracmon.

HÆMON.

SURE 'tis the end of all things ; Fate has torn
The lock of time off, and his head is now
The ghastly ball of round eternity !
Call you these peals of thunder, but the yawn
Of bellowing clouds ? By Jove, they seem to me
The world's last groans ; and those vast sheets of flame
Are its last blaze ! The tapers of the god,
The sun and moon, run down like waxen-globes ;
The shooting stars end all in purple jellies,
And Chaos is at hand.

Pyr. 'Tis midnight, yet there's not a Theban sleeps,
But such as ne'er must wake. All crowd about
The palace, and implore, as from a god,
Help of the King ; who, from the battlement,
By the red lightning's glare, descry'd afar,
Atones the angry powers. [*Thunder, &c.*]

Hæm. Ha ! Pyracmon, look ;
Behold, Alcander, from yon' west of heav'n,
The perfect figures of a man and woman :
A scepter bright with gems in each right hand,
Their flowing robes of dazzling purple made,
Distinctly yonder in that point they stand,

Just

Just west ; a bloody red stains all the place ;
And see, their faces are quite hid in clouds.

Pyr. Clusters of golden stars hang o'er their heads,
And seem so crowded, that they burst upon them :
All dart at once their baleful influence
In leaking fire.

Alc. Long-bearded comets stick,
Like flaming porcupines, to their left sides,
As they would shoot their quills into their hearts.

Ham. But see ! the king, and queen, and all the court !
Did ever day or night shew ought like this ?

*[Thunders again. The Scene draws, and discovers
the Prodigiés.]*

*Enter OEdipus, Jocasta, Eurydice, Adrastus, and all
coming forward with Amazement.*

OEdip. Answer, you Pow'rs divine ; spare all this noise,
This rack of heav'n, and speak your fatal pleasure.
Why breaks yon dark and dusky orb away ?
Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night,
Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars ?
Ha ! my Jocasta, look ! the silver moon !
A settling crimson stains her beauteous face !
She's all o'er blood ! and look, behold again,
What mean the mystic heav'ns she journeys on ?
A vast eclipse darkens the labouring planet :
Sound there, sound all our instruments of war ;
Clarions and trumpets, silver, brass, and iron,
And beat a thousand drums to help her labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain ; you see the prodigies continue ;
Let's gaze no more, the gods are humorous.

OEdip. Forbear, rash man——Once more I ask your
If that the glow worm light of human reason [pleasure !
Might dare to offer at immortal knowledge,
And cope with gods, why all this storm of nature ?
Why do the rocks split, and why rolls the sea ?
Why these portents in heav'n, and plagues on earth ?
Why yon gigantic forms, ethereal monsters ?
Alas ! is all this but to fright the dwarfs
Which your own hands have made ? Then be it so.
Or if the fates resolve some expiation
For murder'd Laius : hear me, hear me, gods !
Hear me thus prostrate : spare this groaning land,
Save innocent Thebes, stop the tyrant Death ;

OE D I P U S.

Do this, and lo I stand up an oblation
To meet your swiftest and severest anger,
Shoot all at once, and strike me to the centre.

*[The Cloud draws that veil'd the Heads of the Figures of the
sky, and shews them crowned with the Names of OEdipus
and Jocasta written above in great Characters of Gold.]*

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler senses
Are vanish'd with that cloud that fleets away,
Or just above those two majestic heads,
I see, I read distinctly in large gold,
OEdipus and Jocasta.

Alc. I read the same.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not man to wade
Too far in the vast deep of destiny.

[Thunder, and the Prodigies vanish.]

Joc. My Lord, my OEdipus, why gaze you now,
When the whole hear'n is clear, as if the gods
Had some new monsters made? Will you not turn,
And bless your people, who devour each word
You breathe?

OEdip. It shall be so.

Yes, I will die, Oh, Thebes, to save thee!
Draw from my heart my blood, with more content
Than e'er I wore thy crown. Yet, Oh, Jocasta!
By all th' inearments of miraculous love,
By all our languishings, our fears in pleasure,
Which oft have made us wonder; here I swear
On thy fair hand, upon thy breast I swear,
I cannot call to mind, from budding childhood
To blooming youth, a crime by me committed,
For which the awful gods should doom my death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
But he who murder'd Laius, frees the land:
Were you, which is impossible, the man,
Perhaps my poignard first should drink your blood;
But you are innocent, as your Jocasta,
From crimes like those. This made me violent
To save your life, which you unjust would lose:
Nor can you comprehend, with deepest thought,
The horrid agony you cast me in,
When you resolv'd to die.

OEdip. Is't possible?

Joc. Alas, why start you so? Her stiff'ning grief,

Who

Who saw her children slaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine : methinks I should have made
My bosom bare against the armed god,
To save my OEdipus !

OEdip. I pray, no more.

Joc. You've silenc'd me, my Lord.

OEdip. Pardon me, dear Jocasta !

Pardon a heart that sinks with sufferings,
And can but vent itself in sobs and murmurs :
Yet to restore my peace, I'll find him out.
Yes, yes, you gods ! you shall have ample vengeance
On Laius' murderer. O, the traitor's name !
I'll know't, I will ; art shall be conjur'd for it,
And nature all unravell'd.

Joc. Sacred Sir——

OEdip. Rage will have way, and 'tis but just ; I'll fetch
Tho' lodg'd in air, upon a dragon's wing, [him,
Tho' rocks should hide him : nay he shall be dragg'd
From hell, if charms can hurry him along :
His ghost shall be, by sage Tiresias' power,
(Tiresias, that rules all beneath the moon)
Confin'd to flesh, to suffer death once more ;
And then be plung'd in his first fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,

Tiresias attends your pleasure.

OEdip. Haste, and bring him in.

O, my Jocasta, Eurydice, Adrastus,
Creon, and all ye Thebans, now the end
Of plagues, of madness, murders, prodigies,
Draws on : this battle of the heav'ns and earth
Shall by his wisdom be reduc'd to peace.

*Enter Tiresias, leaning on a staff, led by his daughter Manto,
followed by other Thebans.*

O thou, whose most aspiring mind
Knows all the business of the courts above,
Opens the closets of the gods, and dares
To mix with Jove himself and Fate at cotuncil ;
O prophet, answer me, declare aloud
The traitor who conspir'd the death of Laius :
Or be they more, who from malignant stars
Have drawn this plague that blasts unhappy Thebes ?

Tir. We must no more than Fate commissions us

To tell ; yet something and of moment I'll unfold,
 If that the god would wake ; I feel him now,
 ' Like a strong spirit charm'd into a tree,
 ' That leaps and moves the wood without a wind :
 ' The roused god, as all this while he lay,
 ' Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself ;'
 He struggles, and he tears my aged trunk
 With holy fury, ' my old arteries bust ;
 ' My rivell'd skin,
 ' Like parchment, crackles at the hallow'd fire ;
 ' I shall be young again : ' Manto, my daughter,
 ' Thou hast a voice that might have sav'd the bard
 ' Of Thrace, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
 ' With lifted prongs, to listen to thy airs :'
 O charm this god, this fury in my bosom,
 Lull him with tuneful notes, and artful strings,
 With pow'rful strains ; ' Manto, my lovely child,'
 Sooth the unruly godhead to be mild.

S O N G to A P O L L O.

Phœbus, god belov'd by men,
 At thy dawn, every beast is rous'd in his den ;
 At thy setting, all the birds of thy absence complain,
 And we die, all die till the morning comes again.
 Phœbus, god belov'd by men !
 Idol of the Eastern kings,
 Awful as the god who flings
 His thunder round, and the lightning wings ;
 God of songs, and Orphean strings,
 Who to this mortal bosom brings
 All harmonious heav'nly things !
 Thy drouzy prophet to revive,
 Ten thousand thousand forms before him drive ;
 With chariots and horses all o'fire awake him,
 Convulsions, and furies, and prophecies shake him :
 Let him tell it in groans, tho' he bend with the load,
 Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible god.

Tir. The wretch, who shed the blood of old Labdac-
 Lives, and is great ;
 But cruel greatness ne'er was long :
 The first of Laius' blood his life did seize,

[des,

And

And urg'd his fate,
Which else had lasting been and strong,
The wretch, who Laius kill'd must bleed or fly;
Or Thebes, consum'd with plagues, in ruins lie.

OEdip. The first of Laius' blood! pronounce the person;
May the god roar from thy prophetic mouth,
That even the dead may start up, to behold.
Name him, I say, that most accursed wretch,
For, by the stars, he dies!

Speak, I command thee;
By Phœbus, speak; for sudden death's his doom;
Here shall he fall, bleed on this very spot;
His name, I charge thee once more, speak.

Sir. 'Tis lost,
Like what we think can never shun remembrance;
Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the clouds.

OEdip. Fetch it from thence; I'll have it, where-e'er

Cre. Let me intreat you, sacred Sir, be calm, [it be,
And Creon shall point out the great offender.

'Tis true, respect of nature might enjoin
Me silence, at another time; but, oh,
Much more the pow'r of my eternal love!
That, that should strike me dumb: yet, Thebes, my coun-
I'll break through all to succour thee, poor city. [try—
O, I must speak.

OEdip. Speak then, if ought thou know'st:
As much thou seem'st to know, delay no longer.

Cre. O beauty! O illustrious royal maid!
To whom my vows were ever paid till now,
And with such modest, chaste and pure affection,
The coldest nymph might read 'em without blushing.
Art thou the murd'ress, then, of wretched Laius?
And I, must I accuse thee? Oh, my tears!
Why will you fall in so abhorr'd a cause?
But that thy beauteous, barbarous hand destroy'd
Thy father (O monstrous act!) both gods
And men at once take notice.

OEdip. Eurydice!

Eur. Traitor, go on; I scorn thy little malice,
And knowing more my perfect innocence,
Than gods and men, then how much more than thee,
Who art their opposite, and form'd a liar,

I thus disdain thee ! Thou once didst talk of love ;
Because I hate thy love,
Thou dost accuse me.

Adr. Villain, inglorious villain,
And traitor, doubly damn'd, who durst blaspheme
The spotless virtue of the brightest beauty ;
Thou dy'st : nor shall the sacred majesty

[*Draws and wounds him.*]

That guards this place, preserve thee from my rage.

OEdip. Disarm them both. Prince, I shall make you
That I can tame you twice. Guards, seize him. [know

Adr. Sir,

I must acknowledge in another cause
Repentance might abash me ; but I glory
In this, and smile to see the traitor's blood.

OEdip. Creon, you shall be satisfy'd at full.

Cre. My hurt is nothing, Sir ; but I appeal
To wise Tiresias, if my accusation
Be not most true. The first of Laius' blood
Gave him his death. Is there a prince before her ?
Then she is faultless, and I ask her pardon.
And may this blood ne'er cease to drop, O Thebes,
If pity of thy sufferings did not move me
To shew the cure which Heav'n itself prescrib'd.

Eur. Yes, Thebans, I will die to save your lives,
More willingly than you can wish my fate ;
But let this good, this wise, this holy man,
Pronounce my sentence : for to fall by him,
By the vile breath of that prodigious villain,
Would sink my soul, tho' I should die a martyr.

Adr. Unhand me, slaves. O mightiest of kings,
See at your feet a prince not us'd to kneel ;
Touch not Eurydice, by all the gods,
As you would save your Thebes, but take my life :
For should she perish, Heav'n would heap plagues on
Rain sulphur down, hurl kindled bolts [plagues,
Upon your guilty heads.

Cre. You turn to gallantry, what is but justice :
Proof will be easy made. Adrastus was
The robber who bereft th' unhappy king
Of life ; because he flatly had deny'd
To make so poor a prince his son-in-law :

Therefore

Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.

1 Theb. Both, let both die.

All Theb. Both, both ; let them die.

OEdip. Hence you wild herd ! For your ring-leader
He shall be made example. Hæmon, take him. [here,

1 Theb. Mercy ! O mercy !

OEdip. Mutiny in my presence !

Hence, let me see that busy face no more.

Tir. Thebans, what madness makes you drunk with
Enough of guilty death's already acted ; [rage ?

Fierce Creon has accused Eurydice,

With prince Adrastus ; which the god reproves

By inward checks, and leaves their fates in doubt.

OEdip. Therefore instruct us what remains to do,

Or suffer ; for I feel a sleep like death

Upon me, and I sigh to be at rest.

Tir. Since that the pow'rs divine refuse to clear

The mystic deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies ;

There I can force the infernal gods to shew

Their horrid forms ; each trembling ghost shall rise,

And leave their grizly king without a waiter.

For prince Adrastus and Eurydice,

My life's engag'd, I'll guard them in the sane,

Till the dark mysteries of hell are done.

Follow me, princes. Thebans, all to rest.

O, OEdipus, to-morrow — but no more.

It that thy wakeful genius will permit,

Indulge thy brain this night with softer slumbers :

To-morrow, O to-morrow ! — sleep, my son ;

And in prophetic dreams thy fate be shewn.

[*Exeunt Tir. Adr. Eur. Men. and Thebans.*]

OEdip. To bed, my fair, my dear, my best Jocasta.

After the toils of war, 'tis wondrous strange

Our loves should thus be dash'd. One moment's thought,

And I'll approach the arms of my belov'd.

Joc. Consume whole years in care, so now and then

I may have leave to feed my famish'd eyes

With one short passing glance, and sigh my vows :

This and no more, my Lord, is all the passion

Of languishing Jocasta.

[*Exit.*]

OEdip. Thou softest, sweetest of the world ! good night.

Nay, she isauteous too ; yet, mighty love !
 I never offer'd to obey thy laws,
 But an unusual chinefs came upon me ;
 An unknown hand ſtill check'd my forward joy,
 Daſh'd me with bluſhes, tho' no light was near ;
 That even the act became a violation.

Pyr. He's ſtrangely thoughtful.

OEdip. Hark ! who was that ! Ha ! Creon, didſt thou

Cre. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here. [*call me?*]

OEdip. That's ſtrange ! methought I heard a doleful
 Cry OEdipus—The prophet bad me ſleep. [*voice*]

He talk'd of dreams, of viſions, and to-morrow !

I'll muſe no more, come what will or can,

My thoughts are clearer than unclouded ſtars ;

And with thoſe thoughts I'll reſt. Creon, good night.

[*Exit with Haem.*]

Cre. Sleep ſeal your eyes up, Sir, eternal ſleep.

But if he ſleep and wake again, O all

Tormenting dreams, wild horrors of the night,

And hags of fancy, wing him through the air :

From precipices hurl him headlong down ;

Charybdis' roar, and death be ſet before him.

Alc. Your curſes have already ta'en effect ;
 For he looks very ſad.

Cre. May he be rooted where he ſtands for ever ;

His eye-balls never move, brows be unbent,

His blood, his entrails, liver, heart and bowels,

Be blacker than the place I wiſh him, hell.

Pyr. No more ; you tear yourſelf, but vex not him.

Methinks 'twere brave this night to force the temple,

While blind Tiresias conjures up the fiends,

And paſs the time with nice Eurydice.

Alc. Try promiſes and threats, and if all fail,

Since hell's broke looſe, why ſhould not you be mad ?

Raviſh, and leave her dead with her Adraſtus.

Cre. Were the globe mine, I'd give a province hourly
 For ſuch another thought. Luſt and revenge !

To ſtab at once the only man I hate,

And to enjoy the woman whom I love !

I aſk no more of my auſpicious ſtars,

The rest as Fortune please; so but this night
She play me fair, why, let her turn for ever.

Enter Hæmon.

Hæm. My Lord, the troubled king is gone to rest;
Yet, ere he slept, commanded me to clear
The antichambers: none must dare be near him.

Cre. Hæmon, you do your duty—— [*Thunder.*]
And we obey.—The night grows yet more dreadful!

'Tis just that all retire to their devotions;
The gods are angry: but to-morrow's dawn,
If prophets do not lie, will make all clear.

*As they go off, OEdipus enters, walking asleep in his shirt,
with a dagger in his right-hand, and a taper in his left.*

OEdip. O, my Jocasta! 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd soldier lies on the cold ground;
For this he bears the storms
Of winter camps, and freezes in his arms:
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever!—Ha! where art thou?
What means this melancholy light, that seems
The gloom of glowing embers?
The curtain's drawn; and see she's here again!
Jocasta! Ha! what, fall'n asleep so soon?
How fares my love? This taper will inform me.
Ha! lightning blast me, thunder
Rivet me ever to Prometheus' rock,
And vultures gnaw out my incestuous heart.
By all the gods, my mother Merope!
My sword, a dagger! Ha, who waits there? Slaves,
My sword. What, Hæmon, dar'st thou, villain, stop me?
With thy own peignard perish. Ha! who's this?
Or is't a change of death? By all my honours,
New murder; thou hast slain old Polybus:
Incest and parricide, thy father's murdered!
Out, thou infernal flame: now all is dark,
All blind and dismal, most triumphant mischief!
And now, while thus I stalk about the room,
I challenge fate to find another wretch
Like OEdipus!

[*Thunder, &c.*]

Enter Jocasta attended, with lights, in a night-gown.

Night, horror, death, confusion, hell, and furies!

Where am I? O, Jocasta, let me hold thee:

Thus

Thus to my bosom, ages let me grasp me,
 All that the hardest temper'd weather'd flesh,
 With fiercest human spirit inspir'd, can dare,
 Or do, I dare ; but, O you pow'rs, this was
 By infinite degrees too much for man.

Methinks my deafen'd ears
 Are burst ; my eyes, as if they had been knock'd
 By some tempestuous hand, shoot flashing fire :
 That sleep should do this !

Joc. Then my fears were true.
 Methought I heard your voice, and yet I doubted,
 Now roaring like the ocean, when the winds
 Fight with the waves ; now, in a still small tone
 Your dying accents fell, as racking ships,
 After the dreadful yell, sink murm'ring down,
 And bubble up a noise.

OEdip. Trust me, thou fairest, best of all thy kind,
 None e'er in dreams was tortur'd so before.
 Yet what most shocks the niceness of my temper,
 Ev'n far beyond the killing of my father,
 And my own death, is that this horrid sleep
 Dash'd my sick fancy with an act of incest :
 I dream'd, Jocasta, that thou wert my mother ;
 Which tho' impossible, so damps my spirits,
 That I could do a mischief on myself,
 Lest I should sleep and dream the like again.

Joc. O, OEdipus, too well I understand you !
 I know the wrath of heav'n, the care of Thebes,
 The cries of its inhabitants, war's toils,
 And thousand other labours of the state,
 Are all refer'd to you, and ought to take you
 For ever from Jocasta.

OEdip. Life of my life, and treasure of my soul,
 Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. O, you think me vile,
 And of an inclination so ignoble,
 That I must hide me from your eyes for ever.
 Be witness, gods, and strike Jocasta dead,
 If an immodest thought, or low desire
 Inflam'd my breast, since first our loves were lighted.

OEdip. O rise, and add not, by thy cruel kindness,
 A grief more sensible than all my torments.

Thou

Thou think'st my dreams are forg'd; but by thyself,
The greatest oath I swear, they are most true:
But, be they what they will, I here dismiss them;
Begone, chimeras, to your mother clouds.
Is there a fault in us? Have we not search'd
The womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the entrails
Of birds and beasts, and tired the prophet's art?
Yet what avails? He, and the gods together,
Seem like physicians at a loss to help us;
Therefore, like wretches that have linger'd long,
We'll snatch the strongest cordial of our love.—
To bed, my fair.

Ghost within. OEdipus!

OEdip. Ha! who calls?

Didst thou not hear a voice?

Joc. Alas! I did.

Ghost. Jocasta!

Joc. O, my love, my Lord, support me!

OEdip. Call louder, till you burst your airy forms:
Rest on my hand. Thus, arm'd with innocence,
I'll face these babbling dæmons of the air:
In spite of ghosts, I'll on,
Tho' round my bed the furies plant their charms;
I'll break them with Jocasta in my arms;
Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'll wait my doom,
And act my joys, tho' thunder shake the room.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *a dark Grove.*

Enter Creon and Diocles.

CREON.

'TIS better not to be, than be unhappy.

Dioc. What mean you by these words?

Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be Creon.

A thinking soul is punishment enough;
But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
Then every thought draws blood.

Dioc.

Dioc. You are not wretched.

Cre. I am : my soul's ill-married to my body ;
I would be young, be handsome, be belov'd :
Could I but breathe myself into Adrastus——

Dioc. You rave ; call home your thoughts.

Cre. I pr'ythee let my soul take air a while ;
Were she in OEdipus, I were a king ;
Then I had kill'd a monster, gain'd a battle,
And had my rival pris'ner ; brave, brave actions :
Why have not I done these ?

Dioc. Your fortune hinder'd.

Cre. There's it. I have a soul to do them all :
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great
But by young handsome fools : body and brawn
Do all her work : Hercules was a fool,
And straight grew famous : a mad boist'rous fool :
Nay worse, a woman's fool.
Fool is the stuff, of which Heav'n makes a hero.

Dioc. A serpent ne'er becomes a flying dragon,
Till he has eat a serpent.

Cre. Goes it there ?

I understand thee ; I must kill Adrastus.

Dioc. Or not enjoy your mistress :
Eurydice and he are pris'ners here,
But will not long be so : this tell-tale ghost
Perhaps will clear them both.

Cre. Well ; 'tis resolv'd.

Dioc. The princess walks this way ;
You must not meet her
Till this be done.

Cre. I must.

Dioc. She hates your fight ;
And more since you accus'd her.

Cre. Urge it not.
I cannot stay to tell thee my design,
For she's too near.

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your thoughts employ'd ?

Eur. On death and thee.

Cre. Then they were not well sorted : life and me
Had been the better match.

Eur. No, I was thinking

On two the most detested things in nature :
And they are death and thee.

Cre. The thought of death to one near death is dreadful!
O'tis a fearful thing to be no more.

Or if to be, to wander after death ;
To walk as spirits do, in brakes all day ;
And when the darkness comes, to glide in paths
That lead to graves ; and in the silent vault,
Where lies your own pale shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden corps :
And often, often, vainly breathe your ghost
Into your lifeless lips :
Then, like a lone benighted traveller
Shut out from lodging, shall your groans be answer'd
By whistling winds, whose every blast will shake
Your tender form to atoms.

Eur. Must I be this thin being, and thus wander
No quiet after death ?

Cre. None : you must leave
This beauteous body ; all this youth and freshness
Must be no more the object of desire,
But a cold lump of clay ;
Which then your discontented ghost will leave,
And loath its former lodging.
This is the best of what comes after death,
Ev'n to the best.

Eur. What then shall be thy lot !
Eternal torments, baths of boiling sulphur ;
Vicissitudes of fires, and then of frosts :
And an old guardian fiend, ugly as thou art,
To hollow in thy ears at every lash ;
This for Eurydice ; these for her Adrastus !

Cre. For her Adrastus !

Eur. Yes, for her Adrastus ;
For death shall ne'er divide us. Death ! what's death ?

' *Dioc.* You seem'd to fear it.

' *Eur.* But I more fear Creon :

' To take that hunch-back'd monster in my arms,
' Th' excrescence of a man.

' *Dioc.* [To *Cre.*] See what you've gain'd.

' *Eur.* Death only can be dreadful to the bad :

' To innocence, 'tis like a bug-bear dress'd

' To

• To frighten children ; pull but off his mask,
• And he'll appear a friend.'

Cre. You talk too slightly
Of death and hell. Let me inform you better.

Eur. You best can tell the news of your own country.

Dio. Nay, now you are too sharp.

Eur. Can I be so to one who has accus'd me
Of murder and of parricide ?

Cre. You provok'd me ;
And yet I only did thus far accuse you,
As next of blood to Laius : be advis'd,
And you may live.

Eur. The means ?

Cre. 'Tis offer'd you ;
The fool Adrastus has accus'd himself.

Eur. He has indeed, to take the guilt from me.

Cre. He says he loves you ; if he does, 'tis well :
He ne'er could prove it in a better time.

Eur. Then death must be his recompence for love !

Cre. 'Tis a fool's just reward :
The wise can make a better use of life :
But 'tis the young man's pleasure ; his ambition :
I grudge him not that favour.

Eur. When he's dead,
Where shall I find his equal ?

Cre. Every where.
Fine empty things, like him,
The court swarms with them.
Fine fighting things ; in camps they are so common,
Crows feed on nothing else ; plenty of fools ;
A glut of them in Thebes.

And Fortune still takes care they should be seen ;
She places them aloft, o' th' topmost spoke
Of all her wheel : fools are the daily work
Of Nature ; her vocation ; if she form
A man, she loses by't, 'tis too expensive ;
'Twould make ten fools : a man's a prodigy.

Eur. That is, a Creon : O thou black detractor,
• Who spitt'st thy venom against gods and men !
• Thou enemy of eyes :

Thou who lov'st nothing but what nothing loves,
And that's thyself : who hast conspir'd against

My life and fame, to make me loath'd by all,
And only fit for thee.
But for Adrastus' death, good gods, his death !
What curse shall I invent ?

Dioc. No more—he's here.

Eur. He shall be ever here.

He who would give his life, give up his fame——

Enter Adrastus.

If all the excellence of woman-kind
Were mine——No, 'tis too little all for him ;
Were I made up of endless, endless joys——

Adr. And so thou art :

The man who loves like me,
Would think ev'n infamy, the worst of ills,
Were cheaply purchas'd, were thy love the price.
Unetown'd, a captive, nothing left but honour,
'Tis the last thing a prince should throw away :
But when the storm grows loud, and threatens love,
Throw ev'n that over-board ; for love's the jewel,
And last it must be kept.

Cre. [*To Dioc.*] Work him, be sure,
To rage—He's passionate ;
Make him th' aggressor.

Dioc. Oh, false love ! false honour !

Cre. Dissembled both, and false !

Adr. Dar'st thou say this to me ?

Cre. To you ! why, what are you, that I should fear
I am not Laius. Hear me, Prince of Argos. [you ?
You give what's nothing, when you give your honour ;
'Tis gone, 'tis lost in battle. For your love,
Vows made in wine are not so false as that :
You kill'd her father ; you confess'd you did :
A mighty argument to prove your passion to the daughter !

Adr. [*Aside.*] Gods, must I bear this brand, and not
The lie to his foul throat ! [retort

Dioc. Basely you kill'd him.

Adr. [*Aside.*] Oh, I burn inward ! my blood's all o'fire !
Alcides, when the poison'd shirt sat closest,
Had but an ague-fit to this my fever.
Yet, for Eurydice, ev'n this I'll suffer,
To free my love——Well, then, I kill'd him basely.

Cre. Fairly ; I'm sure, you could not.

Dioc. Nor alone.

Cre. You had your fellow thieves about you, Prince:
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.

Adr. [*Aside.*] Down, swelling heart!

'Tis for thy princess, all—Oh, my Euridice!— [*To her.*

Eur. [*To him.*] Reproach not thus the weakness of my
As if I could not bear a shameful death, [sex,
Rather than see you burden'd with a crime
Of which I know you free.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your headlong love triumph o'er nature.
Dare you defend your father's murderer?

Eur. You know he kill'd him not.

Cre. Let him say so.

Dioc. See, he stands mute.

Cre. Oh, pow'r of conscience! ev'n in wicked men
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One syllable, one No, to clear himself
From the most base, detested, horrid act,
That ere could stain a villain, not a prince.

Adr. Ha! villain!

Cre. Echo to him, groves, cry villain.

Adr. Let me consider—Did I murder Laius,
Thus like a villain?

Cre. Best revoke your words,
And say, you kill'd him not.

Adr. Not like a villain; pr'ythee, change me that
For any other lie.

Dioc. No, villain, villain.

Cre. You kill'd him not—Proclaim your innocence,
Accuse the Princess; so I knew 'twould be.

Adr. I thank thee; thou instruct'st me.
No matter how I kill'd him.

Cre. [*Aside.*] Cool'd again!

Eur. Thou, who usurp'st the sacred name of conscience,
Did not thy own self declare him innocent?
To me declare him so? The King shall know it.

Cre. You will not be believ'd; for I'll forswear it.

Eur. What's now thy conscience?

Cre. 'Tis my slave, my drudge, my supple glove,
My upper garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think best: 'tis my obedient conscience.

Adr.

Adr. Infamous wretch !

Cre. My conscience shall not do me the ill office
To save a rival's life ; when thou art dead,
(As dead thou shalt be, or be yet more base
Than thou think'st me,
By forfeiting her life, to save thy own.)
Know this, and let it grate thy very soul,
She shall be mine : (she is, if vows were binding)
Mark me, the fruit of all thy faith and passion,
Ev'n of thy foolish death, shall all be mine.

Adr. Thine, say'st thou, monster ?
Shall my love be thine ?
Oh, I can bear no more !
Thy cunning engines have with labour rais'd
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and strike thee dead.
See here thy nuptials ; see, thou rash Ixion, [Draws]
Thy promis'd Juno vanish'd in a cloud,
And in her room avenging thunder rolls
To blast thee thus——Come both—— [Both draw.

Cre. 'Tis what I wish'd——
Now see whose arm can launch the surer bolt,
And who's the better Jove —— [Fight.

Eur. Help, murder, help !

Enter Hæmon and Guards, run betwixt them, and beat down their swords.

Hæm. Hold, hold your impious hands ! I think the Furies,
To whom this grove is hallow'd, have inspir'd you.
Now, by my soul, the holiest earth of Thebes
You have profan'd with war. Nor tree, nor plant
Grows here, but what is fed with magic juice,
All full of human souls, that cleave their barks,
To dance at midnight by the moon's pale beams.
At least two hundred years these reverend shades
Have known no blood, but of black sheep and oxen,
Shed by the priest's own hand to Proserpine.

Adr. Forgive a stranger's ignorance—I knew not
The honours of the place.

Hæm. Thou, Creon, didst.
Not OEdipus, were all his foes here lodg'd,
Durst violate the religion of these groves,
To touch one single hair ; but must, unarm'd,

Parle, as in truce, or surlily avoid
What most he long'd to kill.

Cre. I drew not first ;
But in my own defence.

Adr. I was provok'd
Beyond man's patience ; all reproach could urge
Was us'd to kindle one not apt to bear.

Hæm. 'Tis OEdipus, not I, must judge this act.
Lord Creon, you and Diocles retire ;
Tiresias and the brotherhood of priests
Approach the place. None at these rites assist,
But you th' accus'd, who by the mouth of Laius
Must be absolv'd or doom'd.

Adr. I bear my fortune.

Eur. And I provoke my trial.

Hæm. 'Tis at hand :
For see, the prophet comes with vervain crown'd,
The priests with yew ; a venerable band.
We leave you to the gods.

[*Exit Hæmon, with Creon and Diocles.*]

*Enter Tiresias, led by Manto ; the priests follow, all cloathed
in long black habits.*

Tir. Approach, ye lovers ;
Ill-fated pair, whom, seeing not, I know.
This day your kindly stars in heav'n were join'd ;
When lo, an envious planet interpos'd,
And threaten'd both with death. I fear, I fear.

Eur. Is there no god so much a friend to love,
Who can controul the malice of our fate ?
Are they all deaf ? Or have the giants heav'n ?

Tir. The gods are just——
But how can finite measure infinite ?
Reason ! alas, it does not know itself !
Yet man, vain man, would, with this short-lin'd plummet,
Fathom the vast abyfs of heav'nly justice.
Whatever is, is in its causes just ;
Since all things are by fate. But purblind man
Sees but a part o' th' chain ; the nearest links ;
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.

Eur. Then we must die !

Tir. The danger's imminent this day,

Adr.

Adr. 'Why then there's one day less for human ills;
 * And who would moan himself for suffering that
 * Which in a day must pass? Something or nothing:
 * I shall be what I was again, before
 * I was Adrastus.'

Penurious Heav'n! canst thou not add a night
 To our one day? Give me a night with her,
 And I'll give all the rest.

Tir. She broke her vow
 First made to Creon. But the time calls on;
 And Laius' death must now be made more plain.
 How loth I am to have recourse to rites
 So full of horror, that I once rejoice
 I want the use of sight.

1 Pr. The ceremonies stay.

Tir. Choose the darkest part o' th' grove,
 Such as ghosts at noon-day love.
 Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
 Where the bones of Laius lie,
 Altars rais'd of turf or stone,
 Will th' infernal pow'rs have none.
 Answer me if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the sacrifice made fit?
 Draw her backward to the pit;
 Draw the barren heifer back;
 Barren let her be, and black.
 Cut the curled hair that grows
 Full betwixt her horns and brows;
 And turn your faces from the sun;
 Answer me if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in blood, and blood like wine,
 To mother Earth and Proserpine;
 Mingle milk into the stream;
 Feast the ghosts that love the steam;
 Snatch a brand from funeral pile,
 Toss it in, to make them boil;
 And turn your faces from the sun;
 Answer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done.

[Pells of thunder and flashes of lightning; then groaning
 below the stage.]

Man. Oh, what laments are those? [pain,

Tir. The groans of ghosts that cleave the earth with
And heave it up; they pant and stick half way.

[*The stage wholly darkened.*

Man. And now a sudden darkness covers all;
True, genuine night; night added to the groves;
The fogs are blown full in the face of heav'n.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd? Infernal gods,
Must you have music too? Then tune your voices,
And let them have such sounds as hell ne'er heard
Since Orpheus brib'd the shades.

Music first, then sing.

1. Hear, ye sullen pow'rs below;

 Hear, ye talkers of the dead:

2. You that boiling cauldrons blow,

 You that scum the molten lead.

3. You that pinch with red-hot tongs:

1. You that drive the trembling hosts

 Of poor, poor ghosts,

 With your sharpen'd prongs.

2. You that thrust them off the brim.

3. You that plunge them when they swim,

1. Till they drown,

 Till they go,

 On a row,

 Down, down, down,

 Ten thousand, thousand, thousand fathoms low.

Chorus. Till they drown, &c.

1. Music for a while:

 Shall your cares beguile,

 Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd;

2. And disdaining to be pleas'd,

3. Till Alecto free the dead

 From their eternal bands;

Till the snakes drop from her head;

 And whip from out her hands.

1. Come away,

 Do not stay,

 But obey,

 While we play,

 For hell's broke up, and ghosts have holiday.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

' *[A flash of lightning : the stage is made bright, and the ghosts are seen passing betwixt the trees.*

' 1. Laius ! 2. Laius ! 3. Laius !

' 1. Hear ! 2. Hear ! 3. Hear !

' *Tir.* Hear and appear.

' By the Fates that spun thy thread,

' *Cho.* Which are three.

' *Tir.* By the furies fierce and dread,

' *Cho.* Which are three.

' *Tir.* By the Judges of the dead,

' *Cho.* Which are three.

' Three times three.

' *Tir.* By Hell's blue flame ;

' By the Stygian lake ;

' And by Demogorgon's name,

' At which ghosts quake,

' Hear and appear ?'

[The ghost of Laius rises, armed in his chariot, as he was slain ; and behind his chariot sit the three who were murdered with him.

Ghost of Laius. Why hast thou drawn me from my pains
To suffer worse above ; to see the day, [below,
And Thebes more hated ? Hell is heav'n to Thebes.
For pity, send me back, where I may hide,
In willing night, this ignominious head.
In hell I shun the public scorn ; and then
They hunt me for their sport, and hoot me as I fly ;
Behold, ev'n now, they grin at my gor'd side,
And chatter at my wounds.

Tir. I pity thee.

Tell but why Thebes is for thy death accurs'd,
And I'll unbind the charm.

Ghost. Oh, spare my shame !

Tir. Are these two innocent ?

Ghost. Of my death they are.

But he who holds my crown, Oh, must I speak !
Was doom'd to do what nature most abhors.
The gods foresaw it, and forbade his being
Before he yet was born. I broke their laws,
And cloth'd with flesh his pre-existing soul.
Some kinder pow'r, too weak for destiny,

Took pity, and indu'd his new-form'd mass
 With temperance, justice, prudence, fortitude,
 And every kingly virtue. But in vain ;
 For Fate, that sent him hoodwink'd to the world,
 Perform'd its work by his mistaken hands.
 Ask'st thou who murder'd me ? 'Twas OEdipus.
 Who stains my bed with incest ? OEdipus.
 For whom then are you curs'd, but OEdipus ?
 He comes ! the parricide ! I cannot bear him !
 My wounds ake at him ! Oh, his murd'rous breath
 Venoms my airy substance ! Hence with him,
 Banish him, sweep him out ; the plagues he bears
 Will blast your fields, and mark his way with ruin.
 From Thebes, my throne, my bed, let him be driven ;
 Do you forbid him earth, and I'll forbid him heav'n.

[Ghost descends.]

Enter OEdipus, Creon, Hæmon, &c.

OEdip. What's this ? Methought some pestilential blast
 Struck me just entering ; and some unseen hand
 Struggled to push me backward. Tell me why
 My hair stands bristling up, why my flesh trembles ?
 You stare at me ! Then hell has been among ye,
 And some lag fiend yet lingers in the grove.

Tir. What omen saw'st thou, ent'ring ?

OEdip. A young stork,
 That bore his aged parent on his back,
 Till, weary with the weight, he shook him off,
 And peck'd out both his eyes.

Adr. Oh, OEdipus !

Eur. Oh, wretched OEdipus !

Tir. Oh, fatal king !

OEdip. What mean these exclamations on my name ?
 I thank the gods, no secret thoughts reproach me.
 ' No, I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward ;
 ' And shake my soul quite empty in your fight.'
 Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
 These fix'd regards, and silent threats of eyes.
 A generous fierceness dwells with innocence ;
 And conscious virtue is allow'd some pride.

Tir. Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

OEdip. What mutters he ? Tell me, Euridice—
 Thou shak'st—thy soul's a woman. Speak, Adrastus,

And

And boldly, as thou met'st my arm in fight.
 Dar'st thou not speak? Why, then 'tis bad indeed.
 Tiresias, thee I summon by thy priesthood;
 Tell me what news from hell; where Laius points,
 And who's the guilty head?

Tir. Let me not answer.

OEdip. Be dumb, then, and betray thy native soil
 To farther plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

OEdip. Dar'st thou converse with hell, and canst thou
 An human name? [fear

Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which, known,
 Would make thee more unhappy. 'Twill be found,
 Tho' I am silent.

OEdip. Old and obstinate! Then thou thyself
 Art author or accomplice of this murder;
 And shun'st the justice, which, by public ban,
 Thou hast incurr'd.

Tir. Oh, if the guilt were mine,
 It were not half so great! Know, wretched man,
 Thou, only thou art guilty; thy own curse
 Falls heavy on thyself.

OEdip. Speak this again:
 But speak it to the winds when they are loudest,
 Or to the raging seas; they'll hear as soon,
 And sooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me, Heav'n,
 For, blushing, thou hast seen it: hear me, Earth,
 Whose hollow womb could not contain this murder,
 But sent it back to light: and thou, Hell, hear me,
 Whose own black seal has 'firm'd this horrid truth:
OEdipus murder'd Laius.

OEdip. Rot the tongue,
 And blasted be the mouth that spoke that lie.
 Thou blind of sight, but thou more blind of soul—

Tir. Thy parents thought not so.

OEdip. Who were my parents?

Tir. Thou shalt know too soon.

OEdip. Why seek I truth from thee?
 The smiles of courtiers, and the harlot's tears,
 The tradesman's oaths, and mourning of an heir,
 Are truths to what priests tell.

Oh!

Oh, why has priesthood privilege to lie,
And yet to be believ'd!—Thy age protects thee—

Tir. Thou canst not kill me; 'tis not in thy fate,
As 'twas to kill thy father, wed thy mother,
And beget sons, thy brothers.

OEdip. Riddles, riddles!

Tir. Thou art thyself a riddle, a perplex'd,
Obscure ænigma, which, when thou unty'st,
Thou shalt be found and lost.

OEd. Impossible!

Adrastus, speak; and, as thou art a king,
Whose royal word is sacred, clear my fame.

Adr. Would I could!

OEdip. Ha! wilt thou not? Can that plebeian vice
Of lying mount to kings? Can they be tainted?
Then truth is lost on earth.

Cre. The cheat's too gross.
Adrastus is his oracle, and he,
The pious juggler, but *Adrastus*' organ.

OEdip. 'Tis plain; the priest's suborn'd to free the

Cre. And turn the guilt on you. [pris'ner.

OEdip. Oh, honest *Creon*, how hast thou been bely'd!

Eur. Hear me.

Cre. She's brib'd to save her lover's life.

Adr. If, *OEdipus*, thou think'st—

Cre. Hear him not speak.

Adr. Then hear these holy men.

Cre. Priests, priests, all brib'd, all priests!

OEdip. *Adrastus*, I have found thee:

The malice of a vanquish'd man has seiz'd thee.

Adr. If envy, and not truth—

OEdip. I'll hear no more: away with him.

[*Hæmon* takes him off by force; *Creon* and *Eurydice* follow.

[*To Tir.*] Why stand'st thou here, impostor?

So old and yet so wicked!—Lie for gain,
And gain so short as age can promise thee!

Tir. So short a time as I have yet to live
Exceeds thy pointed hour. Remember *Laius*—
No more—if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
In mutual darkness; we shall feel before us,
To reach each other's hand—Remember *Laius*.

[*Exit Tiresias*; *Priests* follow.
Remember

OEdip. Remember Laius! that's the burden still.
 Murder and incest! But to hear them nam'd
 My soul starts in me: 'the good centinel
 'Stands to his weapons, takes the first alarm,
 'To guard me from such crimes.' Did I kill Laius?
 Then I walk'd sleeping, in some frightful dream;
 My soul then stole my body out by night,
 And brought me back to bed ere morning-wake.
 It cannot be, ev'n this remotest way;
 But some dark hint would juggle forward now,
 And goad my memory——Oh, my Jocasta!

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Why are you thus disturb'd?

OEdip. Why, would'st thou think it?
 No less than murder.

Joc. Murder! what of murder?

OEdip. Is murder then no more? Add parricide
 And incest—bear not these a frightful sound?

Joc. Alas!

OEdip. How poor a pity is alas,
 For two such crimes!—Was Laius us'd to lie?

Joc. Oh, no! the most sincere, plain, honest man;
 One who abhorr'd a lie.

OEdip. Then he has got that quality in hell.
 He charges me——but why accuse I him?
 I did not hear him speak it. They accuse me,
 The Priest, Adrastus, and Eurydice,
 Of murdering Laius——Tell me, while I think on't,
 Has old Tiresias practis'd long this trade?

Joc. What trade?

OEdip. Why, this foretelling trade.

Joc. For many years.

OEdip. Has he before this day accus'd me?

Joc. Never.

OEdip. Have you, ere this, enquir'd who did this mur-

Joc. Often; but still in vain. [der?

OEdip. I am satisfy'd.

Then 'tis an infant-lie; but one day old.
 The oracle takes place before the priest;
 The blood of Laius was to murder Laius;
 I'm not of Laius' blood.

Joc.

Joc. Ev'n oracles.

Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd :
Laius had one, which never was fulfill'd,
Nor ever can be now.

OEdip. And what foretold it ?

Joc. That he should have a son by me, fore-doom'd.
The murderer of his father. True, indeed;
A son was born ; but, to prevent that crime,
The wretched infant of a guilty fate,
Bor'd through his untry'd feet, and bound with cords,
On a bleak mountain naked was expos'd.
The King himself liv'd many, many years,
And found a different fate ; by robbers murder'd,
Where three ways meet. Yet these are oracles ;
And this the faith we owe them.

OEdip. Say'st thou, woman ?

By Hear'n, thou hast awaken'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very soul !

Joc. What new disturbance ?—

OEdip. Methought thou said'st, or do I dream thou
This murder was on Laius' person done [said'st it ?
Where three ways meet.

Joc. So common fame reports.

OEdip. Would it had lied !

Joc. Why, good my Lord ?

OEdip. No questions.

'Tis busy time with me ; dispatch mine first.

Say, where, where was it done ?

Joc. Mean you the murder ?

OEdip. Couldst thou not answer without naming murder ?

Joc. They say in Phocide ; on the verge that parts it
From Dalia, and from Delphos.

OEdip. So—How long ? When happen'd this ?

Joc. Some little time before you came to Thebes.

OEdip. What will the gods do with me ?

Joc. What means that thought ?

OEdip. Something—But 'tis not yet your turn to ask.
How old was Laius, what his shape, his stature,
His action, and his mien ? Quick, quick, your answer—

Joc. Big made he was, and tall ; his port was fierce,
Erect his countenance ; manly majesty
Sat in his front, and darted from his eyes,

Commanding all he viewed ; his hair just grizzled,
As in a green old age. Bate but his years,
You are his picture.

OEdip. [*Aside.*] Pray Heav'n he drew me not ! Am I

Joc. So I have often told you. [his picture ?]

OEdip. True, you have :

Add that unto the rest. How was the King
Attended when he travel'd ?

Joc. By four servants.

He went out privately.

OEdip. Well counted still !

One 'scap'd, I hear. What since became of him ?

Joc. When he beheld you first, as King in Thebes,
He kneel'd, and, trembling, begg'd I would dismiss him.
He had my leave ; and now he lives retir'd.

OEdip. This man must be produc'd ; he must, Jocasta.

Joc. He shall—Yet have I leave to ask you why ?

OEdip. Yes, you shall know ; for where should I repose
The anguish of my soul, but in your breast ?

I need not tell you Corinth claims my birth ;

My parents, Polybus and Merope,

Two royal names ; their only child am I.

It happen'd once, 'twas at a bridal feast,

One, warm with wine, told me I was a foundling,

Not the King's son : I, stung with this reproach,

Struck him ; my father heard of it ; the man

Was made ask pardon, and the business hush'd.

Joc. 'Twas somewhat odd.

OEdip. And strangely it perplex'd me.

I stole away to Delphos, and implor'd

The god, to tell my certain parentage.

He bade me seek no farther ; 'twas my fate

To kill my father, and pollute his bed,

By marrying her who bore me.

Joc. Vain, vain oracles !

OEdip. But yet they frighted me.

I look'd on Corinth as a place accurs'd ;

Resolv'd my destiny should wait in vain,

And never catch me there.

Joc. Too nice a fear.

OEdip. Suspend your thoughts, and flatter not too soon.

Just in the place you nam'd, where three ways meet,

E

And

And near that time, five persons I encounter'd ;
 One was too like (Heav'n grant it prove not him !)
 The person you describe for Laius : insolent
 And fierce they were, as men who liv'd on spoil ;
 I judg'd them robbers, and by force repell'd
 The force they us'd. In short, four men I slew ;
 The fifth, upon his knees, demanding life,
 My mercy gave it——Bring me comfort now.
 If I slew Laius, what can be more wretched ?
 From Thebes and you my curse has banish'd me ;
 From Corinth, Fate.

Joc. Perplex not thus your mind.
 My husband fell by multitudes oppress'd ;
 So Phorbas said. This band you chanc'd to meet ;
 And murder'd not my Laius, but reveng'd him.

Oed. There's all my hope : let Phorbas tell me this,
 And I shall live again.

To you, good gods, I make my last appeal ;
 Or clear my virtue, or my crime reveal.
 If wandering in the maze of fate I run,
 And backward trod the paths I sought to shun,
 Impute my errors to your own decree ;
 My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

Enter Pyracmon and Creon.

PYRACMON.

SOME business of import, that triumph wears,
 You seem to go with ; nor is it hard to guess
 When you are pleas'd, ' by a malicious joy,
 ' Whose red and fiery beams cast through your visage
 ' A glowing pleasure. Sure' you smile revenge,
 And I could gladly hear.

Cre. Wouldst thou believe,
 This giddy, hair-brain'd King, whom old Tiresias
 Has thunderstruck with heavy accusation,
 Tho' conscious of no inward guilt, yet fears ?

He

He fears Jocasta, fears himself, his shadow;
He fears the multitude; and, which is worth
An age of slaughter, out of all mankind,
He chuses me to be his orator:
Swears thar Adrastus and the lean-look'd prophet
Are joint conspirators; and wish'd me to
Appease the raving Thebans; which I swore
To do.

Pyr. A dangerous undertaking;
Directly opposite to your own interest.

Cre. No, dull Pyracmon; when I left his presence,
With all the wings with which revenge could imp
My flight, I gain'd the midst o' the city;
There, standing on a pile of dead and dying,
I to the mad and sickly multitude,
With interrupting sobs, cry'd out, Oh, Thebes!
Oh, wretched Thebes, thy king, thy OEdipus,
This barbarous stranger, this usurper, monster,
Is by the oracle, the wise Tiresias,
Proclaim'd the murderer of thy royal Laius!
Jocasta, too, no longer now my sister,
Is found complotter in the horrid deed.
Here I renounce all tie of blood and nature,
For thee, Oh, Thebes, dear Thebes, poor bleeding Thebes!
And there I wept; and then the rabble howl'd,
And roar'd, and with a thousand antic mouths,
Gabbled revenge; revenge was all the cry.

Pyr. This cannot fail; I see you on the throne,
And OEdipus cast out.

Cre. Then straight came on
Alcander, with a wide and bellowing crowd,
Whom he had wrought; I whisper'd him to join,
And head the forces while the heat was in them.
So, to the palace I return'd, to meet
The King, and greet him with another story.
But see, he enters.

Enter OEdipus and Jocasta, attended.

OEdip. Said you that Phorbas is arriv'd, and yet
Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
Of ought concerning what we have discover'd?

Joc. He started when I told him your intent;
Replying, what he knew of that affair

Would give no satisfaction to the King ;
 Then, falling on his knees, begg'd as for life,
 'To be dismiss'd from court : he trembled too,
 As if convulsive death had seiz'd upon him,
 And stammer'd in his abrupt pray'r so wildly,
 That had he been the murderer of Laius,
 Guilt and distraction could not have shook him more.

OEdip. By your description, sure as plagues and death
 Lay waste our Thebes, some deed that shuns the light
 Begot those fears ; if thou respect'st my peace,
 Secure him, dear Jocasta ; for my genius
 Shrinks at his name.

Joc. Rather let him go ;
 So my poor boding heart would have it be,
 Without a reason.

OEdip. Hark, the Thebans come !
 Therefore retire : and once more, if thou lov'st me,
 Let Phorbas be retain'd.

Joc. You shall, while I
 Have life, be still obey'd :
 In vain you sooth me with your soft endearments,
 And set the fairest countenance to view ;
 Your gloomy eyes, my Lord, betray a deadness
 And inward languishing : that oracle
 Eats like a subtle worm its venom'd way,
 Preys on your heart, and rots the noble core,
 Howe'er the beauteous out-side shews so lovely.

OEdip. Oh, thou wilt kill me with thy love's excess !
 All, all is well ; retire, the Thebans come. [*Ex. Joc.*]

Ghost. OEdipus !

OEdip. Ha ! again that stream of woe !
 Thrice have I heard, thrice since the morning dawn'd
 It hallow'd loud, as if my guardian spirit
 Call'd from some vaulted mansion, OEdipus !
 Or is it but the work of melancholy ?
 When the sun sets, shadows, that shew'd at noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible ;
 So when we think Fate hovers o'er our heads,
 Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
 Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death,
 Nature's worst vermin scare her god-like sons ;
 Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,

Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves :
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus,
While we fantastic dreamers heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight ;
As if, like Atlas, with these mortal shoulders
We could sustain the burden of the world.

[Creon comes forward.

Cre. Oh, sacred Sir, my royal Lord——

OEdip. What now ?

Thou seem'st affrighted at some dreadful action,
Thy breath comes short, thy darted eyes are fix'd
On me for aid, as if thou wert pursu'd :
I sent thee to the Thebans : speak thy wonder ;
Fear not, this palace is a sanctuary,
The King himself's thy guard.

Cre. For me, alas !

My life's not worth a thought, when weigh'd with yours !
But fly, my Lord : fly, as your life is sacred.
Your fate is precious to your faithful Creon,
Who therefore, on his knees, thus prostrate, begs
You would remove from Thebes that vows your ruin.
When I but offer'd at your innocence,
They gather'd stones, and menac'd me with death,
And drove me through the streets, with imprecations
Against your sacred person, and those traitors
Which justify'd your guilt : which curs'd Tiresias
Told, as from heav'n, was cause of their destruction.

OEdip. Rise, worthy Creon, haste and take our guard,
Rank them in equal part upon the square,
Then open every gate of this our palace,
And let the torrent in. Hark, it comes.

[Shout.

I hear them roar : begone, and break down all
The dams that would oppose their furious passage.

[Exit Creon with Guards.

Enter Adrastus, his Sword drawn.

Adr. Your city

Is all in arms, all bent to your destruction ;
I heard but now, where I was close confin'd,
A thund'ring shout, which made my gaolers vanish,
Cry, Fire the palace ; where's the cruel-king ?
Yet, by th' infernal gods ; those awful pow'rs
That have accus'd you, which these ears have heard,

And these eyes seen, I must believe you guiltless ;
 For, since I knew the royal OEdipus,
 I have observ'd in all his acts such truth
 And god-like clearness ; that to the last gush
 Of blood and spirits, I'll defend his life,
 And here have sworn to perish by his side.

OEdip. Be witness, gods, how near this touches me.

[*Embracing him.*]

Oh, what, what recompence can glory make ?

Adr. Defend your innocence, speak like yourself,
 And awe the rebels with your dauntless virtue.
 But hark ! the storm comes nearer.

OEdip. Let it come.

The force of majesty is never known
 But in a general wrack : then, then is seen
 The difference 'twixt a threshold and a throne,

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tiresias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where's this cruel king ? Thebans, behold
 There stands your plague, the ruin, desolation
 Of this unhappy — Speak ; shall I kill him ?
 Or shall he be cast out to banishment ?

All Theb. To banishment, away with him.

OEdip. Hence, you barbarians, to your slavish distance !
 Fix to the earth your sordid looks ; for he
 Who stirs, dares more than mad-men, fiends, or furies.
 ' Who dares to face me, by the gods, as well
 ' May brave the majesty of thundering Jove.'
 Did I for this relieve you when besieg'd
 By this fierce prince, when coop'd within your walls,
 And to the very brink of Fate reduc'd ?
 When lean-jaw'd famine made more havock of you,
 Than does the plague ? But I rejoice I know you,
 Know the base stuff that temper'd your vile souls :
 The gods be prais'd, I needed not your empire,
 Born to a greater, nobler, of my own ;
 Nor shall the scepter of the earth now win me
 To rule such brutes, so barbarous a people.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I see a sad repentance,
 A general consternation spread among them.

OEdip. My reign is at an end ; yet ere I finish—
 I'll do a justice that becomes a monarch,

A mo-

A monarch, who, i'th' midst of swords and javelins
Dares act as on his throne encompass'd round
With nations for his guard. Alcander, you
Are nobly born, therefore shall lose your head :

[Seizes him.]

Here, Hæmon, take him ; but for this, and this,
Let cords dispatch them. Hence, away with them.

Tir. Oh, sacred Prince, pardon distracted Thebes,
Pardon her, if she acts by Heav'n's award ;
' If that th' internal spirits have declar'd
' The depth of Fate, and if our oracles
' May speak, Oh, do not too severely deal,
' But let thy wretched Thebes at least complain :
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known :
If innocent, then let Tiresias die.

OEdip. I take thee at thy word ; run, haste, and save
I swear the prophet, or the King shall die. *[Alcander :*
Be witness, all you Thebans, of my oath ;
And Phorbas be the umpire.

Tir. I submit.

[Trumpets sound.]

OEdip. What mean those trumpets ?

Enter Hæmon, with Alcander, &c.

Hæm. From your native country,
Great Sir, the fam'd Ægeon is arriv'd,
That renown'd favourite of the King your father :
He comes as an ambassador from Corinth,
And sues for audience.

OEdip. Haste, Hæmon, fly, and tell him that I burn
To embrace him.

Hæm. The Queen, my Lord, at present holds him.
In private conference ; but behold her here.

Enter Jocasta, Eurydice, &c.

Joc. Hail, happy OEdipus, happiest of kings !
Henceforth be blest, blest as thou canst desire,
Sleep without fears the blackest nights away ;
Let furies haunt thy palace, thou shalt sleep
Secure, thy slumbers shall be soft and gentle
As infant dreams.

OEdip. What does the soul of all my joys intend ?
And whither would this rapture ?

Joc. Oh, I could rave,
Pull down those lying fanes, and burn that vault,
From whence resounded those false oracles,

That

That robb'd my love of rest : if we must pray,
 Rear in the streets bright altars to the gods,
 Let virgins heads adorn the sacrifice ;
 And not a grey-beard forging priest come near,
 To pry into the bowels of the victim,
 And with his dotage mad the gaping world.
 But see, the oracle that I will trust,
 True as the gods, and affable as men.

Enter Ægeon. Kneels.

OEdip. Oh, to my arms, welcome, my dear Ægeon ;
 Ten thousand welcomes, Oh, my foster father,
 Welcome as mercy to a man condemn'd !
 Welcome to me,

As, to a sinking mariner,
 The lucky plank that bears him to the shore !
 But speak, Oh, tell me what so mighty joy
 Is this thou bring'st, which so transports Jocasta ?

Joc. Peace, peace, Ægeon, let Jocasta tell him !
 Oh, that I could for ever charm, as now,
 My dearest OEdipus ; thy royal father,
 Polybus, king of Corinth, is no more.

OEdip. Ha ! can it be ? Ægeon, answer me.
 And speak in short what my Jocasta's transport
 May over-do.

Æge. Since in few words, my royal Lord, you ask
 To know the truth ; king Polybus is dead.

OEdip. Oh, all you powers, is't possible ? What dead !
 But that the tempest of my joy may rise
 By just degrees, and hit at last the stars :
 Say, how, how dy'd he ? Ha ! by sword, by fire,
 Or water ? By assassines, or poison ? Speak :
 Or did he languish under some disease ?

Æge. Of no distemper, of no blast he dy'd,
 But fell like autumn-fruit that mellow'd long :
 Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropp'd no sooner.
 Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years ;
 Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more ;
 Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
 The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

OEdip. Oh, let me press thee in my youthful arms,
 And smother my old age in thy embraces.
 Yes, Thebane, yes, Jocasta, yes, Adrastus,

' Old Polybus, the king, my father's dead.
 ' Fires shall be kindled in the midst of Thebes;
 ' I' th' midst of tumult, wars, and pestilence,
 ' I will rejoice for Polybus's death.
 ' Know, be it known to the limits of the world;
 ' Yet farther, let it pass yon dazzling roof,
 ' The mansion of the gods, and strike them deaf
 ' With everlasting peals of thund'ring joy.

' *Tir.* Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this world?'

OEdip. Now, dotard; now, thou blind old wizard prophet,

Where are your boding ghosts, your altars now;
 Your birds of knowledge, that in dusky air,
 Chatter futurity? and where are now
 Your oracles, that call'd me parricide?
 Is he not dead? deep laid in his monument?
 And was not I in Thebes when Fate attack'd him?
 Avaunt, begone, you visors of the gods!
 Were I as other sons, now I should weep;
 But, as I am, I've reason to rejoice;
 And will, though his cold shade should rise and blast me,
 Oh, for this death, let waters break their bounds,
 Rocks, valleys, hills, with splitting Io's ring:
 Io, Jocasta, Io Pæan sing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude a happy end!
 But all Fate's turns are swift and unexpected.

Æge. Your royal mother, Merope, as if
 She had no soul since you forsook the land,
 Waves all the neighb'ring princes that adore her.

OEdip. Waves all the princes! Poor heart! for what?
 Oh, speak.

Æge. She, tho' in full-blown flow'r of glorious beauty,
 Grows cold, ev'n in the summer of her age;
 And, for your sake, has sworn to die unmarried.

OEdip. How! for my sake, die, and not marry! Oh,
 My fit returns.

Æge. This diamond, with a thousand kisses blest'd,
 With thousand sighs and wishes for your safety,
 She charg'd me give you, with the general homage
 Of our Corinthian lords.

OEdip. There's magic in it, take it from my sight;
 There's not a beam it darts, but carries hell,
 Hot flashing lust, and necromantic incest:

Take

Take it from these sick eyes, Oh, hide it from me.
 No, my Jocasta, though Thebes cast me out,
 While Merope's alive, I'll ne'er return!
 Oh, rather let me walk round the wide world
 A beggar, than accept a diadem
 On such abhorr'd conditions.

Joc. You make, my Lord, your own unhappiness,
 By these extravagant and needless fears.

OEdip. Needless! Oh, all you gods! By Heav'n I'd
 Embraue my hands up to my very shoulders [rather
 In the dear entrails of the best of fathers,
 Than offer at the execrable act
 Of damn'd incest: therefore no more of her.

Age. And why, Oh, sacred Sir, if subjects may
 Presume to look into their monarch's breast,
 Why should the chaste and spotless Merope
 Infuse such thoughts as I must blush to name?

OEdip. Because the god of Delphos did forewarn me,
 With thundering oracles.

Age. May I entreat to know them?

OEdip. Yes, my *Ægeon*; but the sad remembrance
 Quite blasts my soul: see then the swelling priest!
 Methinks I have his image now in view:
 He mounts the Tripod in a minute's space,
 His clouded head knocks at the temple-roof,
 While from his mouth
 These dismal words are heard:

"Fly, wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy father's blood
 to spill,
 And with prepos't'rous births thy mother's womb to fill."

Age. Is this the cause
 Why you refuse the diadem of Corinth?

OEdip. The cause? Why, is it not a monstrous one?

Age. Great Sir, you may return: and tho' you should
 Enjoy the queen (which all the gods forbid)
 The act would prove no incest.

OEdip. How, *Ægeon*?

Though I enjoy'd my mother, not incestuous!

'Thou rav'st, and so do I; and these all catch
 'My madness; look, they're dead with deep distraction.'
 Not incest! What, not incest with my mother?

Age. My Lord, queen Merope is not your mother:

OEdip.

OEdip. Ha ! did I hear thee right ? Not Merope
My mother !

Ege. Nor was Polybus your father.

OEdip. Then all my days and nights must now be spent
In curious search to find out those dark parents
Who gave me to the world ; speak then, *Ægeon*,
By all the gods celestial and infernal,
By all the ties of nature, blood, and friendship,
Conceal not from this rack'd despairing king
A point or smallest grain of what thou know'st :
Speak then, Oh, answer to my doubts directly.
If royal Polybus was not my father,
Why was I call'd his son ?

Ege. He, from my arms,
Receiv'd you as the fairest gift of nature.
Not but you were adorn'd with all the riches
That empire could bestow in costly mantles
Upon its infant heir.

OEdip. But was I made the heir of Corinth's crown,
Because *Ægeon*'s hands presented me ?

Ege. By my advice,
Being past all hope of children,
He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his son.

OEdip. Perhaps I then am yours ; instruct me, Sir :
If it be so, I'll kneel and weep before you,
With all th' obedience of a penitent child,
Imploring pardon.

Kill me, if you please,
I will not writhe my body at the wound :
But sink upon your feet with a last sigh,
And ask forgiveness with my dying hands.

Ege. Oh, rise, and call not to this aged cheek
The little blood which should keep warm my heart ;
You are not mine, nor ought I to be blest
With such a god-like offspring, Sir, I found you
Upon the mount Cithæron.

OEdip. Oh, speak, go on, the air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm :
The hurry'd orbs, with storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that Jove were talking.
Cithæron ! Speak, the valley of Cithæron !

Ege. Oft-times before I thither did resort,

Charm'd

Charm'd with the conversation of a man
 Who led a rural life, and had command
 O'er all the shepherds, who about those vales
 Tended their numerous flocks : in this man's arms
 I saw you smiling at a fatal dagger,
 Whose point he often offer'd at your throat ;
 But then you smil'd, and then he drew it back,
 Then lifted it again, you smil'd again ;
 'Till he at last in fury threw it from him,
 And cry'd aloud, The gods forbid thy death.
 Then I rush'd in, and after some discourse,
 To me he did bequeath your innocent life ;
 And I, the welcome care to Polybus.

OEdip. To whom belongs the master of the shepherds ?

Ege. His name I knew not, or I have forgot :
 That he was of the family of Laius,
 I well remember.

OEdip. And is your friend alive ? for if he be,
 I'll buy his presence, though it cost my crown.

Ege. Your menial attendants best can tell
 Whether he lives, or not ; and who has now
 His place.

Joc. Winds, bear me to some barren island,
 Where print of human feet was never seen,
 O'er-grown with weeds of such a monstrous height,
 Their baleful tops are wash'd with bellying clouds ;
 Beneath whose venomous shade I may have vent
 For horrors that would blast the barbarous world.

OEdip. If there be any here that knows the person
 Whom he describ'd, I charge him on his life
 To speak ; concealment shall be sudden death :
 But he who brings him forth, shall have reward
 Beyond ambition's lust.

Tir. His name is Phorbas ;
 Jocasta knows him well ; but if I may
 Advise, rest where you are, and seek no farther.

OEdip. Then all goes well, since Phorbas is secur'd
 By my Jocasta. Haste, and bring him forth :
 My love, my queen, give orders. Ha ! what mean
 These tears, and groans, and strugglings ? Speak, my fair,
 Why are thy troubles ?

Joc. Yours ; and yours are mine :

Let me conjure you take the prophet's counsel,
And let this Phorbas go.

OEdip. Not for the world.

By all the gods, I'll know my birth, though death
Attends the search : I have already past^d
The middle of the stream ; and to return
Seems greater labour, than to venture o'er.
Therefore produce him.

Joc. Once more, by the gods,
I beg, my OEdipus, my lord, my life,
My love, my all, my only utmost hope,
I beg you, banish Phorbas : Oh, the gods,
I kneel, that you may grant this first request.
Deny me all things else ; but for my sake,
And as you prize your own eternal quiet,
Never let Phorbas come into your presence.

OEdip. You must be rais'd, and Phorbas shall appear,
Though his dread eyes were basilisks. Guards, haste,
Search the queen's lodgings : find, and force him hither.
[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Joc. Oh, OEdipus, yet send,
And stop their entrance, ere it be too late :
Unless you wish to see Jocasta rent
With furies, slain out-right with mere distraction,
Keep from your eyes and mine the dreadful Phorbas.
Forbear this search, I'll think you more than mortal
Will you yet hear me ?

OEdip. Tempests will be heard,
And waves will dash, though rocks their basis keep. —
But see, they enter. If thou truly lov'st me,
Either forbear this subject, or retire.

Enter Hæmon, Guards, with Phorbas.

Joc. Prepare then, wretched prince, prepare to hear
A story, that shall turn thee into stone.
Could there be hewn a monstrous gap in nature,
A flaw made through the center, by some god,
Through which the groans of ghosts may strike thy ears,
They will not wound thee as this story will.
Hark, hark ! a hollow voice calls out aloud,
Jocasta ! Yes, I'll to the royal bed,
Where first the mysteries of our loves were acted,
And double-dye it with imperial crimson ;

Tear off this curling hair,
 Be gorg'd with fire, stab every vital part,
 And when at last I'm slain, to crown the horror,
 My poor tormented ghost shall cleave the ground,
 To try if hell can yet more deeply wound. [Exit.]

OEdip. She's gone; and as she went, methought her
 Grew larger, while a thousand frantic spirits [eyes]
 Seething, like rising bubbles, on the brim,
 Peep'd from the watery brink, and glow'd upon me.
 I'll seek no more; but hush my genius up
 That throws me on my fate. — Impossible!
 Oh, wretched man, whose too too busy thoughts
 Ride swifter than the galloping heav'n's round,
 With an eternal hurry of the soul;
 Nay, there's a time when ev'n the rolling year
 Seems to stand still, dead calms are in the ocean,
 When not a breath disturbs the drowzy waves:
 But man, the very monster of the world,
 Is ne'er at rest, the soul for ever wakes.
 Come then, since Destiny thus drives us on,
 Let's know the bottom. Hæmon, you I sent:
 Where is that Phorbas?

Ham. Here, my royal Lord.

OEdip. Speak first, Ægeon, say, is this the man?

Æge. My Lord, it is: though time has plough'd that
 With many furrows since I saw it first; [face]
 Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground, quite to

OEdip. Peace! stand back a while. [forget it.]

Come hither, friend; I hear thy name is Phorbas.
 Why dost thou turn thy face? I charge thee answer
 To what I shall enquire: wert thou not once
 The servant to king Laius here in Thebes?

Phor. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful servant,
 Born and bred up in court, no foreign slave.

OEdip. What office hadst thou? What was thy employment?

Phor. He made me lord of all his rural pleasures;
 For much he lov'd them: oft I entertain'd
 With sporting swains, o'er whom I had command.

OEdip. Where was thy residence? To what part o' th'
 Didst thou most frequently resort? [country]

Phor. To mount Cithæron, and the pleasant vallies
 Which all about lie shadowing its large feet.

OEdip.

OEdip. Come forth, *Ægeon*. Ha! why start'st thou,
Phorbas?

Forward, I say, and face to face confront him;
Look wistly on him, through him, if thou canst,
And tell me on thy life, say, dost thou know him?
Didst thou e'er see him? e'er converse with him
Near mount Cithæron?

Phor. Who, my Lord, this man?

OEdip. This man, this old, this venerable man:
Speak, didst thou ever meet him there?

Phor. Where, sacred Sir?

OEdip. Near mount Cithæron; answer to the purpose,
'Tis a king speaks; and royal minutes are
Of much more worth than thousand vulgar years:
Didst thou e'er see this man near mount Cithæron?

Phor. Most sure, my Lord, I have seen lines like those
His visage bears; but know not where nor when.

Æge. Is't possible you should forget your ancient friend?
There are perhaps

Particulars, which may excite your dead remembrance.
Have you forgot I took an infant from you,
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy vale?
The swadling-bands were purple, wrought with gold.
Have you forgot too how you wept, and begg'd
That I should breed him up, and ask no more?

Phor. What e'er I begg'd, thou, like a dotard, speak'st
More than is requisite. And what of this?
Why is it mention'd now? And why, Oh, why
Dost thou betray the secrets of thy friend?

Æge. Be not too rash. That infant grew at last
A king; and here the happy monarch stands.

Phor. Ha! whither would'st thou? Oh, what hast thou
utter'd!

For what thou hast said, death strike thee dumb for ever!

OEdip. Forbear to curse the innocent; and be
Accurst thyself, thou shifting traitor, villain,
Damn'd hypocrite, equivocating slave.

Phor. Oh, heav'ns! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?

OEdip. Why speak you not according to my charge?
Bring forth the rack: since mildness cannot win you,
Torments shall force.

Phor. Hold, hold, Oh, dreadful Sir;
You will not rack an innocent old man.

OEdip. Speak then.

Phor. Alas, what would you have me say?

OEdip. Did this old man take from your arms an infant?

Phor. He did: and, Oh, I wish to all the gods,
Phorbas had perish'd in that very moment.

OEdip. Moment! Thou shalt be hours, days, years, a
Here, bind his hands; he dallies with my fury: [dying.
But I shall find a way——

Phor. My Lord, I said
I gave the infant to him.

OEdip. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?

Phor. He was not mine; but given me by another.

OEdip. Whence? and from whom? What city? Of
what house?

Phor. Oh, royal Sir, I bow me to the ground,
Would I could sink beneath it: by the gods,
I do conjure you to enquire no more.

OEdip. Furies and hell! Hæmon, bring forth the rack,
Fetch hither cords, and knives, and sulphurous flames;
He shall be bound, and gash'd, his skin flaid off,
And burnt alive.

Phor. Oh, spare my age.

OEdip. Rise then, and speak.

Phor. Dread Sir, I will.

OEdip. Who gave that infant to thee?

Phor. One of king Laius' family.

OEdip. Oh, you immortal gods! But say, who was't?
Which of the family of Laius gave it?
A servant, or one of the royal-blood?

Phor. Oh, wretch'd state! I die, unless I speak;
And, if I speak, most certain death attends me!

OEdip. Thou shalt not die. Speak then, who was it?
While I have sense to understand the horror; [Speak,
For I grow cold.

Phor. The queen Jocasta told me
It was her son by Laius.

OEdip. Oh, you gods!—But did she give it thee?

Phor. My Lord, she did.

OEdip. Wherefore? For what?—Oh, break not
yet my heart;
Though my eyes burst, no matter. Wilt thou tell me,
Or, must I ask for ever; for what end,
Why gave she thee her child?

Phor. To murder it.

OEdip.

OE dip. Oh, more than savage! murder her own bo-
Without a cause! [wels 1

Phor. There was a dreadful one,
Which had foretold, that most unhappy son
Should kill his father, and enjoy his mother.

OE dip. But one thing more..
Jocasta told me thou wert by the chariot
When the old king was slain. Speak, I conjure thee,
For I shall never ask thee ought again,
What was the number of th' assassins?

Phor. The dreadful deed was acted but by one;
And sure that one had much of your resemblance.

OE dip. 'Tis well! I thank you, gods! 'tis wond'rous
Daggers, and poisons! Oh, there is no need [well!
For my dispatch: and you, you merciless pow'rs,
Hoard up your thunder-stones; keep, keep your bolts
For crimes of little note. [Falls.

Adr. Help, Hæmon, help, and bow him gently forward;
'Chafe, chafe his temples: how the mighty spirits,
'Half-strangled with the damp his sorrows rais'd,
'Struggle for vent! But see, he breathes again,
'And vigorous nature breaks through opposition.'
How fares my royal friend?

OE dip. The worse for you.
Oh, barbarous men, and, Oh, the hated light,
Why did you force me back to curse the day;
To curse my friends; to blast with this dark breath
The yet untainted earth and circling air?
To raise new plagues, and call new vengeance down,
Why did you tempt the gods, and dare to touch me?
'Methinks there's not a hand that grasps this hell,
'But should run up like flax all blazing fire.'
Stand from this spot, I wish you as my friends,
And come not near me, lest the gaping earth
Swallow you too——Lo, I am gone already.

[Draws, and claps his sword to his breast, which
Adrastus strikes away with his foot.

Adr. You shall no more be trusted with your life:
Creon, Alcander, Hæmon, help to hold him.

OE dip. Cruel Adrastus! Wilt thou, Hæmon, too?
Are these the obligations of my friends?
Oh, worse than worst of my most barbarous foes!

Dear, dear Adrastus, look with half an eye
 On my unheard of woes, and judge thyself,
 If it be fit that such a wretch should live !
 Oh, by these melting eyes, unus'd to weep,
 With all the low submissions of a slave,
 I do conjure thee give my horrors way ;
 Talk not of life, for that will make me rave :
 As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd wretch,
 All mangled o'er from head to foot with wounds,
 And his bones broke, to wait a better day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me things impossible ;
 And I with justice should be thought your foe,
 To leave you in this tempest of your soul.

Yiv. Tho' banish'd Thebes, in Coriath you may reign ;
 Th' infernal pow'rs themselves exact no more :
 Calm then your rage, and once more seek the gods.

OEdip. I'll have no more to do with gods, nor men !
 Hence, from my arms, avast. Enjoy thy mother !
 What, violate, with bestial appetite,
 The sacred veils that wrap thee yet unborn !
 This is not to be borne ! Hence : off, I say ;
 For they who let my vengeance, make themselves
 Accomplices in my most horrid guilt.

Adr. Let it be so : we'll fence Heav'n's fury from
 And suffer all together : this, perhaps, [you,
 When ruin comes, may help to break your fall.

OEdip. Oh, that, as oft I have at Athens seen
 The stage arise, and the big clouds descend ;
 So now in very deed I might behold
 The pond'rous earth, and all yon' marble roof
 Meet, like the hand of Jove, and crush mankind !
 For all the elements, and all the pow'rs
 Celestial, nay, terrestrial, and infernal,
 Conspire the rack of out-cast OEdipus.
 Fall darkness then, and everlasting night
 Shadow the globe ; may the sun never dawn,
 The silver moon be blotted from her orb ;
 And for an universal rout of Nature
 Through all the inmost chambers of the sky,
 May there not be a glimpse, one starry spark,
 But gods meet gods, and justice in the dark ;

That

That jars may rise, and wrath divine be hurl'd,
Which may to atoms shake the solid world. [Exeunt]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Enter Creon, Alcander and Pyracmon.

CREON.

THEBES is at length my own ; and all my wishes,
Which sure were great as royalty e'er form'd,
Fortune and my auspicious stars have crown'd.
O diadem, thou center of ambition,
Where all ~~as~~ different lines are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the burning-glass of glory !

Pyr. Might I be counsellor, I would intreat you
To cool a little, Sir ;
Find out Eurydice ;

And with the resolution of a man
Mark'd out for greatness, give the fatal choice
Of death or marriage.

Alc. Survey cur'd OEdipus,
As one who tho' unfortunate, belov'd,
Thought innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the Thebans : you must mark him dead :
Since nothing but his death, not banishment,
Can give assurance to your doubtful reign.

Cre. Well have you done, to snatch me from the storm
Of racking transport, where the little streams
Of love, revenge, and all the under passions,
As waters are by sucking whirlpools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vast gulph of empire ;
Therefore, Pyracmon, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice shall die, or be my bride.

Alcander, summon to their master's aid
My menial servants, and all those whom change
Of state and hope of the new monarch's favour,
Can wish to take our part. Away ! What now ?

[Exit Alcander.]

Enter

Enter Hæmon.

When Hæmon weeps, 'without the help of ghosts,
I may foretel there is a fatal cause.

Hæm. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate king ?

Cre. I know no more but that he was conducted
Into his closet, where I saw him fling
His trembling body on the royal bed.

All left him there, at his desire, alone :
But sure no ill, unless he dy'd with grief,
Could happen, for you bore his sword away.

Hæm. I did ; and having lock'd the door, I stood ;
And through a chink I found, not only heard,
But saw him, when he thought no eye beheld him :
At first deep sighs heav'd from his woeful heart
Murmurs, and groans that shook the outward rooms.
And art thou still alive, O wretch ! he cry'd :
Then groan'd again, as if his sorrowful soul
Had crack'd the strings of life, and burst away.

Cre. I weep to hear ; how then should I have griev'd,
Had I beheld this wond'rous heap of sorrow !
But to the fatal period.

Hæm. Thrice he struck,
With all his force, his hollow groaning breast,
And thus, with out-cries, to himself complain'd.
But thou canst weep then, and thou think'st 'tis well.
These bubbles of the shallowest, emptiest sorrow,
Which children vent for toys, and women rain.
For any trifle their fond hearts are set on ;
Yet these thou think'st are ample satisfaction.
For bloodiest murder, and for burning lust :
No, Parricide ; if thou must weep, weep blood ;
Weep eyes instead of tears : O, by the gods,
'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and fits my woes.
Which said, he smil'd revengfully, and leapt
Upon the floor ; thence gazing at the skies,
' His eye-balls fiery red, and glowing vengeance ;
' Gods, I accuse you not, tho' I no more
' Will view your heav'n, till with more durable glasses,
' The mighty soul's immortal perspectives,
' I find your dazzling beings : take, he cry'd,
Take, eyes, your last, your fatal farewell-view ;

Then.

Then with a groan, that seem'd the call of death,
With horrid force lifting his impious hands,
He snatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody orbs,
The balls of sight, and dash'd them on the ground.

Cre. A master-piece of horror; new and dreadful!

Hæm. I ran to succour him; but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant strings away.
What then remains, but that I find Tiresias,
Who, with his wisdom, may allay those furies
That haunt his gloomy soul?

[*Exit.*

Cre. Heav'n will reward
Thy care, most honest, faithful, foolish Hæmon!
But see, Alcander enters, well attended.

Enter Alcander, attended.

I see thou hast been diligent.

Alc. Nothing these,
For number, to the crowds that soon will follow:
Be resolute,
And call your utmost fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha! thou hast given
Th' alarm to cruelty; and never may
These eyes be clos'd, till they behold Adrastus
Stretch'd at the feet of false Eurydice.
But see, they're here? retire a while, and mark.

Enter Adrastus and Eurydice attended.

Adr. Alas, Eurydice, what fond rash man,
What inconsiderate and ambitious fool,
That shall hereafter read the fate of OEdipus,
Will dare, with his frail hand, to grasp a scepter?

Eur. 'Tis true, a crown seems dreadful, and I wish
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might pass
Our softer hours in humble cells away:
Not but I love you to that infinite height,
I could (O wond'rous proof of fiercest love!)
Be greatly wretched in a court with you.

Adr. Take then this most lov'd innocence away:
Fly from tumultuous Thebes, from blood and murder;
Fly from the author of all villanies,
Rapes, death and treason; from that fury Creon.
Vouchsafe that I, o'er-joy'd, may bear you hence,
And at your feet present the crown of Argos.

[*Creon and Attendants come up to him.*
Cre.

Cre. I have o'er-heard thy black design, Adrastus,
And therefore as a traitor to this state,
Death ought to be thy lot : let it suffice
That Thebes surveys thee as a prince ; abuse not
Her proffer'd mercy, but retire betimes,
Lest she repent, and hasten on thy doom.

Adr. Think not, most abject,
Most abhorr'd of men,
Adrastus will vouchsafe to answer thee.
Thebans, to you I justify my love :
I have address'd my prayer to this fair princess ;
But, if I ever meant a violence,
Or thought to ravish, as that traitor did,
What humblest adorations could not win ;
Brand me, you gods, blot me with foul dishonour,
And let men curse me by the name of Creon !

Enr. Hear me, O Thebans, if you dread the wrath
Of her whom fate ordain'd to be your queen,
Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your lives,
To take the part of that rebellious traitor.
By the decree of royal OEdipus,
By queen Jocasta's order, by what's more,
My own dear vows of everlasting love,
I here resign to prince Adrastus' arms
All that the world can make me mistress of.

Cre. O, perjur'd woman !
Draw all ! and when I give the word fall on.
Traitor, resign the princess, or this moment
Expect, with all those most unfortunate wretches,
Upon this spot straight to be hewn in pieces.

Adr. No, villain, no ;
With twice those odds of men,
I doubt not in this cause to vanquish thee.
Captain, remember to your care I give
My love ; ten thousand thousand times more dear
Than life or liberty.

Cre. Fall on, Alcander.
Pyræmon, you and I must wheel about
For nobler game, the princess.

Adr. Ah, traitor, dost thou shun me ?
Follow, follow,
My brave companions, see the cowards fly.

[*Exeunt fighting : Creon's party beaten off by Adrastus.*
Enter

Enter OEdipus.

OEdip. O, 'tis too little this, thy loss of sight,
 What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now
 The more; be pointed at, There goes the monster!
 Not have I hid my horrors from myself;
 For tho' corporeal light be lost for ever,
 The bright reflecting soul, through glaring opticks,
 Presents in larger size her black ideas,
 Doubling the bloody prospects of my crimes:
 Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
 With wife and mother. 'Tortures, hell and furies!
 'Ha! now the baleful offspring's brought to light!
 'In horrid form they rank themselves before me;
 'What shall I call this medley of creation?
 'Here's one, with all th' obedience of a son,
 'Borrowing Jocasta's look, kneels at my feet,
 'And calls me father; there a sturdy boy,
 'Resembling Laius just as when I kill'd him,
 'Bears up, and with his cold hand grasping mine,
 'Cries out, how fares my brother OEdipus?
 'What, sons and brothers! Sisters and daughters too!
 'Fly all, begone, fly from my whirling brain;
 Hence, incest, murder; hence, you ghastly figures!
 O gods! gods, answer; is there any means?
 Let me go mad, or die.

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Where, where is this most wretched of mankind,
 This stately image of imperial sorrow,
 'Whose story told, whose very name but mention'd,
 'Would cool the rage of fevers, and unlock
 'The hand of lust from the pale virgin's hair,
 'And throw the ravisher before her feet?'

OEdip. By all my fears, I think Jocasta's voice!
 Hence; fly; begone. 'O thou far worse than worst
 'Of damning charmers! O abhor'd, loath'd creature!
 'Fly, by the gods, or by the fiends, I charge thee,
 Far as the east, west, north, or south of Heav'n;
 But think not thou shalt ever enter there:
 The golden gates are barr'd with adamant,
 'Gainst thee, and me; and the celestial guards,
 Still as we rise, will dash our spirits down.

Joc.

- *Joc.* O wretched pair ! O greatly wretched we !
 • Two worlds of woe !
 • *OEdip.* Art thou not gone then ? ha !
 • How dar'st thou stand the fury of the gods ?
 • Or com'st thou in the grave to reap new pleasures ?
 • *Joc.* Talk on ; till thou mak'st mad my rolling brain ;
 • Groan still more death ; and may those dismal sources
 • Still bubble on, and pour forth blood and tears.
 • Methinks, at such a meeting, Heav'n stands still ;
 • The sea nor ebbs nor flows : this mole-hill earth
 • Is heav'd no more : the busy exulters cease :
 • Yet hear me on——
 • *OEdip.* Speak then, and blast my soul.
 • *Joc.* O, my lov'd Lord, tho I resolve a ruin
 • To match my crimes ; by all my miseries,
 • 'Tis horror, worse than thousand thousand deaths,
 • To send me hence without a kind farewell. [casta.
 • *OEdip.* Gods, how she shakes me ! Stay thee, O Jo-
 • Speak something ere thou goest for ever from me.
 • *Joc.* 'Tis woman's weakness, that I should be pity'd ;
 • Pardon me then, O greatest, tho' most wretched
 • Of all thy kind : my soul is on the brink,
 • Add fers the boiling furnace just beneath :
 • Do not thou push me off, and I will go,
 • With such a willingness, as if that Heav'n
 • With all its glory glow'd for my reception.
 • *OEdip.* O, in my heart, I feel the pangs of nature ;
 • It works with kindness o'er : give, give me way ;
 • I feel a melting here, a tenderness,
 • Too mighty for the anger of the gods !
 • Direct me to thy knees : yet Oh forbear,
 • Lest the dead embers should revive.
 • Stand off——and at just distance
 • Let me groan my horrors——here
 • On the earth, here blow my utmost gale ;
 • Here sob my sorrows, till I burst with sighing ;
 • Here gasp and languish out my wounded soul
 • *Joc.* In spite of all those crimes the cruel gods
 Can charge me with, I know my innocence ;
 Know yours : 'tis fate alone that makes us wretched,
 For you are still my husband.
 • *OEdip.* Swear I am,

And I'll believe thee; steal into thy arms,
Renew endearments, think them no pollutions,
But chaste as spirits' joys: gently I'll come,
Thus weeping blind, like dewy night, upon thee,
And fold thee softly in my arms to slumber.

[*The ghost of Laius ascends by degrees, pointing at Jocasta.*]

Joc. Begone, my Lord! Alas, what are we doing?
Fly from my arms! Whirlwinds, seas, continents,
And worlds, divide us! Oh, thrice happy thou,
Who hast no use of eyes; for here's a sight
Would turn the melting face of Mercy's self
To a wild fury.

OEdip. Ha! what seest thou there?

Joc. The spirit of my husband! Oh, the gods!
How wan he looks!

OEdip. Thou rav'st; thy husband's here.

Joc. There, there he mounts
In circling fire among the blushing clouds!
And see, he waves Jocasta from the world!

Ghost. Jocasta, OEdipus. [*Vanish with thunder.*]

OEdip. What would'st thou have?

Thou know'st I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In darkness here, and kept from means of death.
I've heard a spirit's force is wonderful;
At whose approach, when starting from his dungeon,
The earth does shake, and the old ocean groans,
Rocks are remov'd, and tow'rs are thunder'd down:
And walls of brass, and gates of adamant
Are passable as air, and fleet like winds.

Joc. Was that a raven's croak, or my son's voice?
No matter which; I'll to the grave and hide me:
Earth, open, or I'll tear thy bowels up.
Hark! he goes on, and blabs the deed of incest.

OEdip. Strike then, imperial ghost; dash all at once
This house of clay into a thousand pieces;
That my poor ling'ring soul may take her flight
To your immortal dwellings.

Joc. Haste thee then,
Or I shall be before thee: see; thou canst not see;
Then I will tell thee that my wings are on:
I'll mount, I'll fly; and with a port divine
Glide all along the gaudy milky soil,

To find my Laius out : ask every god
In his bright palace, if he knows my Laius,
My murder'd Laius !

OEdip. Ha ! how's this, Jocasta ?

Nay, if thy brain be sick, then thou art happy.

Joc. Ha ! will you not ? Shall I not find him out ?

Will you not shew him ? Are my tears despis'd ?

Why, then I'll thunder ; yes, I will be mad,
And fright you with my cries : yes, cruel gods,
Though vultures, eagles, dragons tear my heart,
I'll snatch celestial flames, fire all your dwellings,
Melt down your golden roofs, and make your doors
Of crystal fly from off their diamond hinges ;

Drive you all out from your ambrosial hives,

To swarm like bees about the field of heav'n :

This will I do, unless you shew me Laius,

My dear, my murder'd Lord. Oh, Laius ! Laius ! Laius !

[Exit.]

OEdip. Excellent grief ! why, this is as it should be !

No mourning can be suitable to crimes

Like ours, but what death makes, or madness forms.

' I could have wish'd, methought, for fight again,

' To mark the gallantry of her distraction :

' Her blazing eyes darting the wand'ring stars,

' T'have seen her mouth the heav'ns, and mate the gods.

' While with her thund'ring voice she menac'd high,

' And every accent twang'd with smarting sorrow ;'

But what's all this to thee ? Thou, coward, yet

Art living, canst not, wilt not find the road

To the great palace of magnificent death ;

Though thousand ways lead to his thousand doors,

Which day and night are still unbarr'd for all.

[Clashing of swords : drums and trumpets without.]

Hark ! 'tis the noise of clashing swords ! the sound

Comes near : Oh, that a battle would come o'er me !

If I but grasp a sword, or wrest a dagger,

I'll make a ruin with the first that falls.

Enter Hæmon, with Guards.

Ham. Seize him, and bear him to the western tow'r.

Pardon me, sacred Sir ; I am inform'd

That Creon has designs upon your life :

Forgive me then, if, to preserve you from him,

I order your confinement.

OEdip.

OEdip. Slaves unhand me.

I think thou hast a sword : 'twas the wrong side,
 Yet, cruel Hæmon, think not I will live ;
 He that could tear his eyes out, sure can find
 Some desperate way to stifle this curs'd breath.
 ' Or if I starve ! but that's a ling'ring fate ;
 ' Or if I leave my brains upon the wall !
 ' The airy soul can easily o'er-shoot
 ' Those bounds with which thou striv'st to pale her in :
 ' Yes, I will perish in despite of thee ;
 ' And, by the rage that stirs me, if I meet thee
 ' In th' other-world I'll curse thee for this usage.' [*Ex.*

Ham. Tiresias, after him ; and with your counsel
 Advise him humbly ; charm, if possible,
 These feuds within : while I without extinguish,
 Or perish in th' attempt, the furious Creon ;
 That brand which sets our city in a flame.

Tir. Heav'n prosper your intent, and give a period
 To all our plagues : what old Tiresias can,
 Shall straight be done. Lead, Mantoe to the tow'r.

[*Exeunt Tir. & Man.*

Ham. Follow me all, and help to part this fray,

[*Trumpets again.*

Or fall together in the bloody broil.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Creon with Eurydice, Pyracmon, and his party,
giving ground to Adrastus.

Cre. Hold, hold your arms, Adrastus, prince of Argos,
 Hear, and behold ; Eurydice is my prisoner.

Adr. What wouldst thou, hell-hound ?

Cre. See this brandish'd dagger :
 Forego th' advantage which thy arms have won,
 Or, by the blood which trembles through the heart
 Of her whom more than life I know thou lov'st,
 I'll bury to the hilt, in her fair breast,

This instrument of my revenge. [*hand.*

Adr. Stay thee, damn'd wretch : hold, stop thy bloody

Cre. Give order then, that on this instant, now,
 This moment, all thy soldiers straight disband.

Adr. Away, my friends, since fate has so allotted ;
 Begone, and leave me to the villain's mercy.

Eur. Ah, my Adrastus ! call 'em, call 'em back !
 Stand there ; come back, O, cruel, barbarous men !

Could you then leave your lord, your prince your king;
 After so bravely having fought his cause,
 To perish by the hand of this base villain ?
 Why rather rush you not at once together
 All to his ruin ? drag him through the streets,
 Hang his contagious quarters on the gates ;
 Nor let my death affright you.

Cre. Die first thyself then.

Adr. O, I charge thee hold.

Hence from my presence all : he's not my friend
 That disobeys : see, art thou now appeas'd ?

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Or is there ought else yet remains to do,
 That can atone thee ? slack thy thirst of blood
 With mine : but save, O save that innocent wretch.

Cre. Forego thy sword, and yield thyself my prisoner.

Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of hope to save
 Thy precious life, my dear Adrastus,
 Whate'er thou dost, deliver not thy sword ;
 With that thou mayst get off, tho' odds oppose thee :
 For me, O fear not ; no, he dare not touch me ;
 His horrid love will spare me. Keep thy sword ;
 Lest I be ravish'd after thou art slain.

Adr. Instruct me, gods, what shall Adrastus do ?

Cre. Do what thou wilt, when she is dead : my soldier
 With numbers will o'er-pow'r thee. Is't thy wish
 Eurydice should fall before thee ?

Adr. Traitor, no :

Better that thou, and I, and all mankind,
 Should be no more.

Cre. Then cast thy sword away,
 And yield thee to my mercy, or I strike.

Adr. Hold thy rais'd arm ; give me a moment's pause.
 My father, when he blest me, gave me this ;
 My son, said he, let this be thy last refuge ;
 If thou forego'st it, misery attends thee :
 Yet love now charms it from me ; which in all
 The hazards of my life I never lost.

'Tis thine, my faithful sword ; my only trust ;
 Though my heart tells me, that the gift is fatal.

Cre. Fatal ! yes, foolish, love-sick prince, it shall :
 Thy arrogance, thy scorn,
 My wound's remembrance,

Turn, all at once, the fatal point upon thee.
 Pyracmon, to the palace ; dispatch
 The king : hang Hæmon up ; for he is loyal,
 And will oppose me. Come, Sir, are you ready ?

Adr. Yes, villain, for whatever thou canst dare.

Eur. Hold, Creon ! or thro' me, thro' me you woun

Adr. Off, Madam, or we perish both. Behold,
 I'm not unarm'd ; my poignard's in my hand :
 Therefore, away——

Eur. I'll guard your life with mine.

Cre. Die both, then ; there is now no time for dallying.
 [Kills Eurydice.]

Eur. Ah, Prince, farewell ! farewell, my dear Adrastus.
 [Dies.]

Adr. Unheard-of monster ! eldest-born of hell !
 Down to thy primitive flame. [Stabs Creon.]

Cre. Help, soldiers, help !
 Revenge me !

Adr. More, yet more ; a thousand wounds !
 I'll stab thee still, thus, to the gaping furles.

[Adrastus falls, killed by the soldiers.]

Enter Hæmon, Guards, with Alcander and Pyracmon
bound ; the assassins are driven off.

Oh, Hæmon, I am slain ! nor need I name
 Th' inhuman author of all villainies ;
 There he lies, gasping.

Cre. If I must plunge in flames,
 Burn first my arm ; base instrument, unfit
 To act the dictates of my daring mind.
 Burn, burn for ever, Oh, weak substitute
 Of that, the god, Ambition ! [Dies.]

Adr. She's gone—Oh, deadly marksman ! in the heart !
 Yet in the pangs of death she grasps my hand ;
 Her lips, too, tremble, as if she would speak
 Her last farewell. Oh, OEdipus, thy fall
 Is great ! and nobly now thou go'st attended.
 They talk of heroes, and celestial beauties,
 And wond'rous pleasures in the other world :
 Let me but find her there ; I ask no more. [Dies.]

Enter a Captain to Hæmon, with Tiresias and Manto.

Cap. Oh, Sir, the queen, Jocasta, swift and wild,
 As a robb'd tygress bounding o'er the woods,

Has acted murders that amaze mankind.
 In twitted gold I saw her daughters hang
 On the bed royal, and her little sons
 Stabb'd through the breasts upon the bloody pillows.

Hæm. Relentless Heav'ns! Is then the fate of Laius
 Never to be aton'd. How sacred ought
 Kings lives be held, when but the death of one
 Demands an empire's blood for expiation!
 But see, the furious, mad Jocasta's here.

SCENE *draws, and discovers* Jocasta *held by her women,*
'and stabbed in many places of her bosom, her hair disbe-
'velled, her children slain upon the bed.'

Was ever yet a sight of so much horror
 And pity brought to view!

Joc. Ah, cruel women!
 Will you not let me take my last farewell
 Of those dear babes? Oh, let me run and seal
 My melting soul upon their bubbling wounds!
 I'll print upon their coral mouths such kisses,
 As shall recall their wand'ring spirits home.
 Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you piece-meal.
 Help, Hæmon, help!
 Help, OEdipus! help, gods! Jocasta dies!

Enter OEdipus above.

OEdip. I've found a window, and, I thank the gods,
 'Tis quite unbarr'd. Sure, by the distant noise,
 The height will fit my fatal purpose well.

Joc. What, ho, my OEdipus! See where he stands!
 His groping ghost is lodg'd upon a tow'r,
 Nor can it find the road. Mount, mount, my soul!
 I'll wrap thy shiv'ring spirit in lambent flames; and so we'll
 But see, we're landed on the happy coast; [fall.
 And all the golden strands are cover'd o'er
 With glorious gods, that come to try our cause.
 Jove, Jove, whose majesty now sinks me down,
 He who himself burns in unlawful fires,
 Shall judge, and shall acquit us. Oh, 'tis done!
 'Tis fix'd by fate upon record divine;
 And OEdipus shall now be ever mine.

[Dies.

OEdip. Speak, Hæmon, what has Fate been doing
 What dreadful deed has mad Jocasta done? [there?

Hæm

Hæm. The Queen herself, and all your wretched off-
Are by her fury slain. [spring,

OEdip. By all my woes,
She has out-done me in revenge and murder ;
And I should envy her the sad applause :
But, Oh, my children ! Oh, what have they done ?
This was not like the mercy of the Heav'ns,
To set her madness on such cruelty.
This stirs me more than all my sufferings,
And with my last breath I must call you tyrants.

Hæm. What mean you, Sir ?

OEdip. Jocasta, lo, I come !
Oh, Laius, Labdacus, and all you spirits
Of the Cadmean race, prepare to meet me !
All weeping, rang'd along the gloomy shore,
Extend your arms t' embrace me ; for I come.
May all the gods, too, from their battlements,
Behold, and wonder at a mortal's daring :
And when I knock the goal of dreadful death,
Shout, and applaud me with a clap of thunder.
Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
Swift as a falling meteor ; lo, I fly,
And thus go downwards, to the darker sky.

[*Thunder.* *He flings himself from the window. The The-
bans gather about his body.*

Hæm. Oh, prophet ! OEdipus is now no more !
Oh, curs'd effect of the most deep despair !

Tir. Cease your complaints, and bear his body hence ;
The dreadful sight will daunt the drooping Thebans,
Whom Heav'n decrees to raise with peace and glory.
Yet, by these terrible examples warn'd,
The sacred fury thus alarms the world.
Let none, tho' ne'er so virtuous, great, and high,
Be judg'd entirely bless'd before they die.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.

E P I L O G U E.

WHAT Sophocles could undertake alone,
 Our poets found a work for more than one;
 And therefore two lay tugging at the piece,
 With all their force, to draw the pond'rous mass from Greece.
 A weight that bent ev'n Seneca's strong muse,
 And which Corneille's shoulders did refuse.
 So hard it is th' Athenian harp to string;
 So much two consuls yield to one just king.
 Terror and pity this whole poem sway;
 The mightiest machines that can mount a play.
 How heavy will those vulgar souls be found,
 Whom two such engines cannot move from ground!
 When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this birth,
 You can but damn for one poor spot of earth;
 And when your children find your judgment such,
 They'll scorn their fires, and wish themselves born Dutch:
 Each haughty poet will infer with ease,
 How much his wit must underwrite to please.
 As some strange churl would brandishing advance
 The monumental sword that conquer'd France;
 So you, by judging this, your judgment teach,
 Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
 Since, then, the vote of full two thousand years
 Has crown'd this plot, and all the dead are theirs,
 Think it a debt you pay, not alms you give,
 And, in your own defence, let this play live.
 Think them not vain, when Sophocles is shown;
 To praise his worth, they humbly doubt their own.
 Yet as weak states each other's pow'r assure,
 Weak poets by conjunction are secure:
 Their treat is what your palates relish most.
 Charm, song, a shew, a murder, and a ghost!
 We know not what you can desire or hope,
 To please you more, but burning of a Pope.



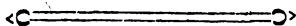




Published for Bells British Theatre June 1777.

*M. BRERETON in the Character of DON ALONZO
 'Curse on her Charms!' I'll stab her thro' them all.*

BELL'S EDITION.



THE
R E V E N G E.

A TRAGEDY.

As written by E. YOUNG, L. L. D.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
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AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

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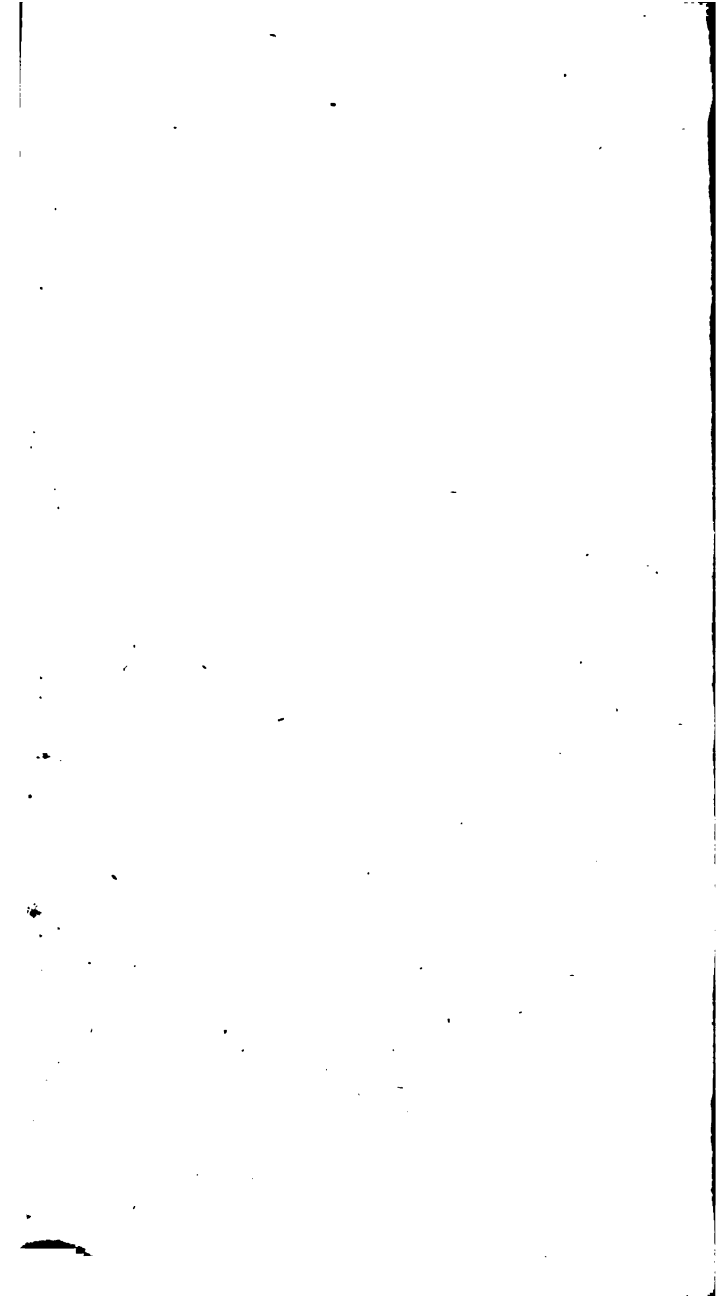
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L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*.

MDCCLXXVIII.



PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

OFT has the buskin'd Muse, with action mean,
Debas'd the glory of the Tragic scene :
While puny Villains, drest in purple pride,
With crimes obscene the Heav'n-born rage bely'd.

To her belongs to mourn the Heroe's fate,
To trace the errors of the Wise and Great ;
To mark th' excess of passions too refin'd,
And paint the tumults of a god-like mind ;
Where, mixt with rage, exalted thoughts combine,
And darkest deeds with beauteous colours shine.

Such lights and shades in a well mingled draught,
By curious touch of artful pencils wrought,
With soft deceit amuse the doubtful eye,
Pleas'd with the conflict of the various dye.

Thus through the following Scenes, with sweet surprize,
Virtue and Guilt in dread confusion rise ;
And Love and Hate, at once, and Grief and Joy,
Pity and Rage, their mingled force employ.

Here the soft Virgin fees, with secret shame,
Her charms excell'd by Friendship's purer flame,
Forc'd, with reluctant Virtue, to approve
The gen'rous Hero who rejects her love.

Behold him There, with gloomy passions stain'd,
A Wife suspected, and an injur'd Friend ;
Yet such the toil where Innocence is caught,
That rash Suspicion seems without a fault ;
We dread awhile, lest Beauty should succeed,
And almost wish ev'n Virtue's self may bleed.

Mark well the black Revenge, the cruel guile,
The Traitor-fiend trampling the lovely spoil
Of Beauty, Truth, and Innocence oppress ;
Then let the rage of Furies fire your breast.

Yet may his mighty Wrongs, his just Disdain,
His bleeding Country, his lov'd Father slain,
His Martial Pride, your Admiration raise,
And crown him with involuntary Praise.

Dramatis Personæ.

At DRURY-LANE.

M E N.

Don ALONZO, the Spanish General,	Mr. Reddish.
Don CARLOS, his Friend, -	Mr. J. Aickin.
Don ALVAREZ, a Courtier, -	Mr. Burton.
Don MANUEL, Attendant of Don } CARLOS, - - - - }	Mr. Hurst.
ZANGA, a Captive Moor, -	Mr.

W O M E N.

LEONORA, ALVAREZ's Daughter,	Mrs. Baddeley.
ISABELLA, the Moor's Mistress,	Mrs. Reddish.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

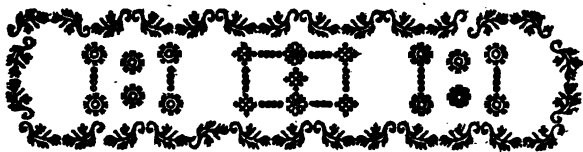
M E N.

Don ALONZO, the Spanish General,	Mr. Wroughten.
Don CARLOS, his Friend, -	Mr. Lewis.
Don ALVAREZ, a Courtier, -	Mr. Gardiner.
Don MANUEL, Attendant of Don } CARLOS, - - - - }	Mr. Davis.
ZANGA, a Captive Moor, -	Mr. Savigny.

W O M E N.

LEONORA, ALVAREZ's Daughter,	Mrs. Mattocks.
ISABELLA, the Moor's Mistress,	Miss Pearce.

S C E N E, S P A I N.



THE
REVENGE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Zanga.

W HETHER first nature, or long want of
peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me !
I like this rocking of the battlements.
Rage on, ye winds, burst clouds, and waters roar !
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

A 4

Enter

Enter Isabella.

Who's there? My love!

Ifab. Why have you left my bed?
Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

Zan. The dead, alone, in such a night can rest,
And I indulge my meditation here.
Woman, away! I choose to be alone.

Ifab. I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;
Excuse me, *Zanga*, therefore dare not leave you.

Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it: by our loves I will.

To you I sacrific'd my virgin fame;
Ask I too much to share in your distress?

Zan. In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be
plung'd

In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.
To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate *Alonzo*. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Ifab. Hate *Alonzo*!

I own, I thought *Alonzo* most your friend,
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Hear, then. 'Tis twice three years since that
great man

(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me,)

Made me the captive of his arm in fight.

He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,

While I, with pious rage, pursu'd revenge.

I then was young, he plac'd me near his person,

And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.

One day (may that returning day be night,

The stain, the curse of each succeeding year!)

For something, or for nothing, in his pride

He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live?)

He smote me on the cheek. — I did not stab him,

For that were poor revenge. — E'er since, his folly

Has

THE REVENGE

9

Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Ifab. But with more temper, *Zanga*, tell your story:
To see your strong emotions startles me.

Zan. Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.
Has the dark adder venom? so have I
When trod upon. Proud *Spaniard*, thou shalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.
I from that day have blest the coming night,
Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arriv'd.
Howe'er at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore in his ambition,
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprize
The *Moorish* camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Ifab. Just as I enter'd, an express arriv'd.

Zan. To whom?

Ifab. His friend, Don *Carlos*.

Zan. Be propitious,

O *Mahomet*, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others' self-love into our own protection?
But see, the morning ray breaks in upon us;
I'll seek Don *Carlos*, and enquire my fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE REVENGE.

Enter Manuel and Don Carlos.

Man. My lord Don *Carlos*, what brings your express?

Car. *Alonzo's* glory, and the *Moors* defeat.
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Tho' he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive. O, how I long to embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!——
I lov'd fair *Leonora* long before
The chance of battle gave me to the *Moors*,
From whom so late *Alonzo* set me free;
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great *Alonzo*, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love,
To stir her heart, and fan its fires for me.

Man. And what success?

Car. Alas, the cruel maid——
Indeed her father, who tho' high at court,
And powerful with the King, has wealth at heart,
To heal his devastations from the *Moors*,
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the East,
My fleet now sailing in the fight of *Spain*,
(Heav'n guard it safe thro' such a dreadful storm!)
Careless me, and urges her to wed.

Man. Her aged father
Leads her this way.

Car. She looks like radiant truth,
Brought forth by the hand of hoary time——
You to the port with speed, 'tis possible
Some vessel is arriv'd. Heav'n grant it bring
Tidings which *Carlos* may receive with joy!

Enter Alvarez and Leonora.

Alv. Don *Carlos*, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.

Car. Angels second you!
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

Alv.

Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
 On our discretion, and a prudent choice ;
 Look into those they call unfortunate,
 And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise :
 Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,
 And 'tis the trick of fools to save their credit,
 Which brought another language into use.
 Don *Carlos* is of ancient, noble blood,
 And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune.
 For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
 A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.
 His keels are freighted with that sacred pow'r,
 By which ev'n kings and emperors are made.
 Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope [To *Car.*
 My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [Ex. *Alv.*

Car. O *Leonora* ! why art thou in tears ?
 Because I am less wretched than I was ?
 Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
 Hush'd was your bosom, and your eye serene.
 Will you for ever help me to new pains,
 And keep reserves of torment in your hand,
 To let them loose on ev'ry dawn of joy ?

Leon. Think you my father too indulgent to me ;
 That he claims no dominion o'er my tears ?
 A daughter sure may be right dutiful,
 Whose tears alone are free from a restraint. —

Car. Ah my torn heart !

Leon. Regard not me, my lord,
 I shall obey my father.

Car. Disobey him,
 Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus
 With absent eyes and alienated mien,
 Suff'ring address, the victim of my love.
 © let me be undone the common way,
 And have the common comfort to be pity'd,
 And not be ruin'd in the mask of bliss,
 And so be envy'd, and be wretched too !
 Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty,

Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of,
 Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,
 Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
 All these possist, are nought, but as they are
 The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
 And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

Leon. Alas! my lord, we are too delicate;
 And when we grasp the happiness we wish'd,
 We call on wit to argue it away:
 A plainer man would not feel half your pains:
 But some have too much wisdom to be happy.

Car. Had I known this before, it had been well:
 I had not then solicited your father
 To add to my distress; as you behave,
 Your father's kindness stabs me to the heart.
 Give me your hand —— Nay, give it, *Leonora*;
 You give it not —— nay, yet you give it not ——
 I ravish it. ——

Leon. I pray, my lord, no more.

Car. Ah, why so sad? You know each sigh does shake me;
 Sighs there, are tempests here. ——
 I've heard, bad men would be unblest in heav'n:
 What is my guilt, that makes me so with you?
 Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet?
 Have I not liv'd whole days upon thy sight?
 Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been?
 And, mad with the idea, clasp'd the wind,
 And doated upon nothing?

Leon. Court me not,
 Good *Carlos*, by recounting of my faults,
 And telling how ungrateful I have been.
 Alas! my lord, if talking would prevail,
 I could suggest much better arguments
 Than those regards you threw away on me;
 Your valour, honour, wisdom, prais'd by all.
 But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,
 And with an argument new-set a pulse;
 Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

Car. Must I despair then? Do not shake me thus:

My

My tempest-beaten heart is cold to death.
 Ah! turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties.
 Heav'ns! what a proof I gave but two nights past
 Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,
 I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame;
 Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:
 But darting headlong to thy arms, I left
 The promis'd fight, I left *Alonzo* too
 To stand the war, and quell a world alone. [*Trumpets.*

Leon. The victor comes. My lord, I must withdraw.

Car. And must you go?

Leon. Why should you wish me stay?
 Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
 My presence none; it pains you and myself;
 For both our sakes permit me to withdraw. [*Ex Leon.*

Car. Sure, there's no peril but in love. Oh how
 My foes would boast to see me look so pale!

Enter Alonzo.

Car. *Alonzo!*

Alon. *Carlos!*——I am whole again;
 Claspt in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace? the conqueror
 Of *Africk*?

Alon. Yes, much more, Don *Carlos'* friend.
 The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
 Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.
 I rise in virtues to come nearer thee.
 I conquer with Don *Carlos* in my eye,
 And thus I claim my victory's reward. [*Embracing him.*

Car. A victory indeed! your godlike arm
 Has made one spot the grave of *Africa*,
 Such numbers fell! and the survivors fled
 As frightened passengers from off the strand,
 When the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them.

Alon. 'Twas *Carlos* conquer'd, 'twas his cruel chains
 Inflam'd me to a rage unknown before,
 And threw my former actions far behind.

Car.

Car. I love fair *Leonora*. How I love her!
 Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
 Another heart, another soul for thee.
 Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports
 Like musick, pure the joy, without alloy,
 Whose very rapture is tranquillity:
 But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
 Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures,
 But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. *Manuel*, my lord, returning from the port,
 On business both of moment and of haste,
 Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

Car. In private?—Ha!—*Alonzo*, I'll return,
 No business can detain me long from thee. [*Ex. Car.*]

Zan. My lord *Alonzo*, I obey'd your orders.

Alon. Will the fair *Leonora* pass this way?

Zan. She will, my lord, and soon.

Alon. Come near me, *Zanga*;

For I dare open all my heart to thee.
 Never was such a day of triumph known.
 There's not a wounded captive in my train,
 That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,
 With half a life, and beggary, and chains,
 But is a god to me: I am most wretched.
 In his captivity, thou know'st *Don Carlos*,
 My friend (and never was a friend more dear);
 Deputed me his advocate in love,
 To talk to *Leonora's* heart, and make
 A tender party in her thoughts for him.
 What did I do? I lov'd myself. Indeed,
 One thing there is might lessen my offence,
 (If such offence admits of being lessen'd)
 I thought him dead; for (by what fate I know not)
 His letters never reach'd me.

Zan. Thanks to *Zanga*,
 Whothence contriv'd that evil which has happen'd. [*Aside.*
Alon.

Alon. Yes, curs'd of heav'n! I lov'd myself, and now
In a late action, rescu'd from the *Moors*,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

Zan. We hear, my Lord, that in that action too,
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.

Alon. I did — with more than the expence of mine;
For, oh! this day is mention'd for their nuptials.
But see, she comes — I'll take my leave, and die.

Zan. Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would
please me.

Unhappy fate! My country overcome!
My six years hope of vengeance quite expir'd! —
Would nature were — I will not fall alone:
But others' groans shall tell the world my death. [*Aside.*

Enter Leonora.

Alon. When nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid his light adieu.

Leon. The mighty conqueror
Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

Alon. O cruel insult! are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?

Africk I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to fight unscorn'd; but I complain not:
'Twas but a world, and you are — *Leonora.*

Leon. That passion which you boast of is your guilt,
A treason to your friend. You think mean of me,
To plead your crimes as motives of my love.

Alon. You, Madam, ought to thank these crimes you
blame;

'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,
Without the censure both of earth and heav'n —
I fondly thought a last look might be kind.
Farewell for ever. — This severe behaviour
Has, to my comfort, made it sweet to die.

Leon. Farewell for ever! — Sweet to die! — O heav'n!

[*Aside.*
Alonzo,

Alonzo, stay, you must not thus escape me;
But hear your guilt at large.

Alon. O *Leonora*!

What could I do? In duty to my friend,
I saw you; and to see, is to admire.
For *Carlos* did I plead, and most sincerely.
Witness the thousand agonies it cost me.
You know I did. I sought but your esteem;
If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.
I often sigh'd, nay, wept; but could not help it:
And sure it is no crime to be in pain.
But grant my crime was great; I'm greatly curs'd:
What would you more? Am I not most undone?
This usage is like stamping on the murder'd
When life is fled; most barbarous, and unjust.

Leon. If from your guilt none suffer'd but yourself,
It might be so. — Farewell. [Going.]

Alon. Who suffers with me?

Leon. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.

Alon. Alas! what is there I can fear to know,
Since I already know your hate? Your actions
Have long since told me that.

Leon. They flatter'd you.

Alon. How? flatter'd me!

Leon. O search in fate no farther!
I hate thee! O *Alonzo*, how I hate thee!
Alon. Indeed! and do you weep for hatred too?
O what a doubtful torment heaves my heart!
I hope it most — and yet I dread it more.
Should it be so; should her tears flow from thence;
How would my soul blaze up in ecstasy!
Ah, no! how sink into the depth of horrors!

Leon. Why would you force my stay?

Alon. What mean these tears?

Leon. I weep by chance, nor have my tears a mean-
ing —

But, oh! when first I saw *Alonzo's* tears,

I knew

I knew their meaning well.

[Alonzo falls passionately on his knees, and takes her hand.

Alon. Heavens! what is this? That excellence for which

Desire was planted in the heart of man;
Virtue's supreme reward on this side heav'n;
The cordial of my soul! — and this destroys me —
Indeed, I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.

Leon. Alonzo, pardon me the injury
Of loving you. I struggled with my passion,
And struggled long; let that be some excuse.

Alon. Unkind! you know I think your love a blessing

Beyond all human blessings; 'tis the price
Of sighs and groans, and a whole year of dying:
But, oh! the curse of curses! — O my friend! —

Leon. Alas!

Alon. What says my Love? — Speak, Leonora.

Leon. Was it for you, my Lord, to be so quick
In finding out objections to our love?
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me?

Alon. Is not the day then fix'd for your espousals?

Leon. Indeed, my father once had thought that way;
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,
Long he stood doubtful, but at last resolv'd.
Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

Alon. O agony!

Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?
This is refining on calamity.

Leon. What! do you tremble lest you should be mine?
For what else can you tremble? not for that.
My father places in your power to aker.

Alon. What's in my pow'r? — O yes, to stab my friend!

Leon.

Leon. To stab your friend were barbarous, indeed !
Spare him—and murder me.—I own, *Alonso*,
You well may wonder at such words as these,
I start at them myself, they fright my nature,
Great is my fault, but blame not me alone,
Give him a little blame, who took such pains
To make me guilty.

Alon. Torment !

[*After a pause, Leon. speaks.*]

Leon. O my shame !

I sue, and sue in vain ; it is most just.
When women sue, they sue to be deny'd.
You hate me, you despise me ! you do well ;
For what I've done I hate and scorn myself.
O night, fall on me ! I shall blush to death.

Alon. First, perish all !

Leon. Say, what have you resolv'd ?

My father comes, what answer will you give him ?

Alon. What answer ! let me look upon that face,
And read it there—Devote thee to another !
Not to be borne ! a second look undoes me.

Leon. And why undo you ? Is it, then, my Lord,
So terrible to yield to your own wishes,
Because they happen to concur with mine ?
Cruel ! to take such pains to win an heart,
Which you was conscious you must break with parting.

Alon. No, *Leonora*, I am thine for ever,

[*Runs and embraces her*]
In spite of *Carlos*—Ha ! who's that ? my friend ?

[*Starts wide from her*]
Alas ! I see him pale, I hear his groans ;
He foams, he tears his hair, he raves, he bleeds,
(I know him by myself) he dies distracted.

Leon. How dreadful to be cut from what we love !

Alon. Ah ! speak no more.

Leon. And ty'd to what we hate !

Alon. Oh !

Leon. Is it possible ?

Alon. Death !

Leon. Can you ?

Alon. Oh——

Yes, take a limb; but let my virtue 'scape.
Alas! my soul, this moment I die for thee.

[*Breaks away.*]

Leon. And are you perjur'd then for virtue's sake?
How often have you sworn! but go for ever — [*Swoons.*]

Alon. Heart of my heart, and essence of my joy!
Where art thou? — Oh, I'm thine, and thine for ever!
'The groans of friendship shall be heard no more.
For whatsoever crime I can commit,
I've felt the pains already.

Leon. Hold, *Alonzo*,
And hear a maid, whom doubly thou hast conquer'd
I love thy virtue as I love thy person,
And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;
But as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;
I'll shine out in my turn, and shew the world
Thy great example was not lost upon me.
Be it enough that I have once been guilty;
In sight of such a pattern to persist,
Ill suits a person honour'd with your love.
My other titles to that bliss are weak,
I must deserve it by refusing it.
Thus then I tear me from thy hopes for ever.
Shall I contribute to *Alonzo's* crimes?
No, tho' the life-blood gushes from my heart.
You shall not be ashamed of *Leonora*,
Or that late time may put our names together.
Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example
You lately lent; O take it while you may,
While I can give it you, and be immortal. [*Exit.*]

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no more;
But pine in absence, and till death adore.
When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue,
Her name will tremble in a feeble moan,
And love with fate divide my dying groan.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Manuel and Zanga.

Z A N G A.

IF this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched *Carlos*; 'tis but humane in you.
But when arriv'd your dismal news?

Man. This hour.

Zan. What, not a vessel sav'd?

Man. All, all the storm

Devour'd; and now o'er his late envy'd fortune
The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,
Triumphant in his ruin.

Zan. Is *Alvarez*

Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?
That treasure was on shore, must that too join
The common wreck?

Man. *Alvarez* pleads indeed
That *Leonora*'s heart is disinclin'd,
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,
When he concurr'd: the tempest broke the match;
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.
The love of gold is double in his heart,
The vice of age, and of *Alvarez* too.

Zan. How does Don *Carlos* bear it?

Man. Like a man
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons best a human heart can reason.

Zan. But is he then in absolute despair?

Man.

Man. Never to see his *Leonora* more.

And, quite to quench all future hope, *Alvarez*
Urges *Alonzo* to espouse his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.

Zan. Ha! was not that receiv'd with ecstasy
By Don *Alonzo*?

Man. Yes, at first; but soon
A damp came o'er him, it would kill his friend.

Zan. Not if his friend consented; and since now
He can't himself espouse her——

Man. Yet to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous mind,
At least *Alonzo's* spirit startles at it.
Wide is the distance between our despair,
And giving up a mistress to another.
But I must leave you, *Carlos* wants support
In his severe affliction. [Exit Manuel.

Zan. Ha! it dawns!——
It rises to me, like a new found world
To mariners long time distress'd at sea,
Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent!——
Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,
Some dregs of ancient night not quite purg'd off!
But shall I finish it? — Ho! *Isabella*!

Enter Isabella.

I thought of dying; better things come forward;
Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms,
When, *Isabella*, arriv'd Don *Carlos* here?

Isab. Two nights ago.

Zan. That was the very night
Before the battle — Memory, set down that;
It has the essence of the crocodile,
'Tho' yet but in the shell — I'll give it birth—
What time did he return?

Isab.

Ifab. At midnight.

Zan. So——

Say, did he see that night his *Leonora*?

Ifab. No, my good lord.

Zan. No matter——tell me, woman,
Is not *Alonzo* rather brave than cautious,
Honest than subtle, above fraud himself,
Slow therefore to suspect it in another?

Ifab. You best can judge; but so the world thinks of
him. [Exit *Ifab.*

Zan. Why, that was well——go fetch my tablets hither.
Two nights ago my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smil'd upon me;
He smil'd a joy then little understood——
It must be so—and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

*Re-enter Isabella with the tablets, Zanga writes, then
reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands——

The father's fix'd——Don *Carlos* cannot wed——

Alonzo may——but that will hurt his friend——

Nor can he ask his leave——or if he did,

He might not gain it——It is hard to give

Our own consent to ills, tho' we must bear them.——

Were it not then a master-piece worth all

The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade

Alonzo to request it of his friend,

His friend to grant——then from that very grant,

The strongest proof of friendship man can give,

(And other motives) to work out a cause

Of jealousy, to rack *Alonzo's* peace?——

I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes,

Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.

It is the *Hydra* of calamities,

The seven-fold death: the jealous are the damn'd.

O jealousy, each other passion's calm,

To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!

Tho

Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoize
For all the transports beauty can inspire!

Ifab. Alonzo comes this way.

Zan. Most opportunely.

Withdraw—Ye subtle *Dæmons*, which reside [*Ex. Ifab.*
In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
That little engin'ry, more mischievous
Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
Teach me to look a lye; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

Enter Alonzo.

My lord, I give you joy.

Alon. Of what, good Zanga?

Zan. Is not the lovely *Leonora* yours?

Alon. What will become of *Carlos*?

Zan. He's your friend;

And since he can't espouse the fair himself,
Will take some comfort from *Alonzo's* fortune.

Alon. Alas! thou little know'st the force of love;
Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway,
Puts all relations, friendship's self to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love *Carlos*,
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
At his intended nuptials. For myself
I then felt pains which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her then?

Alon. Not instantly:
Insult his broken heart the very moment!

Zan. I understand you: but you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuag'd?

Alon. Am I to blame for that?

Zan. My lord, I love
Your very errors, they are born from virtue.
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims
The heart?) does lead you blind-fold to your ruin.

Consider,

Consider, wherefore did *Alvarez* break
Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge *Alonso*'s?
 'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth: to-morrow
 May see *Alonso* in *Don Carlos*' fortune;
 A higher bidder is a better friend,
 And there are princes sigh for *Leonora*.
 When your friend's gone, you'll wed; why then the
 cause

Which gives you *Leonora* now will cease;
Carlos has lost her; should you lose her too,
 Why then you heap new torments on your friend,
 By that respect which labour'd to relieve him —
 'Tis well, he is disturb'd, it makes him pause. [*Aside.*]

Alon. Think'st thou, my *Zanga*, should I ask *Don Carlos*,

His goodness would consent that I should wed her?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the cruelty
 To ask it, and for me to ask it of him!

Zan. Methinks, you are not severe upon your friend.
 Who was it gave him liberty and life?

Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it.
 Were I a stranger, I could freely speak:
 In me, it so resembles a demand,
 Exacting of a debt, it shocks my nature.

Zan. My lord, you know the sad alternative.
 Is *Leonora* worth one pang, or not?
 It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you:
 Warmly as you I wish *Don Carlos* well;
 But I am likewise *Don Alonso*'s friend:
 There all the difference lies between us two.
 In me, my lord, you hear another self;
 And give me leave to add, a better too,
 Clear'd from those errors, which, tho' caus'd by virtue,
 Are such as may hereafter give you pain. —
Don Lopez of *Castile* would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the name! what! sacrifice the fair
 To age and illness, because set in gold?

I'll to Don *Carlos*, if my heart will let me.
 I have not seen him since his sore affliction;
 But shun'd it, as too terrible to bear.
 How shall I bear it now? I'm struck already. [*Ex. Alon.*]

Zan. Half of my work is done. I must secure
 Don *Carlos*, ere *Alonzo* speaks with him.

[*He gives a message to a servant, then returns.*]

Proud, hated *Spain*? oft drench'd in *Moorish* blood;
 Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee?
 Shake not the tow'rs where-e'er I pass along,
 Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer?
 Shake to the center, if *Alonzo's* dear.
 Look down, O holy Prophet! see me torture
 This Christian Dog, this Infidel, which dares
 To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law,
 And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
 Which look as if they were lighted up for thee!
 Shall he enjoy thy paradise below?
 Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her
 charms! —

But see, the melancholy Lover comes!

Enter Don Carlos.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
 For more than twenty years. Vile promiser!
 None here are happy but the very fool,
 Or very wise; and I wasn't fool enough
 To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
 Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
 An artificial happiness from pains:
 Ev'n joys are pains, because they cannot last. [*Sighs.*]
 Yet much is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
 Of such as have the world in their possession,
 To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
 For envy to small minds is flattery.
 How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
 Against their consciences? And this we know,

Yet knowing, disbelieve ; and try again
 What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction.
 Each new experience gives the former credit ;
 And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher
 That thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble Lord,
 I mourn your fate ; but are no hopes surviving ?

Car. No hopes. *Alvarez* has a heart of steel :
 'Tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

Zan. You wanted not to have your heart made tender
 By your own pains to feel a friend's distress.

Car. I understand you well. *Alonso* loves ;
 I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do.
 Yet he has other thoughts.

Car. What canst thou mean ?

Zan. Indeed he has ; and fears to ask a favour
 A stranger from a stranger might request ;
 What costs you nothing, yet is all to him ;
 Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
 For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

Car. I pray be plain ; his happiness is mine.

Zan. He loves to death, but so reveres his friend,
 He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid
 Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.
 In perfect tenderness I urg'd him to it.
 Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
 Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
 Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,
 I wrung a promise from him he would try :
 And now I come, a mutual friend to both,
 Without his privacy, to let you know it,
 And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Car. Ha ! if he weds I am undone, indeed ;
 Not Don *Alvarez*' self can then relieve me.

Zan. Alas, my Lord ! you know his heart is steel,
 'Tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.

Car. O cruel Heav'n ! and is it not enough
 That I must never, never see her more !

Say,

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Say, is it not enough that I must die,
But I must be tormented in the grave? —
Ask my consent? — Must I then give her to him?
Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid?
Oh! — *Leonora!* never, never, never!

Zan. A storm of plagues upon him! he refuses. [*Aside.*]

Car. What! wed her? — and to-day?

Zan. To-day, or never.

To-morrow may some wealthier Lover bring,
And then *Alonzo* is thrown out, like you;
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune?
Carlos is an *Alvarez* to his love.

Car. O torment! Whither shall I turn?

Zan. To peace.

Car. Which is the way?

Zan. His happiness is yours,

I dare not disbelieve you.

Car. Kill my friend!

Or worse — alas! and can there be a worse? —

A worse there is; nor can my nature bear it.

Zan. You have convinc'd me, 'tis a dreadful task.
I find, *Alonzo's* quitting her this morning
For *Carlos'* sake, in tenderness to you,
Betray'd me to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is. —

Car. Thou dost upbraid me.

Zan. No, my good Lord; but since you can't comply,
'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it;
For had I not, *Alonzo* would indeed
Have dy'd, as now, but not by your decree.

Car. By my decree! do I decree his death?
I do — Shall I then send her to his arms?
Oh! which side shall I take? be stabb'd? or — stabb'd?
'Tis equal death! a choice of agonies! —
Ah, no! all other agonies are ease

To one — O *Leonora!* — never, never!

Go, *Zanga*, go, defer the dreadful trial,
Tho' but a day, something perchance may happen
To soften all to friendship and to love,

Go, stop my friend ; let me not see him now,
But save us from an interview of death.

Zan. My Lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you —
If I not bring him, may *Alonzo* prosper. [*Aside. Ex. Zan.*]

Car. What is this world ?—Thy school, O misery !
Our only lesson is, to learn to suffer,
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Tho' deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
My comfort is, each moment takes away
A grain at least, from the dead load that's on me,
And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.
But put it most severely—should I live —
Live long—Alas ! there is no length in time ;
Nor in thy time, O man ! What's fourscore years ?
Nay, what indeed the age of time itself,
Since cut from out eternity's wide round ?
Away, then. To a mind resolv'd, and wise,
There is an impotence in misery,
Which makes me smile, when all its shafts are in me.
Yet, *Læonora*——she can make time long,
Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine.
While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away ;
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was surpriz'd to hear that I grew old ;
Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,
And every moment is an age of pain.

*As he is going out, Enter Zanga and Alonzo. Zanga
stops Carlos.*

Zan. Is this *Don Carlos* ? this the boasted friend ?
How can you turn your back upon his sadness ?
Look on him, and then leave him, if you can.
Whose sorrows thus depress him ? Not his own ;
This moment he could wed, without your leave.

Car. I cannot yield ; nor can I bear his griefs.

Alonzo ?

[*Going to him, and taking his hand.*
Alon.

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Alon. O *Carlos*!

Car. Pray forbear.

Alon. Art thou undone, and shall *Alonzo* smile?

Alonzo! who perhaps, in some degree,
Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?

I was deputed guardian of thy love;

But, oh! I lov'd myself. Pour down afflictions

On this devoted head; make me your mark;

And be the world, by my example, taught,

How sacred it should hold the name of friend.

Car. You charge yourself unjustly; well I know
The only cause of my severe affliction.

Alvarez, curs'd *Alvarez*! — so much anguish

Felt for so small a failure, is one merit

Which faultless virtue wants. The crime was mine,

Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'st fail;

Tho' well I knew that dreadful post of honour

I gave thee to maintain. Ah! who could bear

Those eyes, unhurt? The wounds myself have felt,

(Which wounds alone should cause me to condemn thee)

They plead in thy excuse; for I too strove

To shun those fires, and found 'twas not in man.

Alon. You cast in shades the failures of a friend,

And soften all; but think not you deceive me:

I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,

As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

Car. Pardon for him, who, but this morning, threw
Fair *Leonora* from his heart, all bath'd

In ceaseless tears, and blushing with her love!

Who, like a rose-leaf, wet with morning dew,

Would have stuck close, and clung for ever there!

But 'twas in thee, through fondness to thy friend,

To shut thy bosom against ecstasies;

For which, whilst this pulse beats, it beats to thee;

Whilst this blood flows, it flows for my *Alonzo*,

And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

Zan. to *Alon.*] My Lord, my Lord, this is your time
to speak.

Alonzo to Zan.] Because he's kind ? It therefore is the worst ;

For 'tis his kindness which I fear to hurt.
 Shall the same moment see him sink in woes,
 And me providing for a flood of joys,
 Rich in the plunder of his happiness ?
 No, I may die ; but I can never speak.

Car. Now, now it comes ! they are concerting it,
 The first word strikes me dead — O *Leonora* !
 And shall another taste her fragrant breath ?
 Who knows what after-time may bring to pass ?
 Fathers may change, and I may wed her still. [*Aside.*]

Alonzo to Zan.] Do I not see him quite possess'd with anguish,

Which, like a Dæmon, writhes him to and fro ;
 And shall I pour in new ? No fond desire,
 No love ; one pang at parting, and farewell.
 I have no other love but *Carlos* now.

Car. Alas, my friend ! why with such eager grasp
 Dost press my hand, and weep upon my cheek ?

Alonzo. If after death our forms (as some believe)
 Shall be transparent, naked every thought,
 And friends meet friends, and read each others hearts,
 Thou'lt know, one day, that thou wast held most dear.
 Farewell.

Car. *Alonzo*, stay—he cannot speak— [*Holds him.*]
 Lest it should grieve me — Shall I be out-done,
 And lose in glory, as I lose in love ? [*Aside.*]

I take it much unkindly, my *Alonzo*,
 You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
 When well I know your heart is near to bursting.
 Have you forgot how you have bound me to you ?
 Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alonzo. There, there it is, my friend, it cuts me there.
 How dreadful is it to a gen'rous mind,
 To ask, when sure he cannot be deny'd !

Car. How greatly thought ! In all he tow'rs above
 me. [*Aside.*]
 Then you confess you would ask something of me ?

Alonzo.

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Alon. No, on my soul.

Zan. to Alon.] Then lose her.

Car. Glorious spirit!

Why, what a pang has he run through for this?
By heav'n, I envy him his agonies.
Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,
Of starting at one action from below,
And flaming up into consummate greatness?
Ha!—angels strengthen me!—It shall be so—
I can't want strength. Great actions, once conceiv'd,
Strengthen like wine, and animate the soul,
And call themselves to being. [*Aside.*] My *Alonzo*!
Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

Alon. What means my *Carlos*?

Car. Pray observe me well,

Fate and *Alvarez* tore her from my heart,
And plucking up my love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd up life too, for they were twin'd together.
Of that no more—What now does Reason bid?
I cannot wed — Farewell my happiness!
But, O my soul, with care provide for her's!
In life, how weak, how helpless is a woman!
Soon hurt; in happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded while she plucks the rose;
So properly the object of affliction,
That heav'n is pleas'd to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair,
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine,
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life,
With thy surrounding arms — Do this, and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me,
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which, with thy foes, would render thee ador'd.
But have a care, nor think I can be pleas'd
With any thing that lays in pains for thee.

Thou dost dissemble, and thy heart's in tears.

Car. My heart's in health, my spirits dance their round,

And at my eye pleasure looks out in smiles.

Alon. And canst thou, canst thou part with *Leonora*?

Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.

Alon. O *Carlos*!

Car. Don't disturb me, I'm sincere.

Nor is it more than simple justice in me.

This morn didst thou resign her for my sake;

I but perform a virtue learnt from thee;

Discharge a debt, and pay her to thy wishes.

Alon. Ah! how? — but think not words were ever made

For such occasions. Silence, tears, embraces,

Are languid eloquence; I'll seek relief

In absence from the pain of so much goodness,

'There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,

Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee. [*Exit.*]

Zan. Thus far success has crown'd my boldest hope.

My next care is to hasten these new nuptials,

And then my master-works begin to play. [*Aside.*]

Why this was greatly done, without one sigh [*To Car.*]

To carry such a glory to its period.

Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and now I must unshroud my over-burthen'd heart,

And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend

With tears; nor interrupt my great design,

Great, sure, as ever human breast durst think of.

But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress,

Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,

O'er-swell all bounds, and bear e'en life away.

So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd

With anguish wore the arrow in his wound,

Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,

Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dy'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Zanga and Isabella.

Z A N G A.

O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart:
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And could I mount—the spirits numberless
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me.—
O bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd; for be sure
It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek; enjoy it while thou may'st;
Anguish, and groans, and death bespeak to-morrow.
My Isabella!

Isab. What commands my Moor?

Zan. My fair ally! my lovely minister!
'Twas well *Alvarez*, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge *Don Carlos* in the last despair,
And so prevent all future molestation)
Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by sacred inspiration, forg'd
That letter, which I trusted to thy hand:

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That

That letter, which in glowing terms conveys,
 From happy *Carlos* to fair *Leonora*,
 The most profound acknowledgment of heart
 For wondrous transports which he never knew.
 This is a good subservient artifice,
 To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

Isab. I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,
 As you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky hand;
 For soon *Alonzo* found it; I observ'd him
 From out my secret stand. He took it up;
 But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
 When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
 Started, and trembling dropt it on the ground.
 Pale and aghast a while my victim stood,
 Disguis'd a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
 Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again.
 At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
 But check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus,
 And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Isab. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,
 At least not mortally.

Zan. At first I thought so;
 But farther thought informs me otherwise,
 And turns this disappointment to account.
 He more shall credit it because unseen,
 (If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

Isab. That would indeed commend my *Zanga's* skill.

Zan. This, *Isabella*, is *Don Carlos's* picture;
 Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,
 It may rise up a witness of her love,
 Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
 Or elsewhere as shall best promote our end.

Isab. I'll weigh it as its consequence requires,
 Then do my utmost to deserve your smile.

[*Exit. Isabella.*]

Zan. Is that *Alonzo* prostrate on the ground!—
 Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,
 And wild distraction glares from either eye.

If thus a slight surmise can work his soul;
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him!

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. And yet it cannot be——I am deceiv'd——
I injure her: she wears the face of heav'n.

Zan. He doubts.

[*Aside.*

Alon. I dare not look on this again.
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,
The certainty would dash me all in pieces.

I cannot——Ha! it must, it must be true. [*Starts.*

Zan. Hold there, and we succeed. He has descry'd
me.

And (for he knows I love him) will unfold
His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.
I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure.

[*Aside.*

Alon. Hold, Zanga, turn.

Zan. My lord.

Alon. Shut close the doors;
That not a spirit find an entrance here.

Zan. My lord's obey'd.

Alon. I see that thou art frightened.
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpions stings.

Zan. If I do love, my lord?

Alon. Come near me, let me rest upon thy bosom;
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?)
For I am sick at heart.

Zan. Speak, Sir, O speak,
And take me from the rack.

Alon. And is there need
Of words? Behold a wonder! See my tears!

Zan. I feel them too. Heav'n grant my senses fail
me!

I rather would lose them, than have this real.

Alon. Go, take a round thro' all things in thy thought,

And find that one; for there is only one
Which cou'd extort my tears; find that, and tell
Thy self my misery, and spare me the pain.

Zan. Sorrow can think but ill — I am bewilder'd;
I know not where I am.

Alon. Think, think no more,
It ne'er can enter in an honest heart.
I'll tell thee then — I cannot — yet I do,
By wanting force to give it utterance.

Zan. Speak, ease your heart; its throbs will break
your bosom.

Alon. I am most happy: mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing
To be most curst! — My *Leonora's* false!

Zan. Save me, my lord!

Alon. My *Leonora's* false! [*Gives him the letter.*]

Zan. Then heav'n has lost its image here on earth.

[*While Zanga reads the letter, he trembles, and
shows the utmost concern.*]

Alon. Good-natur'd man! he makes my pains his
own.

I durst not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern.

Zan. Did you not read it then?

Alon. Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no
more.

Zan. Thus perish all that gives *Alonzo* pain!
[*Tears the letter.*]

Alon. Why didst thou tear it?

Zan. Think of it no more,

'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

Alon. And didst thou tremble then for my mistake?
Or give the whole contents, or by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.

Zan.

Zan. Is this *Alonzo's* language to his *Zanga*?
 Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.
 For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
 Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace?
 I have no interest in suppressing it,
 But what good-natur'd tenderness for you
 Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
 That will be damn'd, tho' all the world should know it.

Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.

Zan. What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?
 I know not what; but rage is our distraction,
 And all its words are wind — Yet sure, I think,
 I nothing own'd — but grant I did confess,
 What is a letter? letters may be forg'd.
 For heav'n's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart.
 Some foe to your repose —

Alon. So, heav'n look on me,
 As I can't find the man I have offended.

Zan. Indeed! [*Aside*] — Our innocence is not our
 shield:

They take offence, who have not been offended;
 They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair,
 And death is often ambush'd in their smiles.
 We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain
 A letter may be forg'd, and in a point
 Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
 One would rely on nought that might be false —
 Think, have you any other cause to doubt her? —
 Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit;
 All's well again.

Alon. O that it were!

Zan. It is;

For who would credit that, which credited,
 Makes hell superfluous, by superior pains,
 Without such proofs as cannot be withstood?
 Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?
 Is not her fame as spotless as the sun?
 Her sex's envy, and the boast of *Spain*?

Alon.

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Alon. O Zanga ! it is that confounds me most,
That full in opposition to appearance ———

Zan. No more, my lord, for you condemn yourself.
What is absurdity, but to believe
Against appearance ? You cannot yet, I find,
Subdue your passion to your better sense ; —
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me.
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd
With some degree of pain.

Alon. What indiscretion ?

Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your faults from
me.

Had you not sent Don *Carlos* to the court
The night before the battle, that foul slave,
Who forg'd the senseless scroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villainy.

Alon. I sent him not.

Zan. Not send him ! — Ha ! — That strikes me.
I thought he came on message to the King.
Is there another cause could justify
His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight ?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly ;
So long an absence, and impatient love ———

Alon. In my confusion, that had quite escap'd me.
By heav'n, my wounded soul does bleed afresh ;
'Tis clear as day — for *Carlos* is so brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,
And is enamour'd of the face of death.
How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the transports ? — Oh, it must be so ———
Inhuman ! by the loss of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend !

Zan. You wrong him ;
He knew not of your love.

Alon. Ha ! ———

Zan. That stings home.

Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treach'rous love :
Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.
Th' eternal law of things declares it true,

Which

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Which calls for judgments on distinguish'd guilt,
And loves to make our crime our punishment.
Love is my torture; love was first my crime;
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O horror!)
Confided all in me. O sacred faith!
How dearly I abide thy violation!

Zan. Were then their loves far gone?

Alon. The father's will

There bore a total sway; and he, as soon
As news arriv'd that *Carlos'* fleet was seen
From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,
Determin'd, that the very sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my lord; then you must pardon me,
If I presume to mitigate the crime.

Consider, strong allurements soften guilt;
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day destin'd
For his espousals — 'twas a strong temptation.

Alon. Temptation!

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one night.

Alon. One night!

Zan. That crime could ne'er return again.

Alon. Again! By heav'n, thou dost insult thy lord.
Temptation! One night gain'd! O stings and death!
And am I then undone? Alas, my *Zanga!*
And dost thou own it too? Deny it still,
And rescue me one moment from distraction.

Zan. My lord, I hope the best.

Alon. False, foolish hope,
And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;
It is as glaring as the noon-tide sun.
Devil! — This morning, after three years coldness,
To rush at once into a passion for me!
'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,
When her first fool was sated with her beauties.

Zan. What says my lord? Did *Leonora* then
Never before disclose her passion for you?

Alon. Never.

Zan.

Zan. Throughout the whole three years?

Alon. O never! never!

Why, *Zanga*, should'st thou strive! 'Tis all in vain:
Tho' thy soul labours, it can find no reed
For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

Zan. Hold, Sir, I'll break your fall—Wave ev'ry
fear,

And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,
Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you
With less reluctance.

Alon. Ha! Resign her to me!—

Resign her!—Who resign'd her?—Double death!
How could I doubt so long? My heart is broke.
First love her to distraction! then resign her!

Zan. But was it not with utmost agony?

Alon. Grant that, he still resign'd her; that's enough.
Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?
Tear out his heart?—She was his heart no more—
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her;
By heav'n he ask'd, he courted me to wed.
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

Zan. Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?—
I fear the letter was not all a tale.

Alon. A tale! There's proof equivalent to fight.

Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.

Alon. And so should I; by heav'n, I think I should.
What! *Leonora* the divine, by whom
We guess'd at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion.

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it,
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh
Each circumstance; consider, above all,
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all
To be deceiv'd. I fear 'tis dooms-day with me.

And

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And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought heav'n
Borrow'd her form for virtue's self to wear,
To gain her lovers with the sons of men.

[Exit Alonzo.

Enter Isabella.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient
Thrives underneath my hand in misery.
He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.

Isab. I overheard your conference, and saw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.

Zan. There,
There, *Isabella*, I out-did myself.
For tearing it, I not secure it only
In its first force; but superadd a new.
For who can now the character examine
To cause a doubt, much less detect the fraud?
And after tearing it, as loth to shew
The foul contents, if I should swear it now
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me,
Nay more, would disbelieve the more I swore.
But is the picture happily dispos'd of?

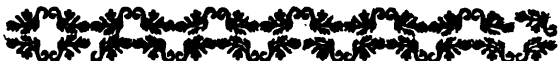
Isab. It is.

Zan. That's well — Ah! what is well? O pang to
think!

O dire necessity! is this my province?
Whither, my soul, ah! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere? Ere while, far, far above
Such little arts, dissembling, falsehoods, frauds,
The trash of villainy itself, which falls
To cowards and poor wretches wanting bread.
Does this become a soldier? This become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?
My martial glory withers at the thought.
But great my end; and since there are no other,
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And

And greater sure my merit, who to gain
 A point sublime, can such a task sustain ;
 To wade thro' ways obscene, my honour bend,
 And shock my nature, to attain my end.
 Late time shall wonder ; that my joys will raise ;
 For wonder is involuntary praise.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alonso and Zanga.

ALONZO.

O H, what a pain to think ! when every thought,
 Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
 And reason knits th' inextricable toil,
 In which herself is taken ! I am lost,
 Poor insect that I am, I am involv'd,
 And bury'd in the web myself have wrought !
 One argument is balanc'd by another,
 And reason meets in doubtful fight;
 And proofs are countermin'd by equal proofs.
 No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
 This inward anarchy ; but find my wife,
 And to her trembling heart presenting death,
 Force all the secret from her.

Zan. O forbear !

You totter on the very brink of ruin.

Alon. What dost thou mean ?

Zan. That will discover all,
 And kill my hopes. What can I think or do ? *[Aside.*

Alon. What dost thou murmur ?

Zan.

Zan. Force the secret from her!
 What's perjury to such a crime as this?
 Will she confess it then? O groundless hope!
 But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,
 Or false or true, your ruin with the king;
 Such is her father's power.

Alon. No more, I care not;
 Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

Zan. But for what better will you change this load?
 Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?

Alon. No, it would cure me of my mortal pangs:
 By hatred and contempt I should despise her,
 And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.

Zan. Ah! were I sure of that, my lord—

Alon. What then?

Zan. You should not hazard life to gain the secret.

Alon. What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm on
 the rack.

I'll not be play'd with; speak, if thou hast aught,
 Or I this instant fly to *Leonora*.

Zan. That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
 Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it,
 Tho' gone too far, heav'n knows—'Tis I am guilty—
 I have took pains, as you I know observ'd,
 To hinder you from diving in the secret,
 And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.

Alon. Thou dost confound me.

Zan. I confound myself,
 And frankly own it, though to my shame I own it;
 Nought but your life in danger could have torn
 The secret out, and made me own my crime.

Alon. Speak quickly; *Zanga*, speak.

Zan. Not yet, dread Sir:
 First I must be assur'd, that if you find
 The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,
 Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.

Alon. Oh! 'twill, by heav'n.

Zan. Alas! I fear it much,
 And scarce can hope so far; but I of this

Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain
From all self-violence, and save my lord.

Alon. I trebly swear.

Zan. You'll bear it like a man?

Alon. A god.

Zan. Such have you been to me, these tears confess it,
And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me;
And what amends is now within my pow'r,
But to confess, expose myself to justice,
And as a blessing claim my punishment?
Know then, *Don Carlos* —

Alon. Oh!

Zan. You cannot bear it.

Alon. Go on, I'll have it, tho' it blast mankind;
I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

Zan. *Don Carlos* did return at dead of night —

Enter Leonora.

Leon. My lord *Alonzo*, you are absent from us,
And quite undo our joy.

Alon. I'll come, my love:
Be not our friends deserted by us both?
I'll follow you this moment.

Leon. My good lord,
I do observe severity of thought
Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the *Moors*?

Alon. No, my delight.

Leon. What then employ'd your mind?

Alon. Thou, love, and only thou; so heav'n befriended
me,

As other thought can find no entrance here.

Leon. How good in you, my lord, whom nations
cares

Solicit; and a world in arms obeys,
To drop one thought on me!

[*He follows her with utmost impatience.*]

Alon. Dost thou then prize it —

Leon.

Leon. Do you then ask it?

Alon. Know then to thy comfort
Thou hast me all, my throbbing heart is full
With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else;
Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.
My life, our friends expect thee.

Leon. I obey.

[*Ex. Leon.*]

Alon. Is that the face of curs'd hypocrisy?
If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,
And beauty shall no more belong to heav'n —

Don Carlos did return at dead of night —

Proceed, good *Zanga*, so thy tale began.

Zan. *Don Carlos* did return at dead of night;
That night, by chance (ill chance for me!) did I
Command the watch that guards the palace gate.
He told me he had letters for the king,
Dispatch'd from you.

Alon. The villain ly'd!

Zan. My lord,

I pray forbear — Transported at his sight,
After so long a bondage, and your friend,
(Who could suspect him of an artifice?)
No farther I enquir'd, but let him pass,
False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.
Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,
As is my custom, when the night's serene,
And took a moon-light walk: when soon I heard
A rustling in an arbour that was near me.
I saw two lovers in each other's arms,
Embracing and embrac'd. Anon the man
Arose, and falling back some paces from her,
Gaz'd ardently awhile, then rush'd at once,
And throwing all himself into her bosom,
There softly sigh'd; "O night of ecstasy!
"When shall we meet again?" *Don Carlos* then
Led *Leonora* forth.

Alon. Oh! Oh my heart!

[*He sinks into a chair.*]

Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul!
'Tis thro' his heart, his knees smite one another.

'Tis

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'Tis thro' his brain, his eye-balls roll in anguish. [*Aside.*
 My lord, my lord, why do you rack my soul?
 Speak to me, let me know that you still live.
 Do not you know me, Sir? Pray look upon me;
 You think too deeply. I'm your own *Zanga*,
 So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you. ———
 Why start you in such fury? Nay, my lord,
 For heav'n's sake sheath your sword! What can this
 mean?

Fool that I was to trust you with the secret,
 And you unkind to break your word with me.
 O passion for a woman! On the ground?
 Where is your boasted courage? Where your scorn?
 And prudent rage, that was to cure your grief,
 And chace your love-bred agonies away?
 Rise, Sir, for honour's sake. Why should the *Moors*,
 Why should the vanquish'd, triumph?

Alon. Would to heaven
 That I were lower still! O she was all! —
 My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
 All stoop'd to her, my blood was her possession.
 Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
 She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she.
 But ——— and no more. ——— set nature on a blaze,
 Give her a fit of jealousy ——— away ———
 To think on't is the torment of the damn'd,
 And not to think on't is impossible.
 How fair the cheek that first alarm'd my soul!
 How bright the eye that set it on a flame!
 How soft the breast on which I laid my peace
 For years to slumber, unawak'd by care!
 How fierce the transport! how sublime the bliss!
 How deep, how black the horror, and despair!

Zan. You said you'd bear it like a man.

Alon. I do.

Am. I not almost distracted?

Zan. Pray be calm.

Alon. As hurricanes: be thou assur'd of that.

Zan. Is this the wise *Alonzo*?

Alon.

Alon. Villain, no!

He dy'd in the harbour, he was murder'd there;
I am his Dæmon tho'—My wife! my wife!

Zan. Alas! he weeps,

Alon. Go, dig her grave.

Zan. My lord!

Alon. But that her blood's too hot, I would carouse it
Around my bridal board.

Zan. And I would pledge thee.

[*Aside.*

Alon. But I may talk too fast. Pray let me think,
And reason mildly.—Wedded and undone
Before one night descends.—O hasty evil!
What friend to comfort me in my extreme!
Where's *Carlos*? Why is *Carlos* absent from me?
Does he know what has happen'd?

Zan. My good lord!

Alon. O depth of horrors! He!—my bosom
friend!

Zan. Alas! compose yourself, my lord.

Alon. To death!

Gaze on her with both eyes so ardently!

Give them the vultures, tear him all in pieces!

Zan. Most excellent!

[*Aside.*

Alon. Hark! you can keep a secret.

In yonder harbour bound with jasmine—

Who's that? What villain's that? unhand her—
Murder!—

Tear them asunder—Murder—How they grind

My heart betwixt them!—O let go my heart!

Yet let it go—*Embracing and embrac'd!*

O pestilence!—Who let him in? A traitor.

[*Goes to stab Zanga, he prevents him.*

Alas! my head turns round, and my limbs fail me.

Zan. My lord!

Alon. O villain, villain most accurst!

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

Zan. Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.

I knew it not, I saw them in the garden;

But saw no more than you might well expect

To

To see in lovers destin'd for each other.
 By heav'n I thought their meeting innocent.
 Who could suspect fair *Leonora's* virtue?
 'Till after-proofs conspir'd to blacken it;
 Sad proofs, which came too late, which broke not out,
 (Eternal curses on *Alvarez's* haste!)
 'Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;
 And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,
 In duty and compassion to your peace.

Alon. Live now, be damn'd hereafter; for I want thee.

O night of *ecstasy*! — Ha! was't not so?
 I will enjoy this murder — Let me think —
 The jasmine bow'r, 'tis secret and remote;
 Go wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.

[*Exit Zanga.*]

How the sweet sound still rings within my ear!
 When shall we meet again? — To-night, in hell.

As he is going, Enter Leonora.

Ha! I'm surpriz'd! I stagger at her charms!
 O angel-devil! — Shall I stab her now?
 No, it shall be as I at first determin'd:
 To kill her now were half my vengeance lost.
 Then must I now dissemble — if I can.

Leon. My lord, excuse me; see, a second time
 I come in embassy from all your friends,
 Whose joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.

Alon. This moment, *Leonora*, I was coming
 To thee, and all — but sure, or I mistake,
 Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy.

Leon. Why sighs my lord?

Alon. I sigh'd not, *Leonora*.

Leon. I thought you did; your sighs are mine, my lord,

And I shall feel them all.

Alon. Dost flatter me?

Leon.

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Leon. If my regards for you are flattery,
Full far indeed I stretch'd the compliment
In this day's solemn rite.

Alon. What rite?

Leon. You sport me.

Alon. Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.

Leon. And so is mine — I look on cheerfulness
As on the health of virtue.

Alon. Virtue! ——— Dame ———

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.

Leon. Beauty alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body, of a piece,
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,
Heav'n's pay on earth for such great souls as yours;
If fair and innocent, I am your due.

Alon. Innocent!

[*Aside.*]

Leon. How! my lord, I interrupt you.

Alon. No, my best life, I must not part with thee;
This hand is mine. O! what a hand is here?
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost.

Leon. In tears, my Lord?

Alon. What less can speak my joy?
I gaze, and I forget my own existence.
'Tis all a vision, my head swims in heav'n.
Wherefore? Oh! wherefore this expence of beauty?
And wherefore? Oh! ———

Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,
And drink in all my being from thine eyes;
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,
And hurl destruction. ———

Leon. How, my lord, what mean you?
Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,
Or cast me out for ever from your love.

Alon. Art thou concern'd for me?

Leon. My lord, you fright me.

Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?

C

I am

I am ill us'd, my lord, I must not bear it.
 Why, when I woo your hand, is it deny'd me?
 Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?
 Nay, my good lord, I have a title here,

[Taking his hand.

And I will have it. Am not I your wife?
 Have not I just authority to know
 That heart, which I have purchas'd with my own?
 Lay it before me, then; it is my due,
 Unkind *Alonzo*! tho' I might demand it,
 Behold, I kneel! See, *Leonora* kneels,
 And deigns to be a beggar for her own!
 Tell me the secret; I conjure you, tell me.
 The bride foregoes the homage of her day,
Alvarez' daughter trembles in the dust.
 Speak, then; I charge you, speak; or I expire,
 And load you with my death. My lord—my lord!

Alon. Ha! ha! ha!

*[He breaks from her, and
 she sinks upon the floor.*

Leon. Are these the joys which fondly I conceiv'd?
 And is it thus a wedded life begins?
 What did I part with when I gave my heart?
 I knew not that all happiness went with it.
 Why did I leave my tender father's wing,
 And venture into love? The maid that loves
 Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,
 And puts her trust in miracles for safety.
 Where shall I sigh? where pour out my complaints?
 He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
 He is the source of all.

Alon. Go to thy chamber,
 I soon will follow; that which now disturbs thee
 Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[Ex. Leon.

Oh, how like innocence she looks! What, stab her,
 And rush into her blood?—I never can.
 In her guilt shines, and nature holds my hand.
 How then? Why thus—No more; it is determin'd.

Enter

Enter Zanga.

Zan. I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.
Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,
To sting our human nature, and effect it? [*Aside.*

Alon. This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies thro' which it rolls, must all have end.
What then is man? the smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day, month month, and year the year.
Our life is but a chain of many deaths;
Can then death's self be fear'd? our life much rather.
Life is the desert, life the solitude;
Death joins us to the great majority:
'Tis to be borne to *Plato's*, and to *Cæsar*;
'Tis to be great for ever;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then, to die.

Zan. I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

Alon. I did.

Zan. I give joy, then *Leonora's* dead.

Alon. No, *Zanga*, the greatest guilt is mine.
'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his midnight visit,
Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her,
Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love:
These, and a thousand tokens more; and yet,
(For which the Saints absolve my soul!) did wed.

Zan. Where does this tend?

Alon. To shed a woman's blood
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious;
But just resentment in myself bears in it
A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds.
He who, superior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,
Does, in some sort, that reason deify,
And take a flight at heav'n,

Zan. Alas! my lord,
'Tis not your reason, but her beauty, finds

Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.
 You cannot close an eye that is so bright,
 You cannot strike a breast that is so soft,
 That has ten thousand ecstasies in store —
 For *Carlos*? — No, my lord, I mean for you.

Alon. Oh! thro' my heart and marrow! Pr'ythee
 spare me:

No more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.
 I own, I try'd, I quarrel'd with my heart,
 And push'd it on, and bid it give her death;
 But, oh! her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

Zan. I know not what to answer to my lord.
 Men are but men; we did not make ourselves.
 Farewell then, my best lord, since you must die.
 O that I were to share your monument,
 And in eternal darkness close these eyes
 Against those scenes which I am doom'd to suffer!

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. And is it then unknown?
 O grief of heart, to think that you should ask it!
 Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,
 Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust —
 But it will cut my poor heart through and through,
 To see those revel on your sacred tomb,
 Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.
 For there they'll revel, and exult to find
 Him sleep so fast, who else might mar their joys.

Alon. Distraction! — But, *Don Carlos*, well thou
 know'st

Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.

Zan. I'll work him to the murder of his friend;
 Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,
 While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek. [*Aside.*]
 But when he finds *Alonzo* is no more,
 How will he rush, like lightning, to her arms!
 There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul;
 But not in grief — sad obsequies to thee! —
 But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear

The

The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstasy,
 Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another;
 Thank heav'n, these torments will be all my own,

Alon. I'll ease thee of that pain. Let *Carlos* die,
 O'er take him on the road, and see it done.

'Tis my command. [Gives his Signet.]

Zan. I dare not disobey.

Alon. My *Zanga*, now I have thy leave to die.

Zan. Ah, Sir! think, think again. Are all men buried
 In *Carlos*' grave? You know not woman-kind.
 When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
 The modest zone, with which it first was ty'd,
 Each man she meets will be a *Carlos* to her.

Alon. That thought has more of hell than had the
 former.

Another, and another, and another!
 And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb.
 I am convinc'd; I must not, will not die.

Zan. You cannot die; nor can you murder her.
 What then remains? In nature no third way,
 But to forget, and so to love again.

Alon. Oh!

Zan. If you forgive, the world will call you good;
 If you forget, the world will call you wise;
 If you receive her to your grace again,
 The world will call you, *very, very kind*.

Alon. *Zanga*, I understand thee well. She dies,
 Tho' my arm trembles at the stroke. She dies.

Zan. That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up
 The *Greek* and *Roman* name in such a lustre,
 But doing right in stern despite to nature,
 Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
 When great, august, and god-like justice call'd?
 At *Aulis* one pour'd out a daughter's life,
 And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
 Another slew his sister in just rage;
 A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
 Gave to the cruel ax a darling son.

Nay, more, for justice some devote themselves,
 As he at *Carthage*, an immortal name !
 Yet there is one step left above 'em all,
 Above their history, above their fable,
 A Wife, Bride, Mistress, unenjoy'd — do that,
 And tread upon the *Greek* and *Roman* glory.

Alon. 'Tis done! — Again new transports fire my
 brain :

I had forgot it ; 'tis my bridal night.

Friend, give me joy ; we must be gay together ;

And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,

And musick gives the elevating sound,

And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,

And a new day the blazing tapers pour ;

Thou, *Zanga*, thou my solemn friends invite,

From the dark realms of everlasting night ;

Call Vengeance, call the Furies, call Despair,

And Death, our chief-invited guest, be there ;

He, with pale hand, shall lead the Bride, and spread

Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed. [Exeunt.



He should, and should not die — You should obey,
And not obey — It is a day of darkness,
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.

Where's *Leonora*, then? Quick, answer me:

I'm deep in horrors, I'll be deeper still.

I find thy artifice did take effect,

And she forgives my late deportment to her.

Zan. I told her, from your childhood, you was wont,
On any great surprize, but chiefly then
When cause of sorrow bore it company,
To have your passion shake the seat of reason;
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er.

Then did I tell her of *Don Carlos*' death,
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;
But such the honest artifice I us'd,
And such her ardent wish it should be true,
That she, at length, was fully satisfy'd.

Alon. 'Twas well she was. In our late interview
My passion so far threw me from my guard,
(Methinks 'tis strange!) that, conscious of her guilt,
She saw not, thro' its thin disguise, my heart.

Zan. But what design you, Sir, and how?

Alon. I'll tell thee.

Thus I've ordain'd it. In the jasmine bow'r,
The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,
There will I meet her; the appointment's made;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The blackness of her crime before her sight,
And then, with all the cool solemnity
Of public justice, give her to the grave. [Exit.

Zan. Why, get thee gone! horror and night go with
thee!

Sisters of *Acheron*, go hand in hand,
Go, dance around the bow'r, and close them in;
And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the ground, and for th' ambrosial rose,
And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,

And

And deadly nightshade poison all the air,
 For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
 Toads pant, and adders ruffle thro' the leaves;
 May serpents winding up the trees let fall
 Their hissing necks upon them from above,
 And mingle kisses — such as I should give them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *the Bower.*

Leonora sleeping. Enter Alonzo.

Alon. YE amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!
 Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
 Why do you smile? why do you look so fair?

Are ye not blasted as I enter in?

Yes, see how every flow'r lets fall its head!

How shudders every leaf without a wind!

How every green is as the ivy pale!

Did ever midnight ghosts assemble here?

Have these sweet echoes ever learnt to groan?

Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bow'r!

Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st

A ——— murderer! Oh! I shall stain thy lilies,

And horror will usurp the seat of bliss.

So *Lucifer* broke into paradise,

And soon damnation follow'd. [*He advances.*] Ha! she
 sleeps—————

The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.

Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.

Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!

Who would not think that being innocent?

Where shall I strike? who strikes her, strikes himself.

My own life-blood will issue at her wound.

O my distracted heart! — O cruel heav'n!

To give such charms as these, and then call man,
Mere man, to be your executioner.

Was it because it was too hard for you?

But see she smiles! I never shall smile more.

It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.

[Going, he starts back.]

Ha! smile again? She dreams of him she loves.

Curse on her charms! I'll stab her thro' them all.

[As he is going to strike, she wakes.]

Leon. My lord, your stay was long, and yonder lull
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

Alon. Ye pow'rs! with what an eye she mends the day!
While they were clos'd I should have giv'n the blow. *[Aside.]*
O for a last embrace! and then for justice:
'Thus heav'n and I shall both be satisfy'd.

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Why this *Alonzo* says:

If love were endless, men were gods: 'tis that
Does counterbalance travel, danger, pain —
'Tis heav'n's expedient to make mortals bear
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

Leon. Alas! my lord, why talk you of the grave?
Your friend is dead; in friendship you sustain
A mighty loss, repair it with my love.

Alon. Thy love? thou piece of witchcraft! I would
say,

Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.
Where hadst thou this? Enchantress, tell me where;
Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain:
Ev'n now thou swimm'st before me. I shall lose thee:
No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.
Who turn'd this slender waist with so much art,
And shut perfection in so small a ring?
Who spread that pure expanse of white above,
On which the dazzled sight can find no rest;
But, drunk with beauty, wanders up and down

For

For ever, and for ever finds new charms?
 But, O those eyes! those murderers! O whence,
 Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? from
 heav'n?

Thou didst; and 'tis religion to adore them.

Leon. My best *Alonzo*, moderate your thoughts:
 Extremes still fright me, tho' of love itself.

Alon. Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;
 But I come home again—and now for justice—
 And now for death—It is impossible—
 Sure such were made by heav'n guiltless to sin,
 Or in their guilt to laugh at punishment. [*Aside.*
 I leave her to just heav'n.

[*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*

Leon. Ha! a dagger!
 What dost thou say, thou minister of death?
 What dreadful tale dost tell me? Let me think.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. Death to my tow'ring hopes! O fall from high!
 My close long-labour'd scheme at once is blasted.
 That dagger found will cause her to enquire;
 Enquiry will discover all; my hopes
 Of vengeance perish; I myself am lost—
 Curse on the coward's heart! wither his hand
 Which held the steel in vain!—What can be done?—
 Where can I fix?—that's something still—'twill breed
 Fell rage and bitterness betwixt their souls,
 Which may perchance grow up to greater evil:
 If not, 'tis all I can—It shall be so— [*Aside.*

Leon. O *Zanga*! I am sinking in my fears:
Alonzo dropt his dagger as he left me,
 And left me in a strange disorder too.
 What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

Zan. Yours, madam, yours.

Leon. What, *Zanga*, dost thou say?

Zan. Carry your goodness then to such extremes,
So blinded to the faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous?

Leon. Heav'ns!

And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.
What villain could inspire him with that thought?
It is not of the growth of his own nature.

Zan. Some villain. Who, hell knows; but he is jealous;
And 'tis most fit a heart so pure as yours
Do itself justice, and assert its honour,
And make him conscious of his stab to virtue.

Leon. Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,
Ungen'rous, groundless, weak, and insolent!
Why? wherefore? on what shadow of occasion?
'Tis fascination, 'tis the wrath of heav'n
For the collected crimes of all his race.
Oh how the great man lessens to my thought!
How could so mean a vice as jealousy,
Unnatural child of ignorance and guilt,
Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,
Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?
I scorn and hate, yet love him, and adore.
I cannot, will not, dare not think it true,
Till from himself I know it. [Exit.]

Zan. This succeeds
Just to my wish. Now she with violence
Upbraids him. He, well knowing she is guilty,
Rages no less; and if on either side
The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.

Enter Alonzo.

My lord.

Alon. O Zanga! hold thy peace, I am no coward;
But heav'n itself did hold my hand; I felt it,
By the well-being of my soul, I did.
I'll think of vengeance at another season.

Zan. My lord, her guilt —

Alon.

Alon. Perdition on the *Moor*

For that one word! Ah! do not fouse that thought;
I have o'erwhelm'd it much as possible:
Away, then, let us talk of other things.
I tell thee, *Moor*, I love her to distraction.
If 'tis my shame, why be it so — I love her;
Nor can I help it; 'tis impos'd upon me
By some superior and resistless pow'r.
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
It shocks my nature like a stroke from heav'n.
Angels defend her, as if innocent!
But see, my *Leonora* comes: — Be gone. [*Ex. Zanga.*]

Enter Leonora.

O seen for ever, yet for ever new!
The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,
Inflicting wound on wound.

Leon. Alas, my lord,

What need of this to me?

Alon. Ha! dost thou weep?

Leon. Have I no cause?

Alon. If love is thy concern

Thou hast no cause; none ever lov'd like me.
But wherefore this? Is it to break my heart,
Which loses so much blood for every tear?

Leon. Is it so tender?

Alon. Is it not? O heav'n!

Doubt of my love? Why, I am nothing else;
It quite absorbs my every other passion,
O that this one embrace would last for ever!

Leon. Could this man ever mean to wrong my virtue?
Could this man e'er design upon my life?
Impossible! I throw away the thought. [*Aside.*]
These tears declare how much I taste the joy
Of being folded in your arms and heart;
My universe does lie within that space.

This

This dagger bore false witness.

Alon. Ha! my dagger?

It rouses horrid images. Away,
Away with it, and let us talk of love,
Plunge ourselves deep into the sweet illusion,
And hide us there from ev'ry other thought.

Leon. It touches you.

Alon. Let's talk of love.

Leon. Of death!

Alon. As thou lov'st happiness —

Leon. Of murder!

Alon. Rash,

Rash woman! yet forbear.

Leon. Approve my wrongs!

Alon. Then must I fly for thy sake and my own.

Leon. Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me:
Stab me, then think it much to hear my groan?

Alon. Heav'ns strike me deaf!

Leon. It well may sting you home.

Alon. Alas! thou quite mistak'st my cause of pain;
Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.

Leon. Who has most cause? you, or myself? What act
Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?

Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?

You find me kind, and think me kind to all;

The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.

What could inspire the thought? We oft'nest judge

From our own hearts; and is your's then so frail,

It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?

He that can stoop to harbour such a thought,

Deserves to find it true.

[Holding him.]

Alon. O sex, sex, sex!

[Turning on her.]

The language of you all. Ill-fated woman!

Why hast thou forc'd me back into the gulf

Of agonies I had block'd up from thought?

I know the cause: thou saw'st me impotent

Ere while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me:

But, by the pangs I suffer, to thy woe.

For

For since thou hast replung'd me in my torture,
I will be satisfy'd.

Leon. Be satisfy'd!

Alon. Yes, thy own mouth shall witness it against thee:
I will be satisfy'd.

Leon. Of what?

Alon. Of what!

How dar'st thou ask that question? Woman, woman,
Weak, and assur'd at once; thus 'tis for ever.

Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected?

Who told thee I design'd upon thy life?

You found the dagger; but that could not speak;

Nor did I tell thee; who did tell thee then?

Guilt, conscious guilt!

Leon. This to my face? O heav'n!

Alon. This to thy very soul.

Leon. Thou'rt not in earnest?

Alon. Serious as death.

Leon. Then heav'n have mercy on thee.

Till now I struggled not to think it true;

I sought conviction, and would not believe it;

And dost thou force me? This shall not be borne;

Thou shalt repent this insult.

[*Going.*]

Alon. Madam, stay.

Your passion's wife, 'tis a disguise for guilt:

'Tis my turn now to fix you here awhile;

You and your thousand arts shall not escape me.

Leon. Arts?

Alon. Arts. Confess; for death is in my hand.

Leon. 'Tis in your words.

Alon. Confess, confess, confess!

Nor tear my veins with passion to compel thee.

Leon. I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous man!

Alon. Deny then, and incur a fouler shame.

Where did I find this picture?

Leon. Ha! Don Carlos?

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it; but is vice so very rank,

That

That thou should'st dare to dash it in my face ?
Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman !

Leon. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me ?

Leon. Fall, ask my pardon.

Alon. Astonishment !

Leon. Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest ?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leon. This blow then to thy heart——

[She stabs herself, he endeavours to prevent her.]

Alon. Hoa ! Zanga ! Isabella ! Hoa ! she bleeds !

Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her !

Leon. This is the only way that I would wound thee,
'Tho' most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter Isabella.

Alon. Bear her to instant help. The world to save her.

Leon. Unhappy man ! well may'st thou gaze and
tremble ;

But fix thy terror and amazement right ;

Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.

What hast thou done ? Whom censur'd ! — *Leonora !*

When thou hadst censur'd, thou wouldst save her life ;

O inconsistent ! Should I live in shame,

Or stoop to any other means but this

To assert my virtue ? No ; she who disputes

Admits it possible she might be guilty.

While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,

While it might look like an excuse to thee,

I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence ;

But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound

Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

[Isabella leads out Leonora.]

Alon. Ha ! was this woman guilty ? — and if not —

How my thought darkens that way ! Grant, kind
heav'n,

That

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That she prove guilty, or give being end.
Is that my hope, then? — Sure the sacred dust
Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.
Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair,
When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain
In hell a refuge from severer pain? [Exit Alonzo.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and
vengeance?
Tho' much is paid, yet still it owes me much,
And I will not abate a single groan.——
Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too——
Why, be it so——Revenge so truly great
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.
Come, death; come, hell, then; 'tis resolv'd, 'tis done.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ah! *Zanga*, see me tremble! Has not yet
Thy cruel heart its fill?——Poor *Leonora*——
Zan. Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breath.
What then? We all must die.

Isab. *Alonzo* raves,
And in the tempest of his grief has thrice
Attempted on his life. At length disarm'd,
He calls his friends that save him his worst foes,
And importunes the skies for swift perdition.
Thus in his storm of sorrow. After pause
He started up, and call'd aloud for *Zanga*,
For *Zanga* rav'd; and see, he seeks you here,
To learn the truth which most he dreads to know.
Zan. Be gone. Now, now, my soul, consummate
all. [Exit *Isab.*

Enter

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. O Zanga!

Zan. Do not tremble so; but speak.

Alon. I dare not.

[*Falls on him.*]

Zan. You will drown me with your tears.

Alon. Have I not caus'd?

Zan. As yet you have no cause.

Alon. Dost thou too rave?

Zan. Your anguish is to come:

You much have been abus'd.

Alon. Abus'd! by whom?

Zan. To know were little comfort.

Alon. O 'twere much!

Zan. Indeed!

Alon. By heav'n! O give him to my fury!

Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you.

Know then, 'twas——I.

Alon. Am I awake?

Zan. Forever.

Thy wife is guiltless, that's one transport to me;

And I, I let thee know it, that's another.

I urg'd Don *Carlos* to resign his mistress,

I forg'd the letter, I dispos'd the picture;

I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.

Alon. Oh!

[*Swoons.*]

Zan. Why this is well——why this is blow for blow.

Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with laurels,

Ye spirits which delight in just revenge!

Let *Europ* and her pallid sons go weep;

Let *Africk* and her hundred thrones rejoice:

O my dear countrymen, look down and see

How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!

I tread on haughty *Spain*, and all her kings.

But this is mercy, this is my indulgence,

'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.

I must

I must awake him into horrors. Hoa!

Alonzo, hoa! the *Moor* is at the gate;

Awake, invincible, omnipotent!

Thou who dost all subdue.

Alon. Inhuman slave!

Zan. Fall'n christian, thou mistak'st my character.

Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st

The *Moor*, a slave, an abject, beaten slave;

(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)

But look again. Has six years cruel bondage

Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought

Shines here to give an awe to one above thee?

When the great *Moorish* king *Abdalla* fell,

Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought fast by him,

His son, tho', thro' his fondness, in disguise,

Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe.

Ha! does it wake thee! O'er my father's corse

I stood astride till I had clove thy crest,

And then was made the captive of a squadron,

And sunk into thy servant—— But oh! what,

What were my wages? Hear nor heav'n, nor earth!

My wages were a blow, by heav'n, a blow,

And from a mortal hand.

Alon. O villain! villain!

Zan. All strife is vain.

[*Shewing a dagger*.

Alon. Is thus my love return'd?

Is this my recompence? Make friends of tigers!

Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breast,

For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,

And pay you for their nourishment with death!

Carlos is dead, and *Leonora* dying!

Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.

That heav'nly maid which should have liv'd for ever,

At least have gently slept her soul away;

Whose life should have shut up as ev'ning flow'rs

At the departing sun—was murder'd! murder'd!

O shame! O guilt! O horror! O remorse!

O punish;

O punishment! Had satan never fell,
Hell had been made for me — O *Leonora*!

Zan. Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?
Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.

Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell,
Great *Alexander* 'midst his conquests mourn'd;
Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows;
Cæsars have wept, and I have had my blow:

But 'tis reveng'd, and now my work is done.

Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance

To make thee to confess that I am just.

Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,

Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,

Whose sacred person (oh!) thou hast profan'd,

Whose reign extinguish'd: what was left to me

So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge!

No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.

If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,

Tell them the *Moor*, and they will not despise thee.

If cold white mortals censure this great deed,

Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,

With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well —

Now fully satisfy'd I should take leave:

But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,

I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself Alonzo rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, Enter Alvarez attended.

They disarm and seize Zanga. Alonzo puts the dagger in his bosom.

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.
O father!

Alv. O *Alonzo*! — *Isabella*,
'Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,
'Told all the dreadful tale.

Alon. What groan was that?

Zan.

Zan. As I have been a vultur to thy heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear,
And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,
As ever flap'd its heavy wing against
The window of the sick, and croak'd despair.
Thy wife is dead.

[Alvarez goes to the side of the stage, and returns.]

Alv. The dreadful news is true.

Alon. Prepare the rack, invent new torments for him.

Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage;
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou would'st not know,
That, thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.
Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me.
The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.
But these are foreign to the soul: not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me; on the rack I scorn thee,
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

Alv. Peace, villain!

Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak,
And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy blood-hounds of their prey.

Alon. Who call'd *Alonzo*?

Alv. No one call'd, my son.

Alon. Again!—'tis *Carlos*' voice, and I obey.
O how I laugh at all that this can do!

[Shewing the dagger.]

The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,
Were giv'n before; I am already dead;

This only marks my body for the grave. *[Stabs himself.]*

Africk, thou art reveng'd—O *Leonora*!— *[Dies.]*

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave, my blood is yours,
The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all;

Let

Let me but look one moment on the dead,
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.

[*He goes to Alonzo's body.*]

Is this *Alonzo*? where's the haughty mien?
Is that the hand which smote me? Heav'ns, how pale!
And art thou dead? so is my enmity.
I war not with the dust: the great, the proud,
The conqueror of *Africk* was my foe.
A lion preys not upon carcases.
This was thy only method to subdue me.
Terror and doubt fall on me; all thy good
Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.
Never had man such funeral applause;
If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.
O vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,
And to receive me hell blows all her fires.

[*He is borne off.*]

Alv. Dreadful effect of jealousy! a rage
In which the wise with caution will engage;
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,
Where sway'd by nature we ourselves deceive,
Where our own folly joins the villain's art,
And each man finds a *Zanga* in his heart.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

OUR Author sent me, in an humble strain,
To beg you'd bless the offspring of his brain ;
And I, your Proxy, promis'd, in your name,
The Child should live, at least six days of fame :
I like the brat, but still his faults can find,
And, by the Parent's leave, will speak my mind.
Gallants, pray tell me, do you think 'twas well,
To let a willing Maid lead Apes in Hell ?
You nicer Ladies, shou'd you think it right,
To eat no supper — on your wedding night ?
Shou'd English Husbands dare to starve their Wives,
Be sure they'd lead most comfortable lives !
But he loves mischief, and, with groundless fears,
Wou'd fain set loving Couples by the ears ;
Wou'd spoil the tender Husbands of our nation,
By teaching them his vile, outlandish fashion :
But we've been taught, in our good-natur'd clime,
That Jealousy, tho' just, is still a crime ;
And will be still, for (not to blame the Plot)
That same Alonzo was a stupid Sot ;
To kill a Bride, a Mistress unenjoy'd, —
'Twere some excuse had the poor man been cloy'd :
To kill her on suspicion, ere he knew
Whether the heinous crime were false, or true. —
The Priest said grace, she met him in the bow'r,
In hopes she might anticipate an hour —
Love was her errand, but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,
Instead of Love—produc'd—a filthy poniard—

Had

*Had he been wise, at this their private meeting,
The proof of the pudding had been in the eating;
Madam had then been pleas'd, and Don contented,
And all this Blood and Murder been prevented.
Britons, be wise, and from this sad example
Ne'er break a Bargain, but first take a Sample.*

F I N I S.





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